THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number: BASIL KING—RUDYARD KIPLING—SAMUEL G. BLYTHE
IRVIN S. COBB—ARTHUR TRAIN—E. POOLE—CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

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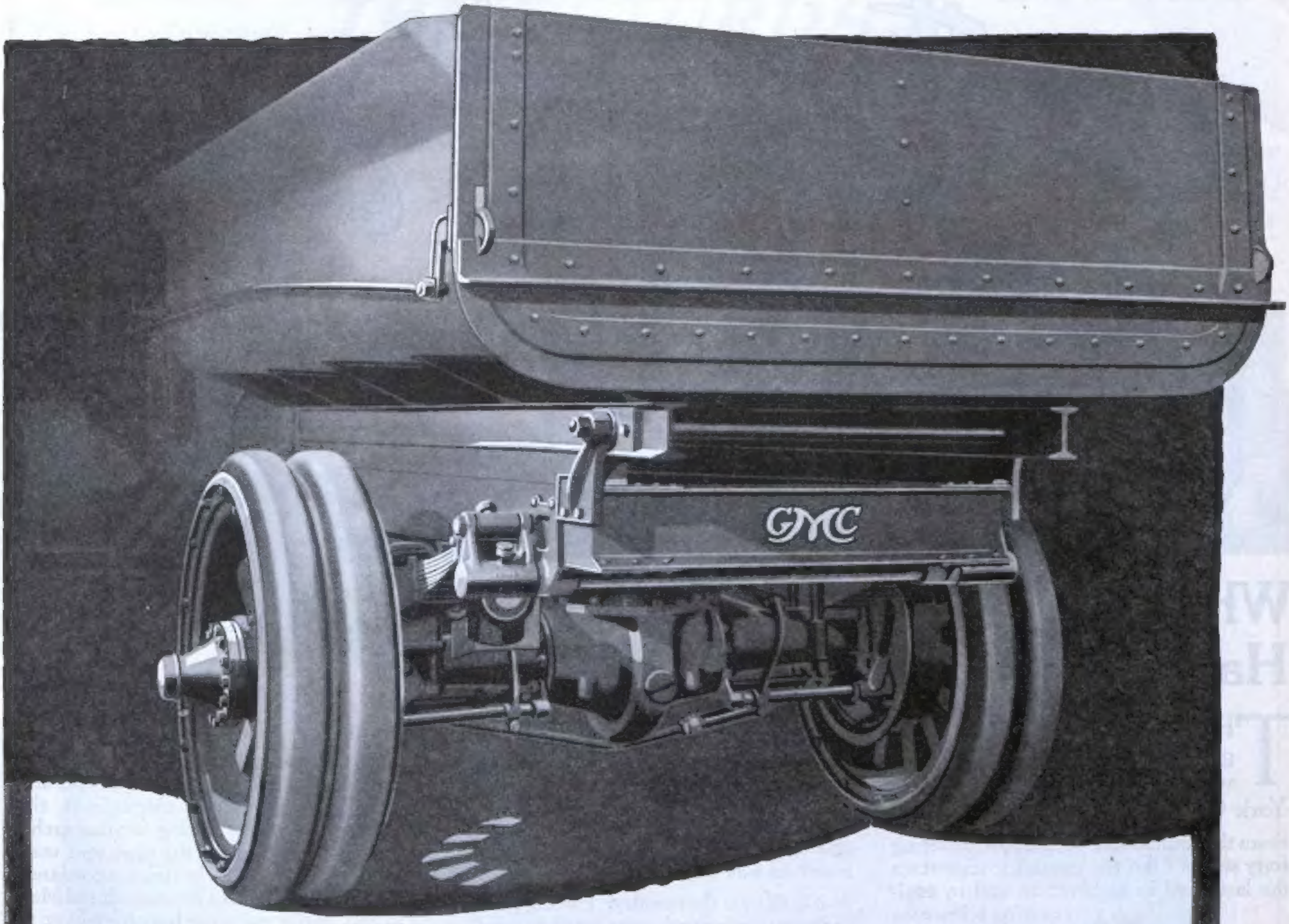

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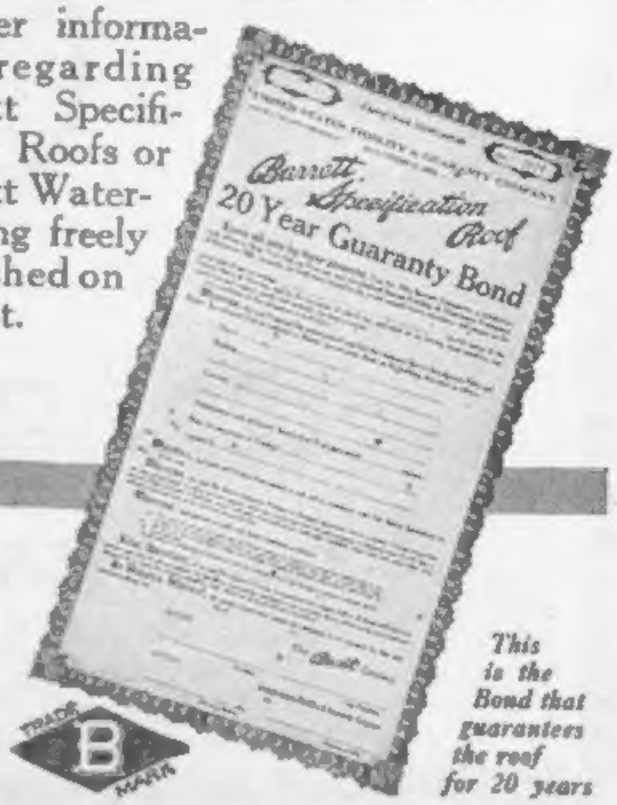

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THE HIGH HEART

"America Stands, So I've Been Told by Americans, for the Reasonable Freedom of the Individual. If Hugh Wants to Marry Me ——"

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I COULD not have lived in the Brokenshire circle for nearly a year without recognizing the fact that in the eyes of his family J. Howard, as he was commonly called by the world, was the Great Dispenser; but my first intimation that he meant to act in that capacity toward me came from Larry Strangways, on a bright July morning during the summer of 1913, when we were at Newport.

I was crossing the lawn, going toward the sea, with little Gladys Rossiter, to whom I acted as companion in the hours when she was out of the nursery, with a specific duty to speak French. Larry Strangways was tutor to the Rossiter boy, and in our relative positions we were bound to exercise toward each other a good deal of discretion. We fraternized with constraint. We fraternized because—well, chiefly because we couldn't help it. In the mocking flare of his eye, which contradicted the assumed young gravity of his manner, I read an opinion of the Rossiter household and of the Brokenshire family in general similar to my own. That would have been enough for mutual comprehension had there been no instinctive sympathies between us; but there were. Allowing for the fact that we were of different nationalities, we had the same kind of antecedents; we spoke the same kind of social language; we had the same kind of aims in life. Neither of us regarded the position in the Rossiter establishment as a permanent status. He was a tutor merely for the minute, while feeling his way to that first rung of the ladder which I was convinced would lead him to some high place in American life. I was a nursery governess only on the way to getting married. Matrimony was the continent toward which more or less consciously I had been traveling for five or six years, without having actually descried a port. In this connection I may relate a little incident which had taken place between myself and Mrs. Rossiter after I had accepted my situation in her family. It will retard my meeting with Larry Strangways on the lawn, but it will throw light on it when it comes.

I had met Mrs. Rossiter, who was J. Howard Brokenshire's daughter, in the way that is known as socially. I never understood why she should have taken a house for the summer in our quiet old town of Halifax, unless she was urged to it by the vague restlessness which was one of her characteristics. But there she was in a roomy old brick mansion I had known all my life, with gardens and conservatories and lawns running down to the fiord or back-harbor which we call the Northwest Arm, and a fine English air of seclusion. In our easy, neighborly way she was well received, and made herself agreeable. She flirted with the officers of both Army and Navy enough to create talk without raising scandal; and she was sufficiently good-natured to be civil to us girls, among whom she singled me out for attentions. I attributed this kindness to our recent bereavement and financial crash, which had left me poor after twenty-four years of comfort, and was proportionately grateful. It was partly gratitude, and partly a natural love of children, and partly a special affection for the exquisite thing herself, that drew me to little Gladys Rossiter, to playing with her on the lawns, and rowing her on the Arm, and—as I had been for three or four years at school in Paris—dropping into a habit of lisping French to her. As the child liked me the mother left her more and more to my care, gaining thus the greater scope for her innocuous flirtations.

It was toward the end of the summer that Mrs. Rossiter began to sigh "I don't know how I shall ever tear Gladys away from you," and "I do wish you were coming with us."

I wished it in a way myself, since I was rather at a loss as to what to do. I had never expected to have to earn a living; I had expected to get married. My two elder sisters, Louise and Victoria, had married easily enough, the one in the Army, the other in the Navy; but with me suitors seemed to lag. They came and saw—but they never went far enough for conquest. I couldn't understand it. I was not stupid; I was not ugly; and I was generally spoken of as having charm. But there was the fact that I was twenty-four, without a penny, and drawing nearer and nearer to the end of my expedients. I was not without some social experience, having kept house in a generous way for my widowed father, till his death, some two years before the summer when

I met Mrs. Rossiter, brought with it our financial collapse. If he hadn't left a lot of old books—*Canadiana*, the pamphlets were called—and rare first editions of all kinds, which I took over to London and sold at Sotheby's, I shouldn't have had enough on which to dress. This business being settled, I stayed as long as I decently could with Louise at Southsea and Victoria at Gibraltar; but no man asked me to marry him during the course of either visit. Had there been a sign of any such possibility the sisters would have put themselves out to keep me; but as nothing warranted them in doing so they let me go. An uncle and aunt having offered to give me shelter for a time at Halifax, there was nothing left for it but to go back and renew the search for my fortunes in my native town.

When, therefore, Mrs. Rossiter, in her pretty, helpless way said to me one day "Why shouldn't you come with me, dear Miss Adare?" I jumped inwardly at the opportunity, though I smiled and replied in an offhand manner: "Oh, that would have to be discussed."

Mrs. Rossiter admitted the truth of this observation somewhat pensively. I know now that I took her up with too much promptitude.

"Yes, of course," she returned absently, and the subject was dropped.

It was taken up again, however, and our bargain made. On Mrs. Rossiter's part it was made astutely, not in the matter of money, but in the way in which she shifted me from the position of a friend into that of a retainer. It was done with the most perfect tact, but it was done. I had no complaint to make. What she wanted was a nursery governess. My own first preoccupations were food and shelter for which I should not be dependent on my kin.

We came to the incident I am about to relate very gradually; but when we did come to it I had no difficulty in seeing that it had been in the back of Mrs. Rossiter's mind from the first. It had been the cause of that second thought on the day when I had taken her up too readily. She began by telling me about her father. Beyond the fact that some man who seemed to be specially well informed would occasionally say with awe "She's J. Howard Brokenshire's daughter," I knew nothing whatever about him. But I began to see him now as the central sun round whom all the other Brokenshires revolved. They revolved round him, not so much from adoration or even from natural affection as from some tremendous rotary force to which there was no resistance.

Up to this time I had heard no more of American life than American life had heard of me. The great country south of our border was scarcely on my map. The Halifax in which I was born and grew up was not the bustling Canadian port, dependent on its hinterland, it is to-day; it was an outpost of England, with its face always turned to the Atlantic and the east. My own face had been turned the same way. My home had been literally a jumping-off place, in that when we left it we never expected to go in any but the one direction. I had known Americans when they came into our midst as summer visitors, but only in the way one knows the stars which dawn and fade and leave no trace of their passage on actual happenings.

In the course of Mrs. Rossiter's confidences I began to see a vast cosmogony beyond my own personal sun, with J. Howard Brokenshire as the pivot of the new universe. With a curious little shock of surprise I discovered that there could be other solar systems besides the one to which I was accustomed, and that Canada was not the whole of North America. It was like looking through a telescope which Mrs. Rossiter held to my eye, a telescope through which I saw the nebular evidence of an immense society, wealthy, confused, more intellectual than our own but more provincial too, perhaps; more isolated, more timid, more conservative, less instinct with the great throb of national and international impulse which all of us feel who live on the imperial red line and, therefore, less daring, but interesting all the same. I began to glow with the spirit of adventure. My position as nursery governess presented the opportunities not merely of a Livingstone or a Stanley, but of a Galileo or a Copernicus.

I learned that Mrs. Rossiter's mother had been a Miss Brew, and that the Brews were a great family in Boston. She was the mother of all Mr. Brokenshire's children. By looks and hints and sighs I gathered from Mrs. Rossiter that her father's second marriage had been a trial to his family. Not that there had been any social descent. On the contrary, the present Mrs. Brokenshire had been Editha Billing, of Philadelphia, and there could be nothing better than that. It was a question of fitness, of necessity, of age. "There was no need for him to marry again at all," Mrs. Rossiter complained. "If she'd only been a middle-aged woman," she said to me later, "we might not have felt . . . But she's younger than Mildred and only a year or two older than I am." "Oh, yes," was another remark; "she's pretty; very pretty . . . but I often—wonder."

"I Seem to Have Got Hold of—of—Don't Laugh Too Hard Please—of the Secret of Success"

She described her brothers and her sister by degrees. One day she told me about Mildred, another about Jack, so coming toward her point. Mildred was the eldest of the family, a great invalid. She had been thrown from her horse years before while hunting in England, and had injured her spine. Jack had just gone into business with his father, and had married Pauline Gray, of Baltimore. Though she didn't say it in so many words I judged that it was not a happy marriage in the highest sense—that Jack was somewhat light of love, while Pauline "went her own way" to a degree that made her talked about. It was not till the day before her departure for New York that Mrs. Rossiter mentioned her younger brother, Hugh.

I was helping her to pack—that is, I was helping the maid while Mrs. Rossiter directed. Just at that minute, however, she was standing up, shaking out the folds of an evening dress. She seemed to peep at me round its garnishings as she said, apropos of nothing:

"There's my brother Hugh. He's the youngest of us all—just twenty-six. He has no occupation as yet—he's just studying languages and things. My father wants him to go into diplomacy." As I caught her eye there was a smile in it, but a special kind of smile. It was the smile to go with the sensible, kindly, coaxing inflection with which she said: "You'll leave him alone, won't you?"

I took the dress out of her hand to carry it to the maid in the next room.

"Leave him alone—how?"

She flushed to a lovely pink.

"Oh, you know what I mean. I don't have to explain."

"You mean that in my position in the household it will be for me to—to keep out of his way?"

"It's you who put it like that, dear Miss Adare ——"

"But it's the way you want me to put it?"

"Well, if I admit that it is?"

"Then I don't think I care for the place."

"What?"

I stated my position more simply.

"If I'm to have nothing to do with your brother, Mrs. Rossiter, I don't want to go."

In the audacity of this response she saw something that amused her, for, snatching the dress from my hand, she ran with it into the next room, laughing.

During the following winter in New York and the early summer of the next year in Newport I saw a good deal of Mr. Hugh Brokenshire, but never with any violent restriction on the part of Mrs. Rossiter. I say violent with intention, for she did intervene when she could do so. Only once did I hear that she knew he was kind to me, and that was from Larry Strangways. It was an observation he had overheard as it passed from Mrs. Rossiter to her husband, and which, in the spirit of our silent *camaraderie*, he thought it right to hand along.

"I can't be responsible for Hugh!" Mrs. Rossiter had said. "He's old enough to look after himself. If he wants a row with father he must have it; and he seems to me in a fair way to get it. If he does it will be his own fault; it won't be Miss Adare's."

Fortified by this acquittal I went on my way as quietly as I could, though I cannot say I was free from perturbation.

Perturbation caught me like a whiff of wind as I saw Larry Strangways deflect from his course across the lawn and come in my direction. I knew he wouldn't have done that unless he felt himself authorized; and nothing could give him the authorization but something in the way of a message or command. To all observers we were strangers. We should have been strangers even to each other had it not been for that freemasonry of caste, that secret mutual comprehension which transcends speech and opportunities of meeting, and which on our part, at least, had little expression beyond smiles and flying glances.

Of course he was good-looking. It has often seemed to me the privilege of ineligible men to be tall and slim and straight, with just such a flash in the eye and just such a beam about the mouth as belonged to Larry Strangways. Instinct had told me from the first that it would be wise for me to avoid him, while prudence, as I have hinted, gave him the same indication to keep at a distance from me. Luckily he didn't live in the house, but in lodgings in the town. We hardly ever met face to face, and then only under the eye of Mrs. Rossiter when each of us marshaled a pupil to lunch or to tea.

As the collie at his heels and the wire-haired terrier at ours made a bee line for each other the children kept them company, which gave us space for those few minutes of privacy the occasion apparently demanded. Though he lifted his hat formally, and did his best to preserve the decorum of our official situations, the prank in his eye flung out that signal to which I could never do anything but respond.

"I've a message for you, Miss Adare."

I managed to stammer out the word "Indeed?" I couldn't be surprised, and yet I could hardly stand erect from fear.

He glanced at the children to make sure they were out of earshot.

"It's from the great man himself—indirectly."

I was so near to collapse that I could only say "Indeed?" again, though I rallied sufficiently to add: "I didn't know he was aware of my existence."

"Apparently he wasn't—but he is now. He desires you—I give you the verb as Spellman, the secretary, passed it on to me—he desires you to be in the breakfast loggia here at three this afternoon."

I could barely squeak the words out:

"Does he mean that he's coming to see me?"

"That, it seems, isn't necessary for you to know. Your business is to be there. There's quite a subtle point in the limitation. Being there you'll see what will happen next. It isn't good for you to be told too much at a time."

My spirit began to revive.

"I'm not his servant. I'm Mrs. Rossiter's. If he wants anything of me why doesn't he say so through her?"

"Sh, sh, Miss Adare! You mustn't dictate to God, or say he should act in this way or in that."

"But he's not God."

"Oh, as to that—well, you'll see." He added with his light laugh: "What will you bet that I don't know what it's all about?"

"Oh, I bet you do."

"Then," he warned, "you're up against it."

I was getting on my mettle.

"Perhaps I am—but I shan't be alone."

"No; but you'll be made to feel alone."

"Even so ——"

As I was anxious to keep from boasting beforehand I left the sentence there.

"Yes?" he jogged. "Even so—what?"

"Oh, nothing. I only mean that I'm not afraid of him—that is," I corrected, "I'm not afraid of him fundamentally."

He laughed again. "Not afraid of him fundamentally! That's fine!" Something in his glance seemed to approve of me. "No, I don't believe you are; but I wonder a little why not."

I reflected, gazing beyond his shoulder, down the velvety slopes of the lawn, and across the dancing blue sea to the islets that were mere specks on the horizon. In the end I decided to speak soberly. "I'm not afraid of him," I said at last, "because I've got a sure thing."

"You mean him?"

I knew the reference was to Hugh Brokenshire. "If I mean him," I replied after a minute's thinking, "it's only as the greater includes the less, or as the universal includes everything."

He whistled under his breath.

"Does that mean anything? Or is it just big talk?"

Half shy and half ashamed of going on with what I had to say, I was obliged to smile ruefully.

"It's big talk because it's a big principle. I don't know how to manage it with anything small." I tried to explain further, knowing that my dark skin flushed to a kind of dahlia-red while I was doing so. "I don't know whether I've read it—or whether I heard it—or whether I've just evolved it—but I seem to have got hold of—of—don't laugh too hard please—of the secret of success."

"Good for you! I hope you're not going to be stingy with it."

"As for You, Dear Miss Adare, When Papa Comes to See You This Afternoon He'll Grind You to Powder"

"No; I'll tell you—partly because I want to talk about it to someone, and just at present there's no one else."

"Thanks!"

"The secret of success, as I reason it out, must be something that will protect a weak person against a strong one—me, for instance, against J. Howard Brokenshire—and work everything out all right. There," I cried, "I've said the word."

"You've said a number. Which is the one?"

Anxiety not to seem either young or didactic or a prig made my tone apologetic.

"There's such a thing as Right, written with a capital. If I persist in doing Right—still with a capital—then nothing but right can come of it."

"Oh, can't it!"

"I know it sounds like a platitude ——"

"No, it doesn't," he interrupted rudely, "because a platitude is something obviously true; and this isn't."

I felt some relief.

"Oh, isn't it? Then I'm glad. I thought it must be."

"You won't go on thinking it. Suppose you do right and somebody else does wrong?"

"Then I should be willing to back my way against his. Don't you see? That's the point. That's the secret I'm telling you about. Right works; wrong doesn't."

"That's all very fine ——"

"It's all very fine because it's so. Right is—what's the word William James put into the dictionary?"

He suggested pragmatism.

"That's it. Right is pragmatic, which I suppose is the same thing as practical. Wrong must be impractical; it must be ——"

"I shouldn't bank too confidently on that in dealing with the great J. Howard."

"But I'm going to bank on it. It's where I'm to have him at a disadvantage. If he does wrong while I do right—why, then I'll get him on the hip."

"How do you know he's going to do wrong?"

"I don't. I merely surmise it. If he does right ——"

"He'll get you on the hip."

"No, because there can't be a right for him which isn't a right for me. There can't be two rights, each contrary to the other. That's not in common sense. If he does right then I shall be safe—whichever way I have to take it. Don't you see? That's where the success comes in as well as the secret. It can't be any other way. Please don't think I'm talking in what H. G. Wells calls the tin-pot style—but one must express oneself somehow. I'm not afraid, because I feel as if I'd got something that would hang about me like a magic cloak. Of course for you—a man—a magic cloak may not be necessary; but I assure you that for a girl like me, out in the world on her own ——"

He, too, sobered down from his chaffing mood.

"But in this case what is going to be Right—written with a capital?"

I had just time to reply "Oh, that I shall have to see," when the children and dogs came scampering up and our conversation was over.

On returning from my walk with Gladys I informed Mrs. Rossiter of the order I had received. I could see her distressed look in the mirror before which she sat doing something to her hair.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "it's just what I was afraid of. Now I suppose he'll want you to leave."

"That is, he'll want you to send me away."

"It's the same thing," she said fretfully, and sat with hands lying idly in her lap.

She stared out of the window. It was a large bow window, with a window-seat cushioned in flowered chintz. Couch, curtains and easy-chairs reproduced this Enchanted-Garden effect, forming a paradisiacal background for her intensely modern and somewhat neurotic prettiness. I had seen her sit by the half hour like this, gazing over the shrubberies, lawns and waves, with a yearning in her eyes like that of some twentieth-century Blessed Damozel.

It was her unhappy hour of the day. Between getting up at nine or ten and descending languidly to lunch, life was always a great load to her. It pressed on one too weak to bear its weight and yet too conscientious to throw it off. As a matter of fact, this melancholy was only the reaction of her nerves from the mild excitements of the night before. I was generally with her during some portion of this forenoon time, reading her notes and answering them, speaking for her at the telephone, or keeping her company and listening to her confidences while she nibbled without appetite at a bit of toast and sipped her tea.

To put matters on the common footing I said:

"Is there anything you'd like me to do, Mrs. Rossiter?"

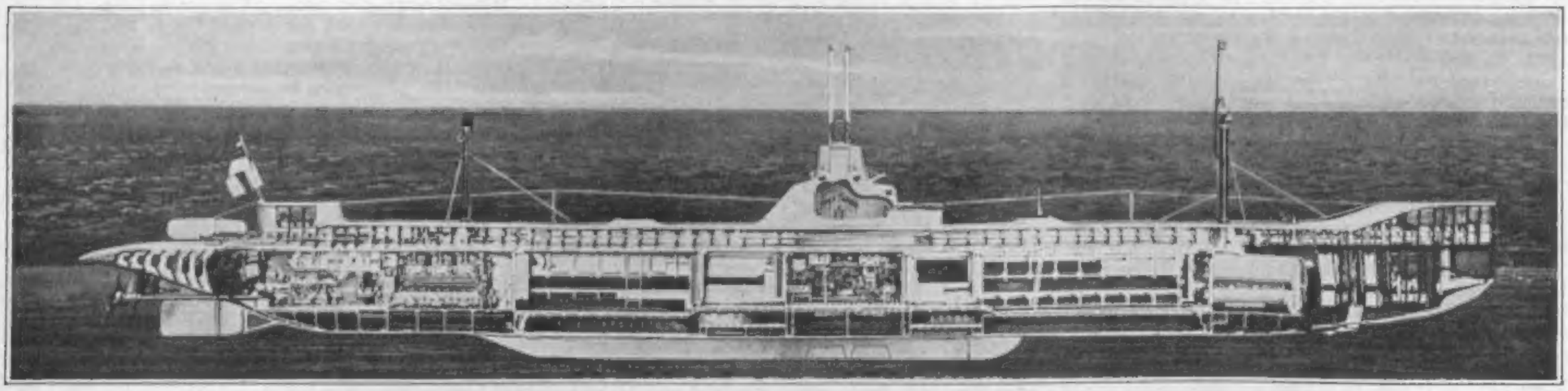
She ignored this question, murmuring in a way she had, through half-closed lips as if mere speech was more than she was equal to: "And just when we were getting on so well—and the way Gladys adores you ——"

"And the way I adore Gladys."

(Continued on Page 98)

It Was Partly Gratitude, and Partly a Natural Love of Children, That Drew Me to Little Gladys Rossiter

WAR INVISIBLE—By Henry Reuterdahl



Longitudinal Section of German U-Boat of the U-9 Type

MY WORD! It has never been done before." So, with sublime indifference, three of His Britannic Majesty's armored cruisers—Aboukir, Hogue and Cressy—loafed along on patrol in the North Sea during a cold September morning in the early days of the war. Secure in the dignity of "You cannot touch me!" of the Royal Navy, "The King, God bless him!"—and all that—these old buckets plowed at about seven knots. They were trying to save coal, so as to avoid frequent coalings, which messes up decks, snarls the skipper's temper, and lowers the visibility of his boiled shirt. Meantime Netherlands naval officers on coast guard at Terschelling Island were laying bets on the time allowance of the German submarines and how long before they would "get" the Britishers.

The story is then taken up by one J. Huntlea, A. B., of the Aboukir, an old-time "matlow" in the Royal Naval Reserve, and called to the colors from his job in the London Fire Brigade:

"First, my ship was hit. 'Action' sounded. We scrambled on deck; but we could see nothing to fire at. Our packet was slowly settling to starboard; some of the men were casting loose boats and wooden gear; others, lining up on the gun deck, pulling off their jumpers, waiting for the word 'Every man for himself!' Then the Hogue, stopping to lower boats and save us, was torpedoed and began to sink.

"The Cressy, last in line, slows down to pick up survivors, and also gets plugged. Three of us going at once! I jumps overboard from the stern walk. The Dutchies did a good job—they got all three of us. Yes; I'll have another beer."

As the Hogue settled slowly, turning turtle, all hands were crawling down the side over armor shelf and bilge keels onto the ship's bottom, where Captain Nicholson stood as God made him, with only a uniform cap to distinguish him from the rest of the naked, struggling for life, singing Tipperary in the face of death and the rising sea. The strong helped the weak. Numb fingers gave way; some fellows smiled and wished the others luck as they slid into eternity. It was the grand discipline of the Birkenhead over again, the spell of British naval tradition, magnificent in death.

The Day the Submarine Arrived

BECAUSE of overconfidence and underestimating the enemy and, one might say, because of unparalleled negligence in steaming at slow speed in submarine-infested waters, three armored cruisers went to the bottom in half an hour, and fifteen hundred men perished. It was too new, too sudden; it hadn't been done before. The shocked Lords of the Admiralty admitted that "the natural promptings of humanity had led to heavy losses," and had to point out that the job of warships was fighting, not life-saving. Now a life buoy flung out from a sister ship zigzagging at twenty knots becomes the Good Samaritan, with the swimming collar as first aid. Nobody stops or slows down.

But the other fellow was rattled too. The usual military aplomb forsook Von Weddigen, the commander of the U-9. He pressed the firing key which sent the torpedoes into the bowels of the Aboukir and Hogue. In the lenses of the periscope he beheld a great drama, staged by himself. He saw invisible hands seemingly pull down two big fighting ships; he saw more than a thousand men drowning like rats. The sight was too much for him. He was about to throw his submarine on another course and away from the nightmare. He had done enough.

"This is plain murder!" he shouted to the second in command.

"No, sir," answered the junior. "It is the British Navy. There is one ship left."

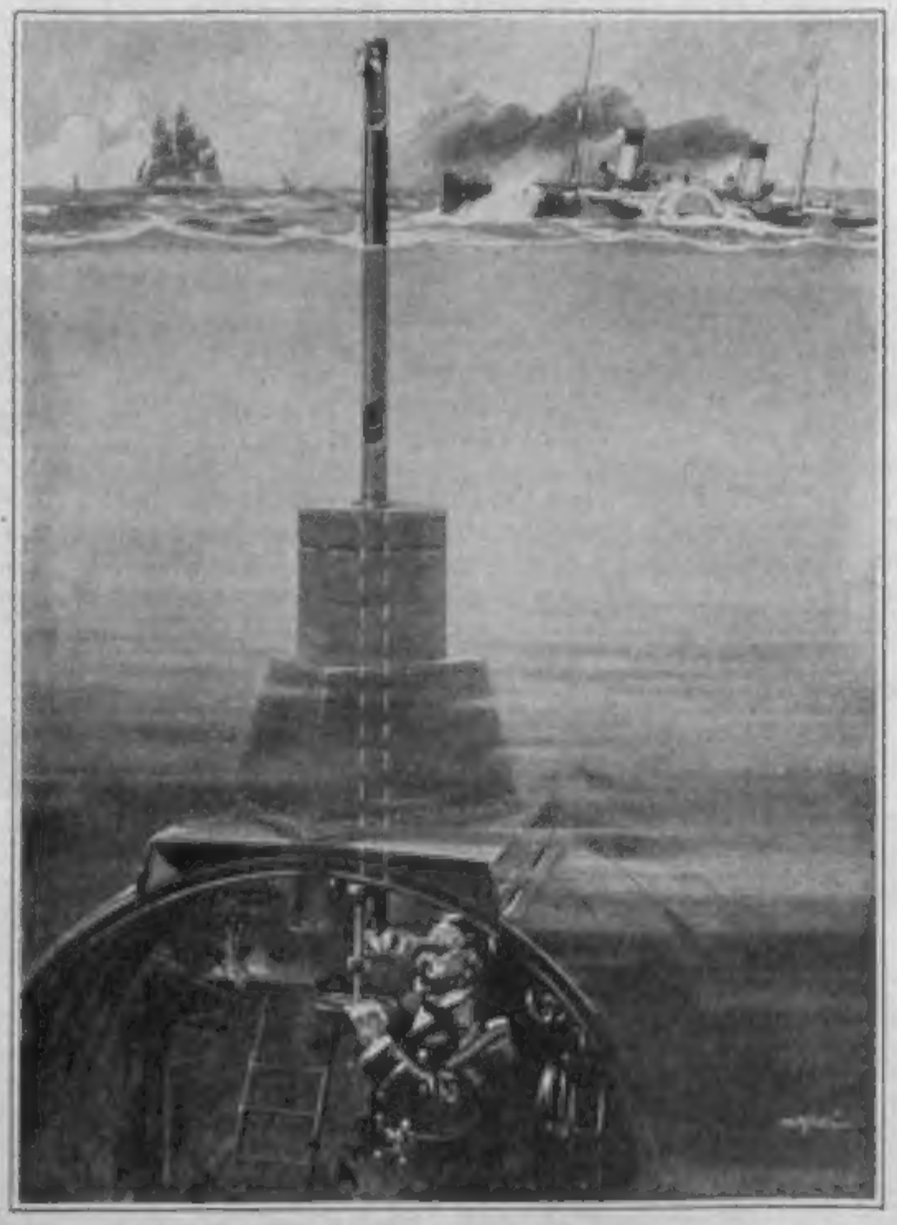
With a reload the U-9 pointed toward the remaining Cressy. The reflected image of the British cruiser stood plain over the center of the graduated scale of the German periscope. One minute later the torpedo went home. The Cressy was sinking.

With the terrific drama well behind him, Von Weddigen brought the U-9 to the surface, laid a course for Helgoland, home and his bride. Overnight he became the national hero of Germany.

That day the submarine arrived; it was no longer an experiment. But poor old Holland, the American inventor of the modern submarine, had died just a few months earlier, heartbroken. But the greasy chaps in our "subs" passed the good word. They thought it a fine piece of work. They were interested in the technic of the war invisible. But over in Harwich, the North Sea torpedo base, Commander Max K. Horton, R. N., D. S. O., the star of the British submarine outfit, who a little while before had sunk the Kaiser's Hela, grumbled and took a drink. Anyway, he had the honor of the world's first modern submarine action; but Horton was mad. He had a new competitor in the headline business.

Von Weddigen, then top dog of the German submarine service, was promoted to a better ship and took command of the U-29, in comparison with the U-9 a biggish brute, a regular peach, almost an undersea liner. After a hard day on the job, looking for game in the upper North Sea, the U-29 went "to sleep," resting with a slight negative buoyancy on a shelving sandbank. Outside of the watch officer and the regular standing watch, all hands must have turned in, sleeping in their leather suits. It is supposed that, as the watch at the telephones heard the nearing propeller beats of a British destroyer screen, the alarm was sounded—*"Tauch Station!"*—with every man flying to his post.

One might imagine that Von Weddigen waited; that the microphones vibrated the slow chugs of big ship propellers, which told him that the British Fleet was approaching. Blowing his adjusting tank to a submerged trim, he came to fighting position. His periscope tipped the surface.



Observer Stationed at the Periscope of a U-Boat. From a German Drawing

The Fate of U-29

HE WAS lucky enough to come between the two columns of the British Grand Fleet, steaming in line of squadrons, with the Iron Duke leading the right column, flying Jellicoe's flag. The periscope of the U-29 showed up halfway between the squadrons, six cables apart. She got off her torpedo, which passed under the Iron Duke. Immediately she fired number two, which also missed, going astern. Because of danger of smashing their own ships, none of the British gun crews dared to fire at the German submarine.

But, after the second torpedo, something went wrong with the U-29. Either the valves failed to work, which, by taking water into compensating tanks, were to equalize the weight of the discharged torpedoes, or, at the instant, the diving-rudder man failed in giving enough "down rudder." At any rate, the nose of the submarine shot up above the water.

She started immediately to begin to dive; but the Dreadnought, third in the left column, swung out of line and went full speed for the U-boat. The big ship caught her on the ram, spearing her like a whale, and raised her along the cutwater until the submarine was half out of water. A flash, a grinding smash, the U-29 balancing first one way, then the other, and finally dropping, the lettered bow foremost! The Dreadnought swung back into column. Without a signal being made, without a shot fired, the Grand Fleet proceeded.

In Baltimore, Captain Koenig, of the Deutschland, told me how a "mystery" ship, a British cruiser disguised as a tramp, flying false colors, had so "dastardly" sunk the U-29. It was another Hymn of Hate, the sob stuff about a treacherous enemy, and so on. I didn't bite. I knew the facts. And this is the story, told for the first time, of how Von Weddigen perished. It came from a man who saw it with his own eyes.

The dreadnought may command the sea, but the submarine makes the headline. And the vimful chaps of our outfit see in the future submarine the king, queen and whole royal family of the Seven Seas. They believe that soon the dreadnought will be in a museum with the dodo. And they are willing to talk about it till two A. M., fired by their own enthusiasm and not by stuff in bottles forbidden by the regulations.

But, first, let me give you the high sign and warning before I record their impressions. I am simply the recorder; my own views don't count—except that the sub is a comer and here to stay. Now all younger naval officers are full of pep and loyal to their jobs—almost partisan. If they have a desk in the Department their Bureau comes first, the rest afterward. The same with the chaps in destroyers, who, with utmost contempt, consider the big ship

their prey, and want to see a whole navy of nothing but fifteen-hundred-tonners, the kind the British are reported to have, forty-two knots speed, with six-inch guns.

But the superdreadnought fellow, resplendent in aiguillettes on the shining quarter-deck, living in the luxury of a big stateroom, with high tea at five o'clock, says that if you control the surface of the sea the submarine cannot do you much harm, and pats the fourteen-inch gun as the only arbiter.

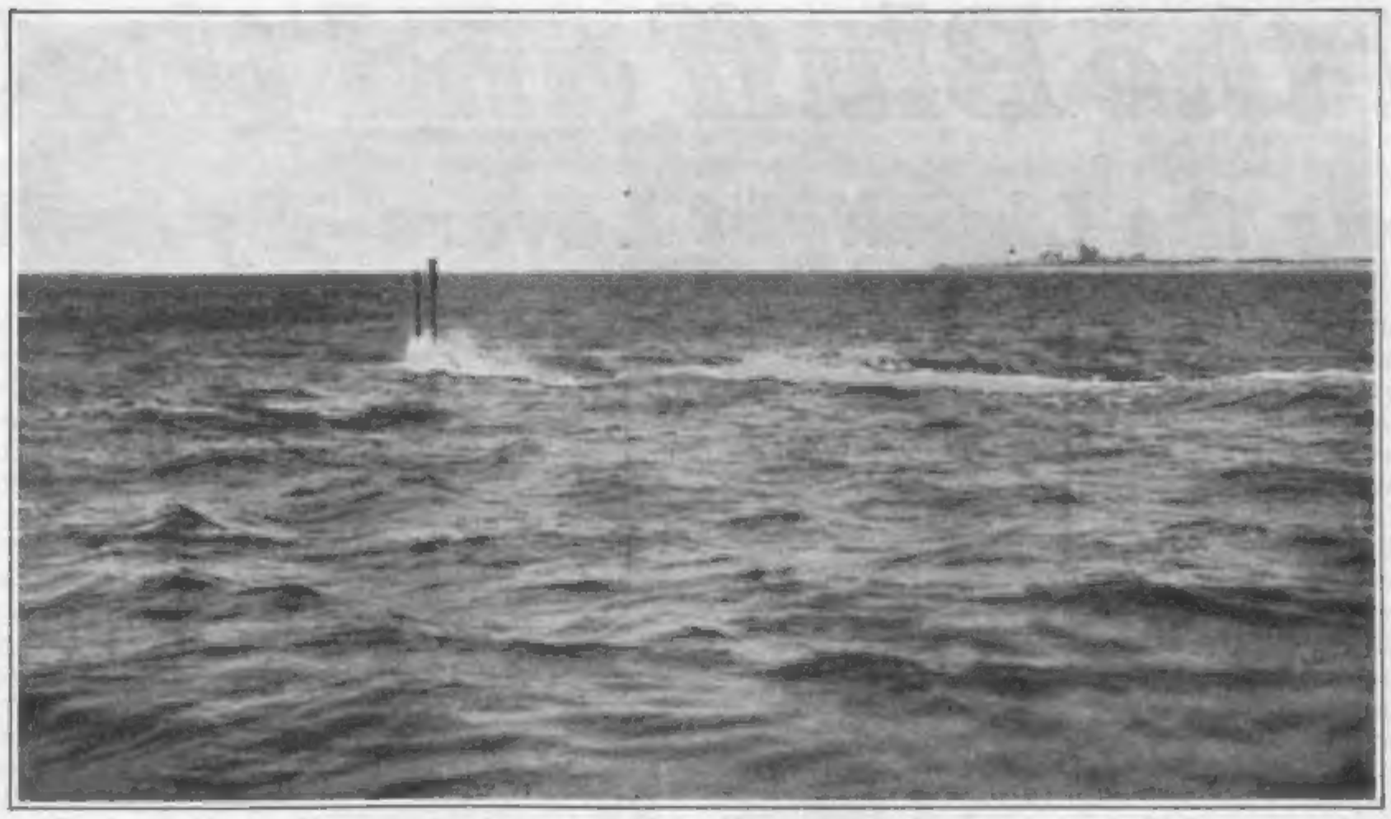
Last, flying by in a submarine, hopeful but dirty, and shy of sleep, in a lumberman's coat—bought by themselves—the hombres of the invisible subs laugh at the fifteen-million-dollar ship and point out that two of their torpedoes will do her up.

Let the submariner talk:

"I fear that it will not be Nivelle or Haig, ourselves, or the tradition of the British fleet, that will settle the hash in this war. It will be the failure or success of Germany's submarine war against allied and neutral commerce in her attempt to starve out England.

"Nelson said: 'To win, you must destroy the enemy's force'; but the British fleet stays mostly in port, so does the German. It is not fear. It is good strategy, partly brought on by the submarine. Napoleon warned against useless battles. But Jutland was a useless battle—our own Admiral Sims said the same. It won nothing. If all the big ships were sunk on all sides, the conditions of the war would be unchanged.

"The outcome of the war hinges upon the German submarine and how many subs Germany can turn out; and, above all, upon her torpedo-manufacturing capacity."



The Periscope of a Submarine in Attack: the White Wake Warns of the Approaching Danger

Where to Hunt Submarines

"THERE is no cure. There is no defense against something you cannot see. Methods that embody lanes, patrols on the high seas, are futile. The sea is too big. The big submarine can go far—seven thousand miles. During the month of February, when Germany's ruthlessness began, the British reported that three hundred and eighty thousand tons of commercial shipping had been sunk, this excluding vessels in government service. At the same time the Germans announced that during the same period seven hundred and eighty thousand tons had been dispatched. Sixty-four British vessels were attacked by U-boats during the last week of April: Forty-seven were sunk outright; seventeen managed to escape. Building merchant vessels to replace present and future losses will tax the world's resources to death. It cannot be done.

"The big problem narrows down to the fact that Germany must protect her submarine bases, so that her U-boats can sustain the counter attack on British communications—food supply. Prussia might figure that, in order to open communications of supply, the British superior fleet will be compelled to seek out and attack Germany's coast defenses, mobile and immobile. The circumstances of such a battle would be greatly to Germany's advantage. On the other hand, the British end in view must be to beat down the German U-boat campaign by a sustained attack on the submarines themselves.

"There is but one answer: When you chase a bear you don't track all over the forest, but try to locate the lair of the brute. And when hunting seals you don't navigate the whole Pacific Ocean, but find the rookery and the herd. The hole and rookery of the German subs lies behind Helgoland. Stop the neck of the bottle at Helgoland Bight. But how?

"Set a thief to catch a thief: by a British submarine offensive right up to the German bases to prevent egress of Germany's fleet. It will take a hundred or more British submarines. Set them on guard against Germany's surface craft and back them up with hundreds of British or Allied surface craft, covering an area of, say, one hundred and fifty miles. This will force the German U-boats to emerge among British surface craft, with heavier guns than are carried by the U-boats, coming in at the death.

"A submarine can lick any surface craft so long as it has a torpedo. But a practically torpedo-proof surface craft can only be damaged, but not chased off, if built so that it can stand several torpedo hits. Such a type has not yet been developed, but it must come in time.

"This means that the U-boat has to come out of Helgoland Bight submerged. It can make only ten knots for three hours, or five knots for thirty hours, under water. Its batteries become exhausted and it must come to the surface. Then it is out of its element and must fight the surface craft, ready and waiting.

"You say the Bight is mined by England. True; but a mine can be picked up unless backed by patrols or land batteries. Besides, there are not enough mines in the world to close up Helgoland Bight 'air-tight.' As fast as the British lay them the Germans sweep 'em up. Submarines can go through mined areas traveling in three planes, and have done so; the surface ship, only in one. Then, a submarine has a hull many times the strength of a surface ship; and by hitting a mine it may only be injured and not destroyed.

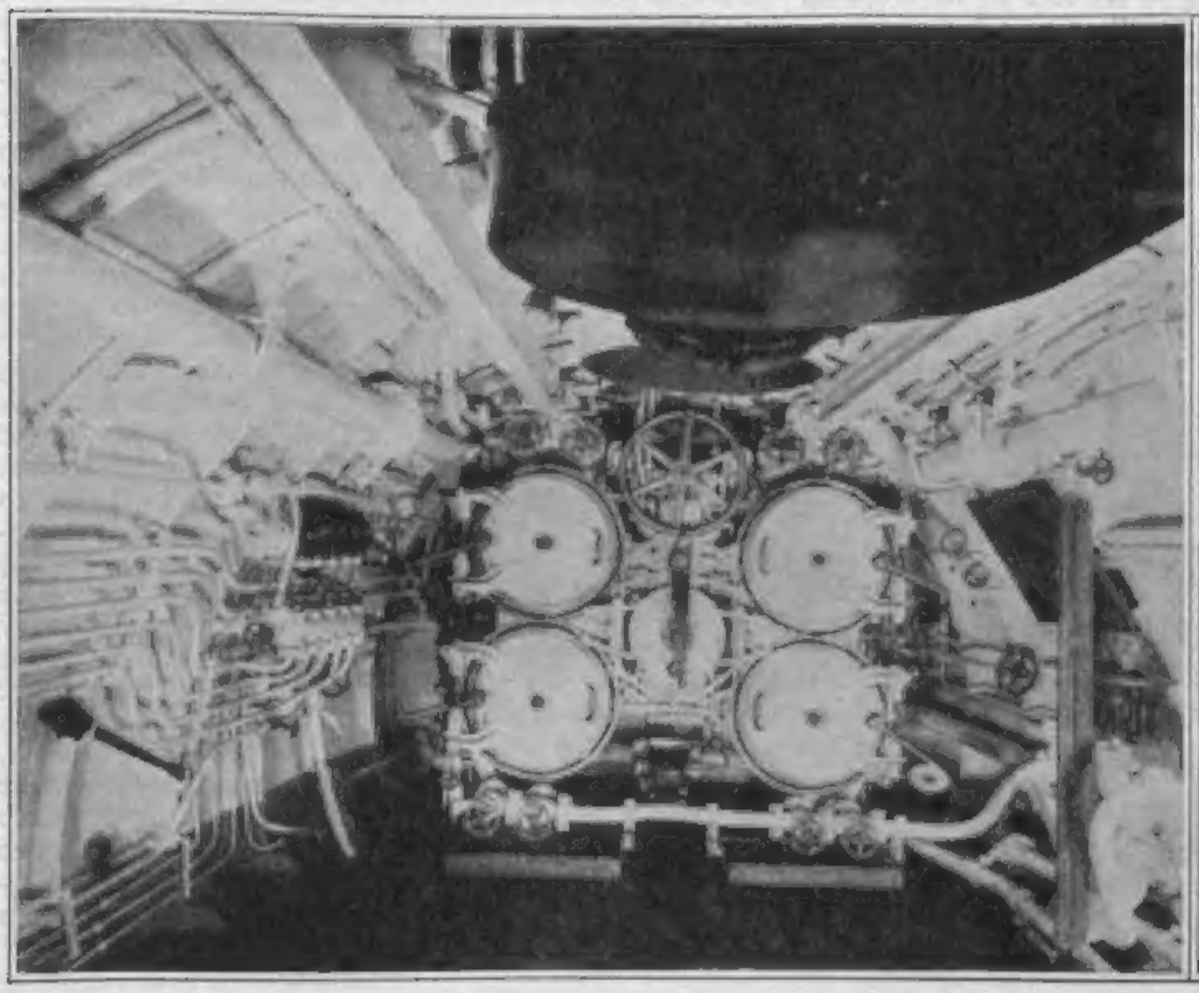
"If a man in the dark is carrying twenty guns, these are no protection against another man, shooting unseen from a window. Relative protection, but not absolute protection, is obtained by running. The same with the big ship. You cannot fight that which is unseen, and no gun pointer can hit a periscope except by a lucky chance; for that matter a sub has two. Backed up by torpedo-proof—comparatively speaking — surface craft, the submarine will eventually command the sea."

The tin sardine has grown to whale size. And from the ram of 1881 to the big fleet submarine Schley, two hundred and sixty-nine feet long, is a big jump. Holland's pet child was brought to being through money coming from the sinking fund of the Fenian Brotherhood. Celtic enthusiasm pictured the sinking of the entire British Navy. But the "Fenian Ram" got no farther than the Bronx.

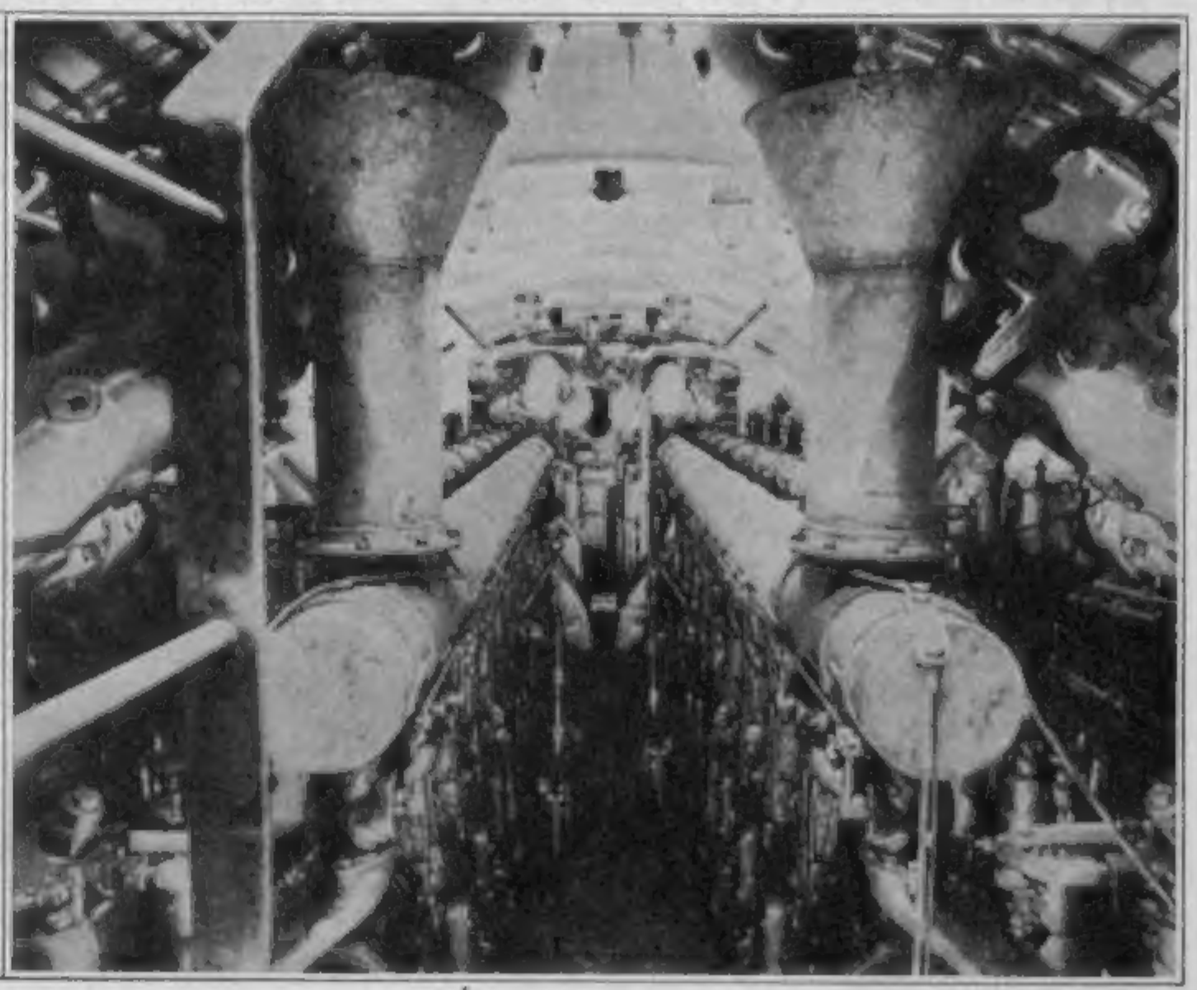
Struggling between Wall Street and a callous government, old Holland finally managed to sell his fifth boat, the Holland, to the Navy. She was the first successful submarine commissioned by any government. In the light of present events she was just a feeble toy, a jitney, a flivver; so small that when, sixteen years ago, the writer sketched her trials, he was told not to move about inside for fear of "rocking the boat."

The Old Holland Type

WITHOUT a periscope the Holland trusted to luck and a compass course in hitting the target with a torpedo. She was too small to be subdivided, and if punctured would have sunk like a shot. Even later boats had no water-tight compartments or proper appliances for safety. There were no facilities for cooking; no bunks for the crew. The slow speed and low fuel capacity, lack of habitability, and foul air, made our earliest submarines practically worthless. In some, torpedoes would get stuck in the tubes; others would break crank shafts like matches; sit on the bottom and be brought up to the surface by means of a hand billy pump; have battery explosions, fires, chlorine gas; and be towed to port. It was a venturesome game, gay and sudden, with life often hanging in the balance. God was good, and the submarine annals of the U. S. N. show only two serious mishaps—a mere nothing compared to the number of accidents abroad. *(Continued on Page 90)*



Arrangement of Torpedo Tubes in a Submarine



The German Diesel Engines Which Propel the Submarine on the Surface

'Twixt the Bluff and the Sound

Life Among the Limelight Lovers—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ROBINSON CRUSOE never really knew what loneliness meant. He thought he did, there on his desert island before Man Friday came along dressed simply in a grass lamp-mat. Bless his dear old heart, he had but the faintest and the most shadowy conception of being lonesome and alone. Robinson should have tried living awhile on an island with a couple of million or so persons that he didn't know and that didn't know him, people in whose affairs he had no concern and who were not concerned in the least about his. He should have tried the Island of Manhattan. Then he would have realized for himself that the solitary state seems never quite so solitary as when a stranger is set down in the midst of a great horde of humans, all of whom have troubles of their own. Then he might have written a book upon the subject as would have been a book.

Ask any man who moved to New York from somewhere in the interior to make his own way, he knowing nobody already resident in New York before he came, and he will tell you that the first six months he spent here were the loneliest, most desolate months he ever spent in his life; and that by comparison with New York the Arctic regions appeared in his imagination as a cheery and populous district. After that first six months the chances were the person making the experiment either gave up the battle against homesickness and went back where he came from to renew his acquaintance with human beings, or else by then had succeeded in finding his own niche and was getting acquainted with persons in whom he could be interested and who after awhile would begin to take an interest in him; was finding out that New York, instead of being one enormously large, enormously self-centered and selfish community, is really made up of a hundred thousand lesser communities, each with its own customs, its own habits, its own devices for entertainment and amusement and for intercourse among its component members.

I have taken the case of a man for my illustration. I imagine the experience must be doubly hard upon a woman, because at least until comparatively recently a woman, by rule written and rule unwritten, was debarred from doing a lot of things for which a man has ample opportunity and from frequenting a lot of places to which a man had ready access. But be the subject a man or a woman, for a very great proportion of the population New York to the end continues to be a place where the average individual is a neglected and obscure mite buried deep in a vast yellow cheese.

From Brass Bands to Brass Knucks

I THINK it must be because New York is such a lonesome town, and because its very size decrees for so many of its people they shall remain inconspicuous, that the struggle to attain transient notoriety, to emerge for one fleeting period from the ruck, is fiercer and more competitive than in any spot on earth of which I have personal knowledge. There is another reason for this: New York exalts its current celebrity upon a higher monument, fusses over him more while the fussing is good, and for the time being gives him deeper adulation than does any other city on this hemisphere. By the direct gravitation of the inverse ratio it drops him all the harder and forgets him all the sooner when a new deity comes along to claim the fickle fancy of the multitude.

I do not claim New York is unique in this respect. We all know it to be characteristic of the country at large. It is one of our national virtues—or one of our national vices, if you prefer to phrase it that way—that we are going perfectly crazy about somebody this week, and next week are saying to ourselves that we must indeed have been crazy to admire that particular somebody so extensively. The white light which beats upon the throne has brought out his freckles. As he poses there upon the pedestal which our loving hands have reared for him—and from which presently those same hands will topple him to

Wealth is Too Common a Thing in New York to Create Any Excitement

make room for his successor—we discern that his legs are bowed and that his eyes are squinty. After all, the demigod has, we find, his shortcomings and his imperfections, the same as the rest of us. So with one accord, singing a merry chantey the while, we shove him off the perch and set up another in his stead.

Or for a more tragic fate still, let the contemporary hero, at the height of his popularity, affront the worshipful host by some error of judgment, some unfortunate choice of the quoted word. Whereupon—Bang! biff! bluie! . . . Where now are the bouquets of yesterday? Alas and alackaday! Overnight we have retired the orchids and brought forth the brickbats to throw; we greet him not with the brass bands but with the brass knucks. "Here's your hat," we say to him; "what's your hurry?" We have removed the doormat with the word "Welcome" on it, and on the pathway leading to his exit we have set up a sign reading "This Way Out!"

A single small slip is sufficient, and, not alone sufficient, it is immediately fatal. Thus has it ever been with us. So far as the records show, Jesse James never climbed up on but one chair to dust off but one chrome, yet as a direct result of the indiscretion it shortly thereafter became incumbent upon his folks to bury him. And without any intent to draw invidious comparisons, I can recall the lamentable instances of half a dozen other reigning favorites who likewise went down before the equally mortal bullets of popular disdain because they committed just one little mistake.

What is a common attribute on the North American continent is emphasized in New York, which is but natural. New York goes always to extremes. It might be said to be made up of extremes—extremes of wealth and extremes of poverty; lofty cloud-piercing extremes of passing prominence for the few and abysmal bottomless extremes of obscurity for the many. In this matter of conferring temporary fame and snatching it away again New York goes to extremes just as it does in all other matters whatsoever.

Homage to the Shrapnel Pie Artist

FOR the moment the object of our regard is wreathed about in the incense of the money that is being burnt up regardless on his account. Over his head is poured the precious ointment of free printer's ink. At his feet is uncorked the alabaster vase. About his brow the limelight flickers lovingly, caressingly. But when New York quits him she just naturally quits him all in a lump. Last year's headliners are this year's footnoters—if they are lucky. If they are unlucky they will be ignored altogether. Among the New York paragraphers it is the custom, every now and then, to print a list of persons who were starred in the news columns a few months before or a few years ago, and to append a line asking what has become of them.

His place in the world's admiration is fixed and permanent, yet Thomas A. Edison could walk unnoticed and perhaps unrecognized through almost any New York crowd; but the show girl who shoots up a millionaire gets two weeks on a roof garden with the assurance of an extended engagement providing, as Jim Thornton put it, she shoots him again in a fresh place. It is when the highest-salaried moving-picture comedian, the genius who has endeared the shrapnel pie to the hearts of admiring millions, rolls into the Grand Central terminal on his private car, coming from the Pacific Coast, that the police reserves must turn out to save him from being snatched apart by the adoring multitude. It is just as well, too, that the gentleman should bask in the mellow sunshine of his fame while yet the daylight lasts. Another season perhaps some other will be drawing down the biggest salary, and riding on the private train, and meeting the reception committees desirous of rending him limb from limb, and spattering the trusty custard all over the place.

Nevertheless, and to the contrary notwithstanding, one is bound to conclude that those who seek the bubble reputation do not realize that fame, of the New York brand, is as brief as the Z column in a pocket dictionary and as liable to derangement as a wrist watch; or, if they do realize it, that makes no difference to them. They came to New York hoping to be somebodies, and as a general rule now find themselves doomed to the end of their days to be nobodies, and so among them is a hankering to have a sip of the priceless wine of prominence which, in the extent of its passion, is utterly inconceivable to persons who have not caught the contagion, or have not had opportunity to study the progress of the disease among its victims.

It afflicts them as a plague which is past curing, or as an itch which no amount of scratching serves to soothe. Those who have attained to the trysting place of the notoriety lovers—the lane of light cast by the effulgent beams of the calcium—yearn to stay there; those who have not attained it yearn to get there.

The campaign is most often hopeless and the triumph, even when attained, is almost sure to be short-lived; but to the shirt-tails of every chance the struggling ones hang clingingly on with a determination worthy of a better cause. They will risk health and they will court bankruptcy in

New York Exalts its Current Celebrity Upon a Higher Monument Than Does Any Other City on This Hemisphere

pursuit of their ambition. The malady strikes every class—from the gunman to the cotillon leader; from the street sweeper to the grand-opera singer; it takes in both varieties of climber most numerous in New York—porch and social; sooner or later it gets all or nearly all of us.

All of this being true, it helps to explain why so many press agents are enabled to make such comfortable livings by the practice of their calling on Manhattan Island. There was a time when practically all press agents were connected with amusement enterprises; nowadays the strictly theatrical press agents are in the minority. The publicity experts who have specialized at the crafty trick of getting puffs about flattery-loving persons into the New York dailies are the ones who draw the fattest retainers. Sometimes they are in the service of corporations and public utilities; more frequently they serve the private vanities of private individuals. I know of one publicity agent—a woman—at present deriving a bank-president's income from her ability to produce desirable newspaper mention for the members of a wealthy family who desire to pose as social luminaries whether they are or not. She knows how so to sugar-coat the stuff which she turns in at the newspaper offices that it will be swallowed down whole by the city editors—not that the city editors fail to recognize the dose for what it is, but because they appreciate that, done up in a saccharine package of novelty and brightness, it will be palatable to their readers. As a result of knowing how to do this, she can command customers who will pay topnotch prices. She smuggles honey-dripping paragraphs into the society column; she gets full-page articles exploiting the personalities and the social or philanthropic activities of her clients into the Sunday magazine sections. It is not easy work, requiring as it does some skill at writing, much tact and finesse, and finally a thorough knowledge of the needs and demands of newspapers—and they pay her for it most willingly.

Mere possession of wealth will not in and by itself suffice to bring its owner into prominence; wealth is too common a thing in New York to create any excitement. To win for himself or herself a frequent position at the top of column next to pure reading matter, its possessor must have one of two things—the kind of personality which would command attention anyhow, or a competent press agent on the pay roll and likewise on the job. There is one conspicuous instance which comes to my mind. The instance in question is more of an instance than he is anything else. He has a big fortune—big even as fortunes are rated in New York; but Nature cheated him when she created him. I do not mean that physically he is particularly imperfect. He knows how to wear clothes and he carries himself well. It is a light load.

The Power of the Picturesque Press Agent

I AM referring to his mental equipment. Speaking offhand and basing my statement upon a slight acquaintance with the person in question, I should say that he has about enough native intelligence to qualify him to color a meerschaum pipe but not enough to mix a smooth salad dressing. But he did have the wit to perform one wise act; or maybe kind friends advised him. Anyway, shortly after coming into his majority and his wealth he hired a smart press agent—in fact, one of the smartest. Being hired, the press agent did the rest. Out of the abundance of a skilled and fecund imagination he endowed his patron with a purely fictitious but highly attractive individuality. He thought up spectacular things for the young prince to do, and drilled him beforehand and then made him do them. He shoved him to the front—to the front page—and he has kept him there ever since, in spite of strong opposition from The Colonel, the Reverend Billy Sunday, the war in Europe and the high cost of living.

In no town, save New York, I think, would the head of a band of thugs attempt to retain a press agent for the express purpose of seeing to it that when one of the members of that gang went on trial for murder or mayhem or blackhanding or some other dainty crime the accused was accorded his proper and fitting meed of publicity in print; also that the picturesque side of the trapped ruffian's nature should be extolled, and that his physical and professional shortcomings should be minimized as much as possible in the printed accounts. I happen to know this very thing did occur once. The man who was approached by the chief gangster—a working newspaper man whose duties kept him in touch with the courts and with the police department—declined to entertain the proposition, but subsequently he had reasons for believing that the offer had been made in another quarter and accepted.

Sometimes the struggle for notoriety is pitiable; generally it is futile; almost invariably it is ludicrous. I am thinking now of one of the pitiable cases:

I know a mother and a daughter. Between them they share a small income. In the little Southern city whence they came they would have social position; as the cant phrase runs, they would be somebodies. In that environment one could imagine the mother growing old gracefully and sweetly. Nature intended that she should be one of those old-fashioned ladies, now getting rare, who used to pencil such notes as "Alas, how true!" and "Can such things indeed be?" on the margins of pages of love stories and historical novels. You know the kind of old ladies I mean? This one, I am sure, would have been prominent in church work back home. I can see her pouring tea at the Woman's Club, and serving on the reception committee when a long-haired lecturer on art comes to town. I can see her sitting at a front window doing dainty needlework; and in the spring of the year pottering about a flower bed, mightily concerned over her hyacinths and her tulips.

Down yonder where they hail from the daughter might be one of the local belles, for she has a sufficiency of personal charm and quite her share of good looks. Before she began to fade she would probably make a good match and get for her husband some upstanding business or professional man.

In their lives, as at present ordered, they have none of these things, nor the prospect of any one of them. After the widowing of the older woman, the two of them—mother and daughter—elected to live in New York. It seems they had visited in New York during the lifetime of the husband and father, and they had caught the fever which, in one or another of its varied forms, is responsible for inducing upward of a hundred thousand native born Americans a year—so it is estimated—to pull themselves up by the roots and transplant in the rocky, seamy and frequently insalubrious soil of Manhattan.

This pair contracted the complaint in an incurable form. As soon as the estate had been settled up they moved to New York, and here they have been ever since. The spot they call their home is a suite of two dark, tiny bedrooms, with a combination bath and kitchenette, in a store building on Fifth Avenue up four flights of stairs. On a side street they could have much roomier and infinitely more comfortable quarters for considerably less money than they pay out for rent; but in that case they would not be able to address letters to their kinspeople and their friends in the South from a number on Fifth Avenue. To be able to do this is, in their estimation, worth almost any sacrifice of personal comfort.

A Sorry Mess of Pottage

THEY live mostly in kimonos and wrappers, I hear; washing out their undergarments in a washbasin; drying their handkerchiefs on windowpanes; cooking indifferent meals over a gas jet, and heavily dependent upon the delicatessen store round the corner. They are absolutely alone. They have no place in which to care for any visitors from their home town, and being situated as they are cannot indulge the luxury of having friends among New York people, for New York people, if they entertain you, very naturally expect to be entertained in return. These two cannot receive callers in their crowded, littered bed chambers, nor can they afford to have guests for tea parties and dinner parties at a restaurant. Besides, all the means at their joint command are needed for other things.

By the exercise of a frugality which amounts really to miserliness, and by strict adherence to a certain carefully figured schedule of expenditures, they may each of them have twice a year a smart street costume, with hat and shoes and fixings to match, and an evening gown. Regularly on fair afternoons the year round they walk the Avenue together, knowing scarcely a soul among all the thousands they meet or pass, but sucking in all the agreeable savors of luxury and wealth and spendthriftiness displayed about them. Once a week, usually on a Sunday evening, they put on their evening gowns and go to a certain very fashionable and expensive restaurant for dinner. For years they have been patronizing the same establishment. The waiters no doubt neglect them, since they are neither persons of consequence nor givers of fat tips, and, I imagine, on the whole they must fare rather poorly considering the prices they pay for the dishes they order. But there is this compensation—and to them it makes up for the lack of all else—during this one brief little hour, fifty-two times a year, they dine, if not in the company of, at least in the vicinity of, those notables whose doings they read about in the newspapers and whose likenesses they have seen in the illustrated journals. They are actually seated upon the same floor with the smart women of the stage and the swagger men and women of fashion. They have not so much as a nodding acquaintance with any of these persons, but at least they are breathing the same air which so many more or less famous folk are breathing, and at the same time too. If they are not actually in the picture itself, at least they are on the edge of it, inclosed within the gilded frame. The pulsing limelight flickers agreeably near by, even though it never really strikes them. And to these two this sorry mess of pottage is ample recompense for their lost birthright, for all their lonely days. I happen to have personal knowledge of this case. Probably there are any number of similar cases.

A few years back, as reporter on a daily paper, I covered a good many murder trials at the Criminal Courts Building

(Continued on Page 114)

Robinson Crusoe Should Have Tried Living on an Island With a Couple of Million or So Persons That He Didn't Know

SCENE TWO-FIFTY-TWO

By Charles E. Van Loan

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A FAT swarthy gentleman sat on a bench facing a mirror, and as he daubed his forehead with greasepaint he assailed the defenseless atmosphere with a shrill imitation of a piccolo solo, Listen to the Mocking Bird, with variations.

As an exhibition of the important art of making up the face Sam's performance was nothing remarkable, but his whistling was far out of the ordinary, and rich with trills, sudden unexpected grace notes and swift bird-like cadenzas. As Sam warmed to his work, Greasepaint Row began to wake up and take unfavorable notice of him.

Greasepaint Row was a long narrow alley lined on either side with small dressing rooms in which the idols of filmdom beautified themselves for the critical and merciless eye of the camera. Each morning the Row witnessed a new and startling transformation scene. Faded blondes traipsed into the dressing rooms to emerge as gorgeous brunettes, and vice versa. Rather ordinary young men closed a door behind them and became beautiful beyond belief and toleration, with pink cheeks and delicately arched brows above eyes strangely reminiscent of the lovely bisque dolly in the department-store window at Christmas time. Shabby looking extra men turned themselves into pirates or members of the state legislature—and in some states there is said to be very little difference. Middle-aged women put on the bloom of youth, and character actors put on forty years in half an hour, arriving on Greasepaint Row in the prime of life and leaving it doddering and senile.

It Will Never be Known Who Was Third Into the Water

Sam's problem was no simple one. He took with him into his dressing room the sum of forty-five cents, which represented his entire personal fortune; he was to come out again a multimillionaire and a malefactor of great wealth. It was necessary to rearrange his countenance so that he might sit at a long table and cast his vote against the common people. He was fat enough to look the part of a plutocrat, and he knew that the illusion of wealth might be heightened by crêpe hair side-whiskers of the sort known as "sluggers." A pinch of silver powder would turn his stiff black hair to gray, and a few wrinkles, applied in the right place ——

As Sam studied this important matter his imitation of a piccolo solo rose louder and louder, as did the complaints along Greasepaint Row, where other professional gentlemen were altering themselves for better or for worse.

"Hey! Who's doing that whistling?"

"Cut it out!"

"What fool ain't got any better sense ——"

"Glad I ain't next-door to him, that's all!"

Sam smeared more paint on his features, and ceased his musical efforts long enough to smile at the potential plutocrat in the mirror.

"Listen to them hams a-hollering!" said he. "If they can't holler about one thing they holler about another. If there's anything that gives me an ache where I can't reach it, it's the actor what always wants you to know that he come from the lee-git. They're always puttin' their heads together and talkin' about the good ole days when they was barnstormin' with Booth and Barrett, but if them days was so blamed good, why don't they go back to the spoken drama and leave us picture people alone?"

He began to whistle again—a defiant mocking bird this time. He would show these adopted sons of the screen that they could not dictate to him.

A light quick step sounded on the cement walk outside, the door crashed open, and the crisp voice of authority cut through the trill of the mocking bird just at the point where it was about to warble o'er the grave.

"Quit it! Of all the fatheaded fools on the lot—Sam, I might have known it was you!"

David MacWade was speaking—MacWade, director of thrillers, and from time to time Sam's employer. The millionaire-to-be glanced up with an innocent grin.

"Hello, Davy! You might have known it was me—what?"

"Whistling in the dressing room, you fool!"

"Oh!" There was a trace of coldness in Sam's surprised ejaculation. "Just like that, eh? Well, this is my dressin' room—mine and about eight other guys'— and if I want to whistle here, I will and that's all there is to it."

He pursed his lips to resume the mocking bird imitation, and MacWade leaped at him with a snarl.

"Quit it or I'll choke you!" he threatened.

Sam grunted the amazement he could not express.

"Leggo my neck!" he managed to gasp. "Now then, what's all this about? Are you crazy, Davy?"

"No, I'm not crazy," answered the director. "I'm careful, that's all."

"Careful! About what?"

MacWade stepped back and took a good look at Sam.

"And you call yourself an actor! Don't you know that whistling in the dressing room is the worst luck in the world? Don't you know that much about your profession, you poor fathead?"

"Say," demanded Sam, "was that why all them hams was bawling me out?"

"Bawling you out! They should have knocked your block off!" MacWade spoke feelingly. "Anybody who has ever trouped a season knows it's bad luck—whistling in a dressing room!"

"Huh!" grunted Sam, impressed but unconvinced. "Thank the Lord I ain't superstitious! A black cat or a ladder ain't nothing in my young life—unless there might happen to be a careless painter up it. If I can stand it to ruin my career by whistlin' in the dressin' room ——"

"You!" MacWade shot the word at Sam with such force that the fat man's mouth flew open. "You! Who cares what happens to you? It's bad luck to the man nearest the door—bad luck to anybody that dresses next to you! I'd just as soon speak the tag-line of a new piece at rehearsal as dress next to some fool that whistles while he's making up! It's as bad as spinning a chair or opening an umbrella during a scene! It's worse than having Home Sweet Home in the incidental music when you're on tour, worse than having your advertising matter printed on yellow paper ——"

Sam threw back his head and laughed loudly.

"You're pulling all this jinx stuff on me," said he, "and you ain't played a part in ten years! You're a director—you ain't an actor!"

"But Jerry Fairfax is dressing next to you on the right," said MacWade, "and I don't want anything to happen to my leading man—especially when we're doing animal stuff. He'll take chances enough, without you adding to it."

"Well," said Sam thoughtfully, "there may be something in that. I dunno. I'd rather be with you, Davy, playin' a simple son of the jungle, than have the job I got now. Look at me! I'm doin' a rich millionaire for Towne, and these shoes of mine'll register me for the pauper I am. I got to keep my hoofs under the table all the time or the Rockerfeller stuff goes blah. . . . You ain't got an ole pair of patent leathers you don't want?" Sam spoke wheedlingly, and his smile was bland and insinuating. "A swell dresser like you, Davy—best dressed man on the lot, I always tell folks—wouldn't wear patent leathers if they showed the least little crack; but a poor guy like me—why, say, the stuff you throw away would save my life! It'd make a star of me! I ain't got any foolish pride, Davy, I'll take anything you give me, anything anybody gives me! It's pretty tough to have a great face for pictures but never get nowhere because every director on the lot knows you can't dress a big part!"

"If you'll quit whistling in the dressing room I'll see what I can do for you," promised MacWade.

"Bring 'em out to-morrow!" urged Sam eagerly. "And I could use a shirt or two, and some fancy socks—with the toes out of 'em, of course—and anything else that you're through with. As for this whistling stuff, you tell Jerry I didn't know it was bad luck or I wouldn't have done it, eh?"

MacWade smiled.

"Jerry doesn't know it's bad luck either," said he. "That's what comes of not having any trouping experience. Jerry was a real-estate salesman three years ago—and now he's my leading man. It's a great game, the movies!"

"Yeh," said Sam; "as the poker player says, 'A great game, send more money.' You won't forget them shoes? I can get along without the socks, but I can't play a rich millionaire barefoot."

"I'll bring the shoes," said MacWade, "and I've got some neckties ——"

"I always said you was the best guy on this lot!" Sam interrupted fervently. "Yeh, and I'll take in more territory now—you're the best guy in the business! If you got a tie with a lot of red in it ——"

Left alone, Sam proceeded with the making of a film millionaire. From time to time he smiled into the mirror.

"Trouper blood," said he, "there ain't any cure for it. All them hams is pretty much alike—superstitious and kind of nutty. Sam, you ought to thank God you ain't no actor—only a picture type!"

II

"NOTHING to it, Davy, this next picture has got to have a lot more zip in it or we'll hear from the front office."

Thus spoke the often affable Trozier, whose mother had sought to distinguish him by calling him LeRoy. By reason of a certain natural gift of fluency he was widely known as Gabby. Gabby was David MacWade's camera man, and as much of a star in his own line as any that had ever come within the angle of his lens. He was also MacWade's confidential friend, and liked the little director well enough to tell him the truth even when it hurt. The two men were in MacWade's private office, with nothing between them but a desk and a common understanding.

"The tiger picture was a bust, Davy. We might as well admit it."

"It was," admitted the director, "but only because of that accursed Catalina goat. He put Rajah out of business, and the second-string tiger was just about as fierce as a sick sheep!"

Gabby shook his head.

"No," said he firmly, "leave us not put the blame on the goat, strong as he is and able to bear it. Leave us take a little of it ourselves. You know, down in your heart, why that picture went bad, and so do I. Why not admit it?"

MacWade shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing.

"You're going to make me come right out in the open with it, ain't you? Well, that picture fell down because the punch was weak, and the punch was weak because you won't ask Jean Campbell to do any of the dangerous things your other leading women have done. That's the milk in the coconut!"

"With the accent on the nut!" snapped MacWade. "You're crazy, Gabby, plain crazy!"

"Oh, what's the use of stalling, Davy? I've told you the truth—and you know it. I helped all I could on the camera end. I faked stuff in that tiger picture till I was ashamed of myself—I saved Jean every way possible—and a picture-wise audience can't be fooled with camera tricks

any more. You're the last director in the world that ought to try it; you've given 'em the real thing so often that they expect it of you. And any time you think you're fooling the G. M. you're only fooling a fellow named Davy MacWade. You're risking your reputation, and your peace of mind as well, by caring too much for a girl that probably won't ever care for you, except as a friend. Mind, I don't say she's not worth it. She is, and that's the hell of it. But, Davy, can you afford to weaken your thrill stuff just because you're in love with a kid about half your age?"

"A man," said MacWade coldly, "is as old as he feels. I thought you wanted to talk about this next picture."

"I do, Davy, and I've got to talk to you along the same lines. I'm your pal. I'd fight a bulldog for you. I like you too well to stall and cover things up. I can't cheer that last picture, because in my heart I know it's rotten. And I know why it's rotten. And there's another reason why we've got to get down to cases; I didn't want to tell you about it unless I had to do it.

"I met the G. M. this morning, just as I was coming in the gate. I don't know when that bird sleeps. He's here with the milkman, and he pals round the joint with the night watchman. Well, I bumped into him, and he gave me one of those looks of his—that blue X-ray that bores right through to where the suspenders cross in the back.

"'Oh, Mr. Trozier,' says he, 'just a minute!'

"Honest, Davy, I knew what was coming. I smelled it. I saw it in his eye. You know how he talks—kind of thin and dry.

"'Tell your friend MacWade,' says he, 'that his tiger picture wasn't exactly a riot, and I think I know why. Maybe if he changes his leading woman his next animal picture will carry more of a punch.'" There was a long silence after this speech. Trozier looked at MacWade and MacWade looked steadily at the floor.

"Did the G. M. say that?" asked MacWade at last.

"Have I ever lied to you, Davy? That was just his nice little way of letting us know that he was wise. Now you see exactly what you're up against. The punch wasn't in the tiger picture—and the G. M. knows why. He's just the same as sent word to you to put the punch in the next one—or take the consequences. He's a business man, he is, and he won't stand for you dealing out milk-and-water when he advertises forty-rod. You can't blame him, Davy."

"I wonder if we could get a good double for Jean," said MacWade.

"Sure, and that would be the best way to lose her. The G. M. knows that all your other leading women went through without being doubled. He knows that you insisted on their doing it. If you double Jean in this next picture—good-by! I'd bet my shirt on it. It's tough, Davy! The Lord knows I don't want that girl to work with animals. I'd rather lose my job than see her clawed up the least little bit. But the G. M. isn't giving us any choice in the matter.

"If she stays with you in thrill stuff, she'll have to make good, the same as the others made good. Don't you see it?"

MacWade's reply was not a direct one. He picked up the script of the new animal picture and ran hastily through it.

"Here it is," said he. "Scene two-fifty-two. Afterwhat you tell me I'll bet the G. M. wrote it in himself. There's a punch in it all right enough—an awful punch. Look it over."

Gabby read the brief synopsis of action, as set forth by the continuity-writer, read it with a thoughtful squint in his eyes and a critical pursing of his lips.

"Wow!" he ejaculated when he had finished.

"That's a bird! That's a scene that'll take some doing, Davy, my boy! We've pulled off a lot of tough ones in our day, but we never had a tougher one than this handed to us, did we? If the G. M. doped that out, I give him credit. It's a lulu!"

MacWade did not speak. The expression on his face was one of utter hopelessness.

At the end of half a minute Gabby reached for the desk telephone.

"'Lo! . . . Let me have the Zoo. . . . Yes, the Baron. . . . All right; I'll hold the wire."

David roused himself with an effort.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"I'm going to invite the Baron to a conference. If there's any way in the world to trick a lion into that stunt ——"

"A lion!" interrupted MacWade. "Hell! I know how we can get the effect out of the lion! That's a cinch. I—I was thinking about something else."

"You're always thinking about something else these days! And I thought it was handling the lion that stuck you! . . . Oh, that you, Baron? . . . Say, take a run up to MacWade's office, will you? . . . Certainly it's important. . . . 'By!"

Gabby pushed the telephone from him and eyed his chief shrewdly, but not without a certain amount of sympathy.

"Only thinking about the girl's end of it, eh? Davy, my boy, that just shows how far back you've gone since you've been in love. Put down that paperweight or I'll wallop you! It's your pal talking to you—a fellow who'll go farther and faster for you than any dame you can mention! Think of this picture for a minute! Jean's part is a pipe compared with the lion's! You're asking him to do something no sensible lion would ever think of doing; you're—say, listen to me, will you? Come out of that trance! I'll bet you a hat that Jean will go through with this scene if the lion will—and not make near as much fuss about it as he does!"

One More Step, and the Lion Looked Down

MacWade did not reply. The script was in his hand and his eyes were fixed on that portion of it which was labeled "Scene 252."

III

THE animal man was puffing slightly when he entered MacWade's office, his Airedale at his heels. The Baron had every right to puff, for he was well on in years, and carried most of his weight where he could feel it when lacing his shoes.

He was more or less of a mystery to the Mammoth people, for he had never been a showman, and his mastery of animals was not based on the use of that cruel implement known as a meat-hook.

Wild creatures understood him, and even Selim, the sour old elephant, regarded the Baron as his friend and obeyed his commands instantly.

The Czar of the Zoo removed his gray slouch hat, passed his hand over his whitish pompadour, and looked at MacWade with his odd staring eyes.

The Baron's eyes were always asking questions.

When he spoke it was with a trace of Scandinavian accent which he strove hard to control; he dropped his words cautiously, giving each syllable its due.

"Well," said he, "here I am. I expect you boys you got stuck with an animal stunt, so you send for the old man, eh?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say stuck exactly," remarked Gabby, tracing an outline on the desk with his finger. "Just for the sake of argument, let this represent the arena. Up at the far end is a big rock—oh, say ten or twelve feet high—with a flat top. Below the rock is a pool of water—deep water, with weeds and brush on each side of it. Now here's the action we want—by the way, Davy, has the lion been following Jean, or does he just come on her by accident?"

"He's been following her," said the director. "She's lost in the jungle."

"They are always lost in the jungle," said the Baron, addressing his dog. "Don't it beat all, Rolf, how many actors get lost in the jungle?"

"Make your kick to the scenario department," said Gabby, snapping his fingers at the Airedale, which being a one-man dog paid not the slightest attention to him. "Yes, she's lost, and she comes to this pool. She is there when the lion steps out on the rock, and she looks up and sees him against the sky. Now here's the trick, Baron—we want the lion to do a jump at her, and land in the pool instead—and that pool has got to be so big that he can't jump across it or clear it on either side. He's got to do a Brodie into the water. Can you manage that?"

The Baron smiled at his dog.

"Rolf, do you hear what the young gentleman ask us? You hear what he say? He want to make a lion jump ten feet into water, Rolf, and we know how well a lion like water, eh? Wade in it—we might make him do that; but jump into it—*förbunade uslingar!* Not for all the chickens and beef bones in the world would a lion jump into deep water! He would be frightened when he look down and see it; he would ——"

"I've got it!" shouted MacWade, leaping to his feet. "I've got it! It came to me just now—the way to get this effect without taking chances! We can get the lion out on top of the rock, can't we, Baron?"

"Yes," said the animal man slowly. "Yes, that we can manage. You can even make him walk to the edge and look down, but when he see that water he will know better than to jump ——"

"Leave that part of it to me!" interrupted MacWade. "I'll see that he jumps. Now the girl has been standing by the side of the pool. She's tired and nervous. Naturally she would be—lost in a jungle. Well, she hears a noise and looks up. That's when the lion makes his entrance. The audience will see him, but he can't see her—won't even know she's there.

She runs to the rock for shelter. It's perpendicular—straight up and down, Baron—and she crouches against the face of it. We can build a ledge a few inches above the water for her to stand on. Now here's the big point: If the lion jumps at all—and I guarantee to get a good healthy hop out of him—his jump will carry him so far out that he'll miss Jean entirely. How far he misses her won't show in the picture, because the camera will be across the pool, shooting straight at the face of the rock ——"

"Oh, I get you!" cried Gabby excitedly. "Any old jump that the lion makes will register as a straight-down plunge after the girl! Holy mackerel! What a lovely effect!"

"There'll be a terrific kick in the scene," said MacWade modestly, "without the least danger to the girl. The trick is in having her flat against that wall—why, the lion couldn't get a swipe at her with his paw even if he wanted to. And, as a matter of fact, he won't know that anybody is below him until he's in the air. See how it works out?"

The Baron moved uneasily in his chair.

"It work out, yes," said he, "but that lion, won't he see the water when we rehearse him to come out on the rock? A lion, if you notice, always look down when he is on a high place. If he once see that water ——"

"We'll rehearse him with the pool dry," interrupted MacWade. "He won't see anything but a hole in the ground. We'll fill it just before we make the scene. That'll be surprise Number Two for him."

"That will be better," nodded the Baron; "but even so, if he come to the edge when you are shooting the scene, and he see that water, his instinct is to ——"

"Oh, confound his instinct!" ejaculated MacWade. "I'll give him something else to think about. He'll jump if the whole Pacific Ocean is in front of him—I guarantee it. And by the way, Baron, what's the first thing a lion will do when he gets into deep water? This pool has got to be so deep that he can't possibly jump out of it."

"I never see a lion in deep water," was the grave response, "but my impression is that he will swim out as quick as he know how. He will not stop to take a bath. You cut, I expect, when he splash?"

"Or half a second later," said MacWade. "I'd like to show Jean running out of the scene. She can be through a safety door before the lion gets his nose above water."

"There will be no hurry," said the Baron. "The lion, he will not be looking to bother anyone just then. He will be hunting a place in the sun. He will come out of that pool like a drownded rat, and about as full of fight. Yes, by all means, cut at the splash. The scene go better that way, because you must not show your lion frightened, and to let the people see him all wet and scared—ah, that would be as cruel as to show a leading man without his toupee! It shame the lion so! But, please, there is one thing I like to know and you do not tell me. The jump, eh? You expect to accomplish that by violent means?"

"Never you mind about the means!" said MacWade with a grin. "I don't want you running to the G. M. again and complaining about the way I treat your pets. The lion will jump—you can take my word for it. The lion will have to jump!"

"I took your word once—for a dead goat."

There was a mischievous twinkle in the wide, staring eyes.

"Yes," said Gabby, "and speaking of old Violet Extract, how is he hitting it these days?"

"That goat, you mean?" The Baron smiled with all his broad pink face.

"Ah, that goat is gone. You see, ever since he lick Rajah, the tiger he cannot sleep. He get insomnia, and always because he is smelling that goat. When the wind blow from the right direction, Rajah, he cry like a human being, and he get no rest."

"Can't say that I blame him," remarked Gabby. "You could keep a bearawake all winter by stabling that goat to the windward of him."

"Well, the tiger he get worse and worse," continued the Baron, "and the goat he is no good to the company, on account of being so rough, so I buy him. Yes, I give ten dollars for that goat, and I build a crate for him and I ship him back where he come from. I expect that goat he has licked everything on Catalina Island by now, just to show them he is home again."

"Well, you old fool!" exclaimed Gabby. "Your own money—and all wasted on a measly wild goat!"

"Oh, not wasted," said the Baron quietly. "That goat he was one of Thor's goats. You know about Thor?"

"If ever I met the gentleman," said Gabby, "it has slipped my memory. I never pay much attention to animal acts."

"Thor," said the Baron, "was the god of thunder. He used to appear in the clouds, and goats hitched to his chariot. I expect this was one of his original team, and I send him back where he came from."

"You ought to have a guardian," said Gabby. "A soft old fellow like you!"

"Yes," said the Baron, "I am soft in my head and soft in my heart. I expect maybe that is why the animals get along so good with me. . . . You want to use the big lion in this scene? You better do that, because Pete he don't love me much anyhow, and after this he ain't going to love me any at all! By and by, Rolf, I expect I got nobody but you to love me!"

IV

THE estimable Mr. Trozier, suddenly appearing at the end of Greasepaint Row, narrowly escaped colliding with a sweet-faced young woman who answered his apology with a friendly smile.

"'Scuse me, Jean! Talk about luck—and I've been looking everywhere for you!"

"For me?" smiled the girl. "Then it must be re-takes."

"It's more serious than that," said the camera man solemnly. "Serious for you, serious for me, and most of all for the little chief—for Davy."

"Oh! Has anything happened?"

"Not yet, but something is fixing to happen. Care to go for a little stroll round the lot? Actor Alley here is full of ears, and this is our own private and personal affair."

They crossed the big open-air stage in silence.

"Tell me about it," said Jean. "Do they want to put me into another company—again?"

"That's about the real size of it," answered Gabby. "You see you've got talent—you're too good for this thrill stuff—and some day you're going to have a big name in this business."

Jean Campbell laughed and patted Gabby's arm.

"That isn't what you want to tell me, is it? You see I have two brothers, so I understand the delicate method of approaching an unpleasant subject. Tell me what the trouble is—and all about it."

"Lordy!" exclaimed Mr. Trozier. "I do love a sensible girl! If ever I pick one out for myself ——"

Jean shook her head reprovingly.

"Too many compliments!" said she. "The young man wants something!"

"The young man does! He wants to talk to you like a Dutch uncle—like a brother."

"I—I think I prefer the brother. I am used to brothers. Now what is this all about?"

"It's about us—about our company. Maybe you don't know it, but the tiger picture was an awful bust, a flivver. It wasn't so much what we did as what we didn't do; and it was chuck-full of camera tricks. The real kick wasn't there, and Davy has had a call from the front office. Now, Jean, you're a bully-fine sensible girl ——"

"That's not a brotherly speech! Out with it!"

"Right! And tie on your hat, because we're going over the bumps. There was no kick in that picture because Davy wouldn't let you do the thrill stuff. All his other leading women have worked with animals; but you—well, it's this way, Jean, the—er—the personal element enters into the matter, if you get me. You're a beginner, and Davy—Davy, he feels sort of responsible. He let you do a few stunts in that railroad thriller, and they made the picture a big success; but since then—well, to come out flat, he's protected you so much that it has hurt his stuff; taken the punch out of it. The front office is roaring, because when they advertise a thriller they want a real one—and you can't blame 'em."

"I'm sure I can do anything that the other girls have done," said Jean thoughtfully. "More than that, I'm willing to do the things expected of the lead in thrillers. All David needs to do is tell me what he wants done."

"I knew you'd be game!" cried Gabby. "I knew it, but Davy, the poor nut, he's so much in—he feels so responsible, I mean—that he balks at putting it up to you. Here we've spent the whole morning cooking up a perfectly safe way to pull a big scene with a lion in it, and now he's sitting in his office and holding on to his hair with both hands just because for about two seconds you'll have to be in the arena with that lion! Ain't it pitiful? When I think of the stuff Davy has asked women to do—the stuff he's made 'em do—it's pitiful to see him up in the air like this. Why, that lion would have to lick the entire MacWade outfit—and eat the Baron raw—before he could as much as muss your dress!"

"Poor lion!" whispered Miss Campbell.

"You remember, Jean, before we made the tiger picture, the G. M. wanted to turn you over to Towne—wanted to use you in straight stuff and feature you. You wouldn't stand for the switch, Lord love you for it! But the tiger picture flivvered, and now we're up against a showdown with the front office. We've got to give 'em a real old-time, ringtail-peeler with a kick in it, or—or else they're liable to slip Davy a leading woman that he won't care so much about—I mean one that can take chances for all of him—well, you get what I mean, don't you? This personal element ——" It was an extremely lame ending, but the girl did not seem to notice Gabby's desperate floundering.

"And Davy?" she asked. "He doesn't want a new leading woman?"

"Want one! Why, he'd never be quite the same again!"

Jean Campbell laughed and tucked her arm into the crook of Gabby's elbow.

"If that's the case," said she, "let us make the next picture a good one and fool the front office—and Mr. Towne. Talking to you now as a sister, I'm just as anxious to stay in the MacWade company as anybody is to have me, and I'm willing to do almost any foolish stunt to hold the job. What is this new thriller like? With so many good friends to protect me, my sympathy is all with the lion."

"Bless your heart!" cried Gabby, squeezing the hand which still rested on his arm. "You're just a regular girl, ain't you?"

"I try to be," answered Jean. "At any rate, I'd rather be one than be featured—opposite Mr. Towne."

"Bully for you! Davy thought you had his number. Now when the chief tells you about this lion stunt you won't seem frightened? It will—will make it easier for him to go through with it. I tell you, Jean, you don't know how he feels—with so much responsibility—and everything."

"Perhaps I do know," was the grave response, and though Gabby shot a lightning glance at the girl's face he found no flicker of mockery in her eyes.

"There's nobody just like Davy," continued the well-meaning blunderer, suddenly aware that he was on the defensive. "I know him better than anybody else. He's conscientious, Davy is—you can't imagine how conscientious he is—and when it comes to women ——"

"You're a funny boy!" interrupted Jean. "But let us talk about this lion. Is he conscientious, too—when it comes to women?"

"Oh, Pete! Why, he's as tame as a big yellow dog! I work right in the open cage

(Continued on Page 97)

"Bless Your Heart! You're Just a Regular Girl, Ain't You?"

THE EYES OF ASIA

The Private Account—By Rudyard Kipling

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

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"The People in Our Country Who Talk About Killing are Children. They Have Not Seen the Reality of Things"

SCENE: Three and a half miles across the border—Kohat-way.

Time: The edge of sunset. Single room, reached by a ladder from the ground. An Afghan woman, wrapped in a red cotton quilt, squats on the floor trimming a small kerosene lamp. Her husband, an elderly Afghan with a dyed beard, lies on a native cot, covered by a striped blue and white cloth. He is wounded in the knee and hip. A government rifle leans against the cot. Their son, aged twenty, kneels beside him, unfolding a letter. As the mother places the lighted lamp in a recess in the wall the son picks up the rifle and pushes the half-opened door home with the butt. The wife passes her husband a filled pipe of tobacco, blowing on the charcoal ball in the bowl.

SON [*as he unfolds letter*]. It is from France. His Regiment is still there.

FATHER. What does he say about the money?

SON [*reading*]. "I am made easy by the news that you are now receiving my pay-allotment regularly. You may depend upon its coming every month henceforward. I have also sent eleven rupees over and above the allotment. It is a gift toward the purchase of the machine needed in your business."

FATHER [*drawing a cheap nickel-plated revolver from his breast*]. It is a good machine, and he is a good son. What else?

SON. He says: "You tell me our enemies have killed my uncle and my brother, beside wounding our father. I am very far away and can give no help whatever. It is a matter for great regret. Our enemies are now two lives to the good against us. We must take our revenge quickly. The responsibility, I suppose, is altogether on the head of my youngest brother."

FATHER. But I am still good for sitting shots.

MOTHER [*soothingly*]. Ah! But he means to think over all the arrangements. Wounded men cannot think clearly till the fever is out of the wound.

SON [*reading*]. "My youngest brother said he would enlist after me when the harvest was gathered. That is now out of the question. Tell him he must attend to the work in hand." That is true, I cannot enlist now. "Tell him not to wander about after the people who did the actual killing. They will probably have taken refuge on the government side of the border." That is true too. It is exactly what they did. "Even up the account from the nearest household of our enemies. This will force the murderers for their honor's sake to return and attend to their proper business, when—God willing—they can be added as a bonus. Take our revenge quickly."

FATHER [*stroking beard*]. This is all wisdom. I have a man for a son. What else does he say, Akbar?

SON. He says: "I have a letter from Kohat telling me that a certain man of a family that we know is coming out here with a draft in order to settle with me for an account which he says *I* opened."

MOTHER [*quickly*]. Would that be Gul Shere Khan—about that Peshawari girl?

SON. Perhaps. But Ahmed is not afraid. Listen! He says: "If that man or even his brothers wish to come to France after me I shall be very pleased. If, in fact, anyone wishes to kill me let them by all means come out. I am here present in the field of battle. I have placed my life on a tray. The people in our country who talk about killing are children. They have not seen the reality of things. We do not turn our heads when forty are killed at a breath. Men are swallowed up or blown apart here as one divides meat. When we are in the trenches there is no time to strike a blow on private account. When we are at rest in the villages one's lust for killing has been satisfied. Two men joined us last month to look after a close friend of mine with whom they had a private account. They were great swashbucklers at first. They even volunteered to go into the trenches, though it was not their turn of duty. They expected their account could be settled during some battle. Since that turn of duty they have become quite meek. They had, till then, only seen men killed by ones and twos, half a mile separating them. This business was like flies on sugar. Have no fear for me, therefore, no matter who joins the Regiment. It needs a very fierce stomach to add anything to our government ration."

MOTHER. He writes like a poet, my son. That is wonderful writing.

FATHER. All the young men write the same with regard to the war. It satisfies all desires. What else does he say?

SON [*summarizing*]. He says that he is well fed and has learned to drink the French coffee. He says there are two sorts of French tobacco—one yellow, one blue. The blue, he says, is the best. They are named for the papers they are wrapped in. He says on no account must we send him any opium or drugs, because the punishment is severe and the doctors are quick to discover. He desires to be sent to him some strong hair dye, of the sort that our father uses.

MOTHER [*with a gesture*]. Hair dye! He! He is a child. What's he been doing?

SON. He says he wishes to win favor from his native officer, whose white hairs are showing and who has no dye. He says he will repay the cost and that no charges are made for the parcel. It must be very strong henna dye.

MOTHER [*laughing*]. It shall be. I will make it myself. A start it gave me to hear *him* ask for dyes! They are not due for another twenty years.

FATHER [*fretfully*]. Read it! Read it all as it is written, word for word. What else does he say?

SON. He speaks of the country of the French. Listen! He says: "This country is full of precious objects, such as grain, plows and implements, and sheep which lie about the fields by day with none to guard them. The French are a virtuous people and do not steal from each other. If a man merely approaches toward anything there are eyes watching him. To take a chicken is to loosen the tongues of fifty old women. I was warned on joining that the testimony of one such would outweigh the testimony of six honorable Pathans. It is true. Money and valuables are, therefore, left openly in houses. None dare even to look at them with a covetous eye. I have seen two hundred rupees' worth of clothing hung up on a nail. None knew the owner, yet it remained till her return."

MOTHER. That is the country for me! Dresses worth two hundred rupees hanging on nails! Princesses all they must be.

SON [*continuing*]. Listen to these fresh marvels. He says: "We reside in brick houses with painted walls of flowers and birds; we sit upon chairs covered with silks. We sleep on high beds that cost a hundred rupees each. There is glass in all the doors and windows; the abundance of iron and brass, pottery and copper kitchen utensils is not to be estimated. Every house is a palace of entertainment filled with clocks, lamps, candlesticks, gildings and images."

FATHER. What a country! What a country! How much will he be able to bring back of it all?

SON. He says: "The inhabitants defend their possessions to the uttermost—even down to the value of half a chicken or a sheep's kidney. They do not keep their money in their houses, but send it away on loan. They talk among themselves of loans and pledges and the gaining of money, just as we do. We Indian troops are esteemed and honored by all; by the children specially. These children wear no jewelry. Therefore, there are no murders committed for the sake of ornaments, except by the enemy. These children resemble small moons. They make mud figures in their play, of men and horses. He who can add figures of oxen, elephants and palanquins is highly praised. Do you remember when I used to make them?"

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HOOVER OF BELGIUM

By ERNEST POOLE

WHETHER this war is to be won for democracy and a lasting peace, or is to be halted, through starvation, in a truce that will make its bloodshed of no avail to humanity—this, to a very large degree, is to be settled now and here by the people of America. We must feed not only our own population but the people of our allies. That we can do this there is little doubt. The resources of this land are so varied and exhaustless that, given the will, the way will be found. And to rouse the will and point the way the Council of National Defense has chosen Hoover of Belgium.

A better leader could not have been found. To rouse the will of this nation—a will mysteriously vast, compounded of the purposes, the small desires, selfish plans, the hopes and dreams and great ideals, the firm beliefs and the suspicions of more than a hundred million people—here is one whose very name is a great national asset now. For it has become a symbol of that honesty and generous will, that clean, efficient action, which will sweep out of our Yankee minds the suspicion of graft and slackness here. There was no graft in Belgium and there shall be none here. There was clear, hard thinking, exhausting toil and unselfishness in Belgium, and there shall be those qualities here. But to those sentimentalists who love to hear great stirring appeals to their emotions, let it be clearly said at the start that Hoover will disappoint them.

Big Jobs in Both Hemispheres

FOR a more intensely sensible man it would be hard to discover. He is forty-two years old. Though by no means large of frame, he gives at once an impression of force. His limbs look hard; his smooth face is strong; there is a determined look to his jaws, and his eyes are steady and direct. He is a mining engineer, a man from a ruthless, fighting world, to whom at the outbreak of this war something very like a miracle happened.

Herbert Clark Hoover was born in 1874, in Iowa. In his boyhood there, and in Oregon, he early developed an instinct for striking out on his own account. To a large extent he worked his way. He went to school, but learned much more from life itself and the struggles he had. At seventeen he entered the School of Mines at Stanford University, where he not only supported himself but was always loaning money to friends. At twenty-one he graduated and went out with the Geological Survey. One year later he was appointed assistant manager of two large Australian mines, and his work there was so successful that in 1897 he was chosen by the great British mining firm of Bewick, Moreing & Company to become their chief of staff in Western Australia. He held that position for three years.

Then the Chinese Government asked him to take charge of its Bureau of Mines; and a year later he became general manager of a Belgian corporation there. During the Boxer Rebellion, Hoover worked a machine gun. Soon after that he was made a partner of Bewick, Moreing & Company and director of their mining activities. He was still but twenty-eight years old!

Living in London his work now took him far and wide. "In Russia," said a friend of his, "I went with him to a mining region he was directing in the Ural Mountains. This property was larger than Belgium. It took us several hours by train, and many days more in sledges over snow and ice, to inspect it all. One reason for his success in this project was the way he treated the Russians. They did not care for foreigners, who had always treated them with varying degrees of contempt. Hoover did the opposite. He took the Russian ways of work and whenever possible made them his own. He coöperated in every way, and they had soon taken him as their friend. And this is typical of him. He has always somehow or other turned each obstacle to his use."

In his hospitable London home he has led a simple life. He is no society man at all; his manners are far from "finished," and small talk bores him to extinction. He seldom tells funny stories himself, though he likes to hear them. When he plays bridge he plays it hard. When he has a day off he likes to motor with his family out into the country, build a fire and cook in the open. Another dissipation of his is the reading of detective stories. In these he takes a huge delight. But the rest of Hoover's life is work. At times he labors day and night. "When you're with him on a job," said a friend, "you can call him up at one A. M. and he won't appear in the least annoyed." The same is true of his reading. He reads hard and grows absorbed. He has a passion for histories and biographies of all kinds.

By sheer work he has made himself a decidedly forcible writer. His book, The Principles of Mining, gives in a clear, simple style the methods he himself used to rise. And his other achievement in this line is the translation of De Re Metallica, an old book on metals and mining, written in 1530 by Georg Agricola, a Saxon, who wrote in a doggerel Latin that had defied the efforts of translators for over four hundred years. In slaving at this puzzle Hoover took a grim delight. For several years it took his spare time. It was one of his ways of resting.

He was always quietly helping young engineers to get a start. His house was always open to them. As for outsiders in need of assistance, whoever asked Hoover for money was asked, in turn, for his name and address, and these were promptly sent to an officer of the Salvation Army whom Hoover employed to look up such appeals. He was a generous giver—but always, first, he had to be shown. He often helped the Salvation Army; but to other large organized charities, or social work of any kind, he had given little thought or time except when approached for funds.

Such was Hoover's early life—a swift, almost miraculous rise. In 1914 he was living in London, wealthy and successful, though but in his fortieth year. The fees he received as an engineer amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. He was known among miners all over the world. It had been a ruthless, fighting world of big mining operations and finance on an international scale. He had not lived the sort of life that is very likely to make a man kind.

Then came the war. On the morning of August 4, 1914, the American Consul in London called Hoover on the telephone. "Mr. Hoover," he said, "there's a mob of American citizens here, trying to change letters of credit, bank drafts and express orders for English gold. And we're swamped! For God's sake come over and help us out!"

Getting Funds for Penniless Tourists

HOOVER went over and got to work. He telephoned to all his friends. "How much money have you in your safes? Get all the cash you can raise at once; get in at the back doors of the banks. Get it any way, short of larceny." These friends responded to his call. They raised about two hundred thousand dollars. The Government loaned the same amount. And, through their efforts, in two months 45,000 Americans were sent safely home.

Meantime, over in Belgium things were getting desperate. Seven and a half million people were facing starvation; and Hoover was asked to handle the work of relief in Belgium and Northern France. At once he called together a few big, able Americans, most of them engineers like himself; and they lost no time in getting to work. The first day they had three rooms—the second day, a dozen.

Their office was organized with a speed that made Old England gasp for breath. As a rule it took two weeks at least for the government telephone company to install a telephone. In this office it was done overnight, with a switchboard and dozens of instruments. And they thanked the company in a way that has won its devotion ever since. Meantime Hoover had organized. He had sent one man to arrange for ships, and another over to Rotterdam to make

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Hawkshawing Merchandise

By Everett Rhodes Castle

SHE was a prim old figure, with her threadbare, shiny gray coat buttoned over her slight little form. Her small black hat bespoke a prosperity of other days. Her old-fashioned steel-rimmed glasses gave her an air of primness and righteousness that carried you back to the days when you were dressed in your best bib and tucker to go visit your maiden aunt. She was the type you would expect to find standing bewildered in the midst of a large city's traffic.

As a matter of cold fact and court record, she was the most accomplished pickpocket and shoplifter with whom the police of a large Mid-Western city ever came in contact. For twenty-seven years she had worked amid the city's keenest sleuths and had accumulated just seven hundred dollars shy of twenty thousand dollars, when Mrs. Madden, the house detective of the Mammoth Store, asked her to step up to the office of the superintendent.

By a coincidence, the writer of this article was present when the little woman was stopped as she was leaving the store. Besides Mrs. Madden, the house detective, a huge red-faced plain-clothes man was present. The sight of the bent little figure with tears streaking down the wrinkled cheeks sent a thrill through me that carried me straight to the office of Mr. Calhoun, the general manager.

"Efficiency is a fine thing," I told him as soon as I could calm myself, "but it should be seasoned with a little judgment. Here are this house detective of yours and a big brute of a policeman arresting a little bent woman who would make you remember your mother. If she is a thief, then I am a plumber."

The Little Old Lady's Loot

BEING an executive blessed with an abundance of Scotch humor as well as brains, he rang for his secretary and told him to have the party brought at once to his office. When the little party arrived a few moments later the dear old lady could hardly walk.

"These idiotic people have frightened her to the point of a nervous breakdown," I said to myself.

I could see that Mr. Calhoun, the president, was affected much as I had been.

"Bring a chair for the lady," was his first curt remark. When she was seated he crossed the room to his water bottle and poured out a brimming glass of cold water and carried it over to the huddled-up figure.

"Now then, Mrs. Madden," he said when the woman had finished convulsively sipping the water, "tell me just exactly why you have taken this woman into custody."

He clipped his words in a way that made me feel that the explanation must be very good.

The plain-clothes man shifted nervously from one foot to the other, but Mrs. Madden remained quite calm.

"I saw this lady remove four linen handkerchiefs from a table in the center aisle," she calmly told him.

"You saw her," he pressed, emphasizing the second word.

"I did."

"Madam, you heard what our Mrs. Madden accuses you of?" he asked, turning.

"She must have been mistaken," quavered the trembling voice of the aged woman. "I'm an honest woman; forty-seven years I have lived in this city, honestly working for my living."

"What are the handkerchiefs valued at?"

"Twenty-one cents apiece retail," Mrs. Madden told him.

"Very well, release her."

"But Mr. Calhoun, I ——"

"No objections, please."

"But ——"

Mr. Calhoun completely ignored her.

"Madam, please forget the entire occurrence. I am sure there has been some mistake that shall never occur again."

This last with a significance that did not pass unnoticed.

The incident closed, as I thought, I left after a short chat. But as it developed later, the incident was not closed, principally because Mrs. Madden was one of the new type of women who are making such a wonderful success of guarding the million-dollar stocks of merchandise in our great stores.

When she left the office, instead of apologizing and breathing a prayer that she would not be discharged, she calmly escorted the woman to the matron's room at the central police station and searched her. Not only did she find the four handkerchiefs, but she found seven others. More than that, she discovered a sheer beaded Georgette blouse valued at twenty-one dollars, in a little bag formed by pinning the old gray coat to the waist.

For two hours she questioned the woman as to where she lived, her occupation, and so forth. The woman refused to answer any of the questions. Finally she mentioned the name of a woman living near the center of the city who would vouch for her honesty. Mrs. Madden had her detained in the matron's room and left to find the woman. The woman said she had known Mary Stevens, the name the woman had given, for nearly ten years.

"She is as honest as the day is long," she told the detective, "and just as poor. Many an evening I have brought her home to supper with me when she had nothing to eat in her little room."

The woman was unquestionably sincere and readily gave her Mary Stevens' address. Mrs. Madden found the house. The woman's room was a mean little cubbyhole under the second-floor stairs. One little window looked out on a vista of back roofs. A sagging bed and a steamer trunk were the only articles of furniture in the room. Another trunk lay in the hall.

But what a treasure it yielded up! When the contents were arrayed on tables at police headquarters next morning, they looked like some ancient rummage sale. Here is what an inventory disclosed. Eight hundred dollars' worth of linens and laces. Nearly two thousand handkerchiefs of linen and shamrock lawn. One hundred and nineteen combs, many of them tortoise shell set with stones and very valuable. Two hundred and forty-six petticoats, thirty-four dresses, many of them with the wide skirts and flounces in vogue ten years before. There were silks and baby clothes, and last but decidedly not least were two bank books showing aggregate deposits of nearly twenty thousand dollars. And this woman paid one dollar a week for her room, and often accepted charity from the landlady who took in washing to make both ends meet. It was a clear case of dementia, and the woman is now in the local hospital for the insane.

Losses Due to Shoplifters

LATER Mrs. Madden told us that she had watched the woman for three years, but had never before been able to detect her in actual theft despite the fact that she suspected her. I acknowledged that I was a plumber, and Mr. Calhoun arranged for an increase in salary instead of a blue envelope.

This incident is calculated to show that this job of standing guard over the thousand and one articles that crowd the many floors of a large department store is one that is beset with difficulties that must be met with action and brains instead of a star and a heavy hand.

In a department store in the Middle West, doing a business of approximately seven million dollars a year, the executive department after a careful investigation has placed one hundred dollars a day as the sum the house loses in thefts from both inside and outside the house. This same store was one of the first in the country to awaken to the fact that human nature is fundamentally honest, and that it wasn't necessary to spend large sums of money to prevent Mary Smith from taking home a box of pins now and then concealed in her waist, because Mary Smith, in thirty-three out of every thirty-five cases, never

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To the Rescue

NEW YORK CITY ON GUARD

By ARTHUR TRAIN

AND the French maid had no sooner entered the room," continued the lady on my left excitedly, "than Police Commissioner Arthur Woods sprang to his feet and snatched off her black wig, revealing a German reservist officer with red hair."

I made vague noises of astonishment and horror. The lady had to be treated with respect; but I had known Arthur Woods for some thirty years and had never heard of his grabbing anybody by the hair. Somehow it didn't seem at all in character. The wig-snatching anecdote was the climax of a series she had recounted at a dinner party given the evening before the President's proclamation. The poor lady—otherwise apparently rational—actually believed all of them. She had the one about the wig, so she assured me, at first hand—no, not from the commissioner himself exactly, but from a lady who knew his wife intimately. She lowered her voice and glanced apprehensively over her shoulder at the ophthalmic Swiss footman who was passing the salad.

She said she had it straight from Washington—from people who really knew—that we were in for a terrible time in New York as soon as war was declared. There wouldn't be a tall building left; and as for the Subway, she begged me not to go down town—if I even thought of going down town at all on the morrow—in the Subway. It would be courting almost certain death. Hadn't I heard of those three men who were caught in the act of dropping valises full of bombs out of a window of one of the cars? No? Well, it was true. Mr. Beardsley was on the car!

After the ladies had retired the talk became even more ominous. The house was what is commonly referred to as a "representative" one, and there were present a distinguished judge, an architect, a journalist, several bankers, and half a dozen lawyers—one of them a politician of note. They all agreed that things looked very bad. They all had it "on the best authority." The blowing up of New York City would probably begin as soon as war was officially announced. They were all going to use the Elevated instead of the Subway; it was a little safer, anyway. The architect especially seemed convinced that he had, at most, only a few days to live. I was a cynical minority of one.

The Wilhelmstrasse Bogy

I INQUIRED timidly of Beardsley whether he had been on the Subway train with the bomb-filled-valise tossers; but in a severely superior manner he informed me that, though he had not personally been on the spot, his friend Witherspoon had been there and had seen the valises. I wanted to ask why on earth if anybody had wanted to drop the bombs they had not done so—Witherspoon or no Witherspoon; but, in a way, it seemed a sort of disloyal and unpatriotic thing to do. Perhaps—maybe—there had been bombs!

In the drawing-room the same sort of talk was continued. All the ladies who had had German maids had discharged them, even if they had served satisfactorily for a lifetime. I heard the wig-grabbing anecdote from half a dozen usually sane people; and another equally popular one about Mrs. Biltmore's German maid, who was found to have a complete set of plans of New York City's water-supply system in her trunk.

I began to be annoyed. I was even rude enough to cross-examine a lady or two.

Then I went to the telephone and called up Mrs. Biltmore herself. She said she had never had a German maid; that she had had the same French-Swiss for seventeen years. But this announcement made no difference to the ladies. Some German maid had been arrested and plans had been found in her trunk. They knew it! Even if their facts were a little twisted in this particular case, it was exactly what one must expect. New York was full of spies and bombs.

There was no denying that these people—all of them—were in a state of funk. The Wilhelmstrasse bogy had got hold of them. They had the jumps and were eager to give them to everybody else. The whole thing made me think of the old ladies I had known as a child in Boston in the seventies, who used to come to my mother's house and whisper to each other about spies. In those days they were Russian. These spies were supposed to lurk in the walls, hide in tall clocks, between the lathings of the ceilings, and in the chimneys. Every time a mouse scampered along the plaster the old ladies would start and look at one another with frightened significance.

I used to dream of Russians in those days, just as some of my fashionable friends are dreaming of German spies and terrorizers now. Even as I write, an acquaintance of mine has taken her family of four children and fled with them to the Adirondacks to escape from a possible bombardment of New York City by enemy aëroplanes transported by submarines!

As I walked home unarmed—and uninsured—through the peaceful streets of the sleeping city, I asked myself why on earth people were such lunatics, and why they imagined that they were being left to the unrestrained fury of Teutonic cranks. These same ladies and gentlemen had never, in my hearing, expressed any immediate fear of being chloroformed in their beds by burglars or having their houses burned down by firebugs. Why? Because they rested secure in the faith that the police were looking out for them and knew something about those same burglars and firebugs. But now they no longer had any faith. They were simply scared to death.

They were at just the tension to join any frantic mob that might take it into its head to flee in terror from the city or attack a block of houses in Harlem occupied by placid American citizens of German ancestry. It was, in fact, because they believed that New York was totally unprepared to cope with the present situation; that the Police Department had been sleeping ever since August, 1914; and that if an agent of the Wilhelmstrasse wanted to blow up something he could just go and do it without anybody to stop him.

It is true that a large number of conservative citizens of New York felt uneasy about the possibility of internal violence as it became evident that we were drifting into war with Germany. They honestly anticipated a reign of terror. For years they had been fed up on stories of the wonderful German Secret Service, which reached everywhere, knew everything and stopped at nothing. They gave people something to talk about. Besides, they held a certain delicious excitement—like telling ghost stories in the dark; and they had just about as much relation to fact. But there was a heartless barbarity about Germany's known war methods that gave a certain grim possibility to even the more fanciful of these stories.

Commissioner Woods on the Job

IGNORANCE is the mother of fear, and fear is the father of violence. The kind of things that people were saying was the kind of rumor that—once it got going—might take hold of the public imagination and result in panic and riot. However, they had the same baseless kind of scare in London at the outbreak of the war.

That munition plants had been blown up, and bridge guards sniped at and occasionally shot outside of New York, I well knew. There were as many cranks in New York as anywhere else. I knew it, because I had sent several of them to jail. But the cry of "Wolf" had gone too far.

Why didn't they find out whether the Police Department was adequate or inadequate, and whether it was protecting them or not protecting them? Why didn't they ask—instead of giving everybody the jimjams? Why didn't they help instead of hinder? In short, why didn't they use their common sense and, if the Police Department was lying down on them, try to remedy the situation in an intelligent way?

This unconscious inquiry resulted in a resolution upon my part to do that very thing—namely, to go to the police authorities and find out at first hand what was being done for the protection of the city and its inhabitants, just what there was to be afraid of, and how the citizens themselves could be of assistance in the event of trouble. It was to be my contribution toward the literature of preparedness. To be of the slightest value, it must be the simple truth. Accordingly I went to Police Headquarters, talked there with every person in executive authority, looked on their orders and records, and prepared myself by an examination covering several days to stand a fairly exhaustive bombardment of interrogation.

To the question of whether New York City is prepared for war it may be emphatically answered, "Yes." Moreover, this preparation was begun almost immediately upon

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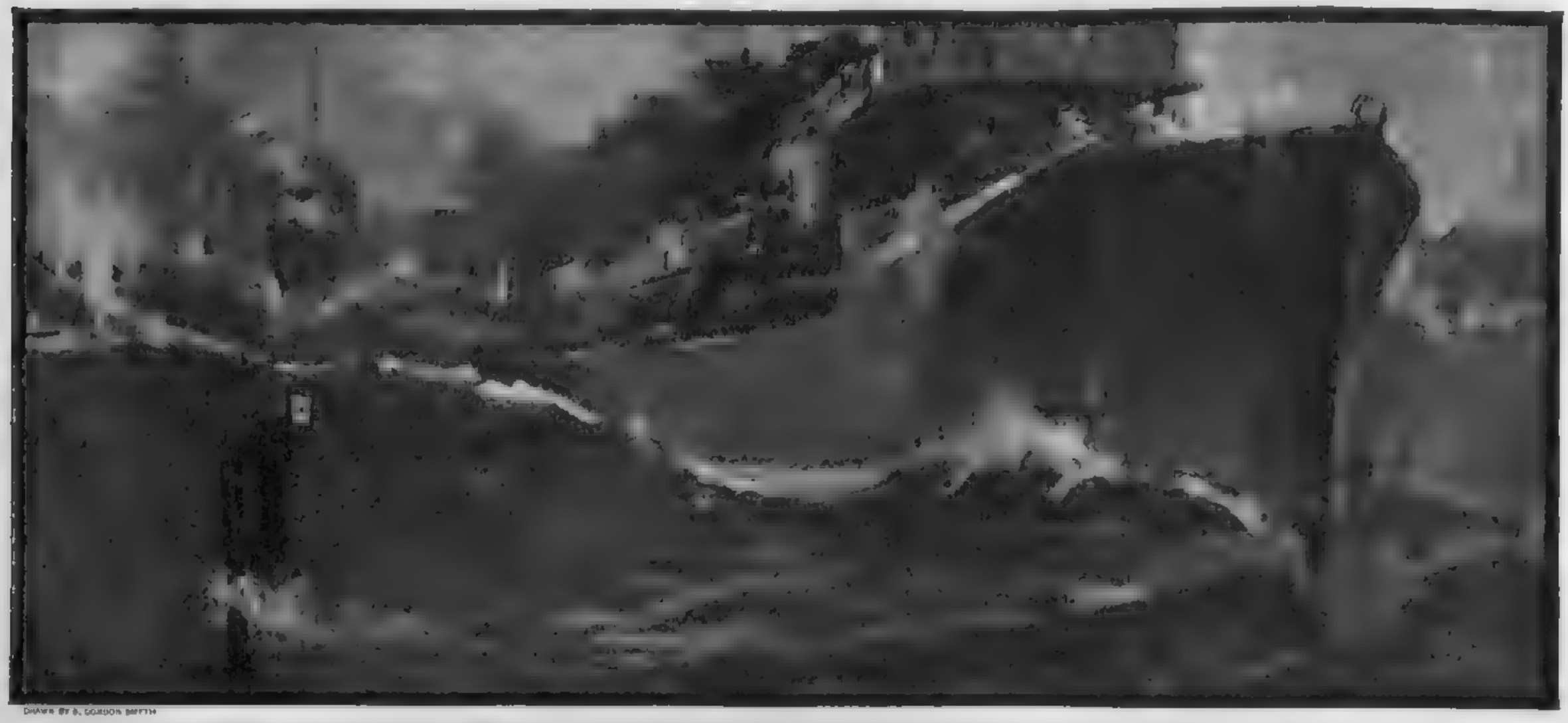

DRAWN BY S. GORDON BRIFFIN

WHITHER THOU GOEST

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Gilla Rownsey, lanky, red-haired, restless, living on her father's farm in Kansas, was thankful to wear a gown of unfaded new American gingham, and the finest vehicle known by her was a sway-springed, bone-juggling, double-seated buggy.

At the age of twenty-two, stepping out of the wide, plate-glass front doors of the Blootz Millinery House, of which she was a well-paid model, Gilla crinkled her small white nose distastefully because her chic charmeuse frock was merely American—not Parisian. By this time Gilla was lithe instead of lanky; henna-haired instead of red-haired; and the restlessness of her pretty face was partly hidden by a seductive layer of a fairly expensive brand of perfumed rice powder. But she crossed the pavement and stepped into a limousine at the curb with precisely the same discontented blue eyes with which she used to cross the onion bed, pail in small thorn-torn hands, at her father's order, and step into the big blackberry patch.

Looking at the big, sleek, royal-purple-paneled limousine, you might have wondered, if you were a true son of Adam, at her discontent. It was a superlatively lovely epitome of all the wonder of modern art and science—that purple car. Among the mob of cars of all degrees which, like a multiple caravan, wound up and down Michigan Boulevard that mild May Monday, this one shone preëminently and transplendently—a silk-cushioned gem among gems.

However, looking at the short stout man in checked suit who occupied and apparently owned the car, you might not have wondered, if you were among the more sentimental of Eve's true daughters, at Gilla's candidly ennui-flecked attitude of discontent.

He was a stolid man, almost a homely man; though he gave her a welcome as glowing and royal as the fine leather of his car's cushions.

"Gee, Gilla, you're a sight for sore eyes!"

Jake Howlein's own black eyes held her admiringly, dwelt on her, from her chic blue satin sailor hat, one of the Blootz latest best sellers, that radiantly topped her radiant hair, to the high-laced pale-gray shoes that swaggerly contained her slim, small feet. In a way those absurdly high gray shoes were as luxurious an item as Howlein's big car; they had cost one-half of one week's salary of Gilla's. And that salary was not the well-known six-per by any means; Gilla had the kind of eyes and chic shape of cheek that can be all things to all hats; and the Blootzes cannily appreciated her.

"Where'll we go for lunch, honey?" effusively asked Jake, his glance still caressing her slim frilled form.

"Oh, I don't care!"—with half a yawn.

There was no caress in the careless glance that presently she bestowed on her companion's large form and full, swarthy face. Jake Howlein was one of the men who can shave twice a day and still are constrained always to present to the world a blue-black, choppy complexion. "Cut out the 'honey,' though," she warned crisply.

"Sure!" he hastily agreed. "It was just a slip, hon—Gilla. How about the Brown Gander Inn again?" solicitously. "They serve a fair steak ——"

Miss Rownsey's pretty, oval, supercilious face took on a shade more of arrogance.

"Oh, not there!" with marked disapproval. "The sweetbread sauté there is simply impossible. Let's try that new place—the Pink Robin Eat House."

"Any place you say," said Jake effusively, and spoke to his chauffeur.

Jake Was Not the Best Dancer in the World, and Gilla Led the Way to a Small Table

"And I can't dawdle over lunch to-day as I did Saturday," said Gilla absently. "I've got to hurry back. One of the salesmen has a customer at one-thirty, and needs me."

"Ain't it a darned shame you've got to work so hard! You!"

From the tense, tragic commiseration in Jake Howlein's deep bass voice, pretty Gilla Rownsey might have been under brutal contract to load the Pyramids onto her slender silken shoulders and bear them round that long afternoon, instead of merely to tilt on her bright head the latest dozen swagger hats imported by the Blootz firm.

"Yes; it's a shame," she sighed, responding to the commiseration like a kitten to a pat. "Especially on this lovely day."

She gazed wistfully down the street, which was bustlingly, sweepingly alive with motor cars, pedestrians, and a vivifying May wind from the lake, on the east.

As though the wistful inflection of her voice were a signal for which he had been waiting, her companion at once hitched his large body over on the purple-cushioned seat till it was very close to her slim one.

"Gilla, any time you say the word you can cut out the work! You know it!" eagerly and anxiously. "And this car, or a bigger one, will be all your own, honey. And, all the rest of your life, all you'll have to do, darling, is to ride round in it, and buy yourself pretty clothes. And it ain't what you'd call bragging, sweetheart, to say that my name on a check looks mighty good to the storekeepers in this town ——"

Sweetheart pettishly drew herself farther to the side of the car.

"Thanks!" pertly. "But the ring of the time clock beats a wedding ring to my ears—at any rate, for a while yet."

Mr. Howlein sulkily moved himself back to his legitimate share of the seat. Then he stated gloomily:

"You don't care a darn for me!"

Gilla raised pretty, polite eyes to him.

"Oh, yes," protestingly.

"Oh, I know; I know!" heavily. "I know what's the matter. It's that gray-eyed, curly-haired chap that works over on Adams Street. Him! Huh! Is he fifth assistant stub checker in that one-horse mail-order house, or seventh? I can tell by the cheap cut of his blue serge pants that he gets about sixteen-fifty per. And I call it nerve," bitterly, "for anyone to ask a beautiful girl like you, Gilla, to starve along in a miserable stove-heated four-room flat on a measly six— "

While he was saying all this Gilla's cheeks had been rapidly turning pink and her eyes bright, till now the former were flaring with color and the latter looked like angry bluebells. She broke in sharply:

"If I choose to starve it's my own business. No one else's. And—and Arthur Ayres gets twenty-two dollars a week, I'll let you know!"

"All of twenty-two?" Mr. Howlein laughed bitterly and very unkindly, and jerked a large forefinger toward the person on the front seat of his car. "Say, I pay that chauffeur of mine twenty-eight ——"

But at this point the chauffeur drew the car to a quick, skillful stop in front of a white stone skyscraper, on whose twentieth floor was tucked the small expensive food place known as the Pink Robin Eat House; and conversation came to a stop too.

It was not resumed until presently the two were seated at a small table on which hearts of celery shone whitely, and above which a gilded electrolier shone goldenly, and round which two waiters hovered deferentially.

And when it was finally resumed it took a different tack—menuward. Gilla studied the silver-scrolled card with an intensity worthy a better object. Frankly a gourmand was pretty Gilla Rownsey. She loved the good things of life—hearts of celery; sweetbreads sauté; high-laced expensive shoes, with hand-turned soles; fashionable dresses; and big swift cars.

"But you don't love me," plaintively reiterated Jake Howlein as, later, his big swift car rolled her back to her place of employment.

"I believe it's going to rain," evasively remarked Gilla, tilting an oval cheek to get the cool full force of the wind from the lake, on the east. But, while she made the evasive, polite remark, her left hand was gently and appreciatively feeling the soft, fine purple leather of the cushioned seat. Then, a few drops of rain pattering down, she skipped hurriedly out of the car, with a brief adieu, and across the pavement into the wholesale house.

In a velvet-carpeted salesroom Adeline Kulinski, tall, black-eyed, cynical, rouged not wisely but too well, grinned at her in candid envy.

"Lucky creature! I s'pose Jakey told all the waiters to bring all the best, and never mind what it cost."

Gilla grinned absently in return as she made her way across the room to a salesman, Jimmy Wilson, who was impatiently beckoning her while he bustlingly displayed Blootz importations and creations to a bald, bilious buyer from East St. Louis.

For two hours and twenty-five minutes Gilla tilted her prettily coifed bright head this way and that way: demurely under a Madame Louise poke; pertly, to enhance a quaint ruffled Dutch bonnet; dignifiedly, to do justice to an iridescent Gainsborough; modestly, as became a Doucet toque.

When the bald, bilious buyer had ordered a final dozen and gone away—with a wistful back glance at the alluring Gilla and a regretful thought of his middle-aged wife waiting at the Palmer House for him—Jimmy Wilson chucked the Doucet on a table and grinned impudently at Miss Rownsey.

"Saw you lolling down Mich. Boul. at noon, like Cleopatra on her purple barge," he remarked interestedly. "And I saw you last night entering a modest movie, on a

bookkeeperish arm. Say, Gilla, which is it to be—true affection in a stove-heated flat with Arthur, or solid comfort in Jakey's purple limousine?"

"None of your business!" promptly said Gilla, tenderly eying the Doucet where Jimmy had tossed it. Delft blue, gold-buckled, it had attuned itself perfectly with her irises and hair.

Jimmy Wilson, whose bump of facetiousness was large, laughed as he sauntered off to the shipping room with the bilious buyer's large order. As salesman at the Blootz establishment he had had excellent opportunity to know Gilla Rownsey. And he had known her for several years.

"I'm putting my money on Jakey and his exceedingly lucrative wholesale fur business," he observed cheerfully.

Gilla smiled with malicious sweetness. "Any spare money you happen to have you better put in a hair tonic," she remarked thoughtfully with a significant glance at his perceptible bald spot.

But she protested resentfully when, a few hours later, Arthur Ayres, a thin young fellow with a morose mouth, made a statement to the same effect.

It was about eight-thirty in the evening. The two were occupying a bench on the beach of Lincoln Park.

"I know!" morosely declared Ayres. "I'd bet a lot of money on it. In the end you'll take Howlein and his dough ——"

"I haven't said so, have I?" indignantly. "Just because I let him take me round once in a while ——"

"About five whiles a week!"

"Well, when he buys my lunch I save that much," demurely. "And I put it toward a new pair of shoes."

"Oh, I don't entirely blame you," said the young man glumly, but as though making an effort to be fair. "I understand. Twenty-two dollars isn't much beside a wholesale furrier's income."

With the toe of one slim gray shoe Gilla scraped a hole in the moonlit sand. She looked intently down at it while she scraped it. There was silence. But after a while she moved her slim form closer to the glum blue-serged one.

"I—I know some people who live on twenty-two dollars a week," she said slowly, in rather a constrained voice.

Her eyes dropped again to her slim gray toes. The moonlight silvered them.

Arthur Ayres' eyes followed hers. With a grim expression he, too, stared at the pretty high-laced shoes.

"But they don't pay twenty-two dollars a pair for their shoes," he said bitterly.

"These didn't cost that much!" indignantly declared Gilla. "They were only eleven-fifty."

But at that moment the moon jumped in behind a cloud and immediately a patter on the ground announced rain. Gilla's exclamation was shrill with dismay. Arthur took her hand and they ran furiously, hugging the shrubs and trees as much as possible for protection.

But such protection was woefully inadequate. When finally they reached the awninged front of the nearest shop on North Avenue, Gilla's blue silk dress was spotted. She surveyed it crossly.

There was worse, though, to follow. As she stepped on the crowded platform of the street car to which Arthur Ayres led her, someone with a heavy and careless heel stepped hard on her right foot, tearing, besides muddying, the frail buckskin; ruining, in fact, one delicate gray vamp.

"O-o-oh!" wailed she in grief. "And I bought 'em just last week!"

"What a shame!" muttered Arthur, scowling after the heavy heel, now making its way up the crowded aisle inside. "I've a notion to go after him and punch his jaw."

"Don't you dare!" said Gilla in alarm. "You'd likely be arrested."

Her blue eyes surveyed the damage to her shoe sadly, though; so that Arthur Ayres' face again took on a peculiarly glum expression.

"I'm sorry I hadn't money to call a taxi," presently he said stiffly. "Then it wouldn't have happened."

Perhaps he expected pretty Gilla to protest indignantly that she neither expected nor desired a taxi, considering his lean purse. If so he was disappointed. She was silent, still grievingly inspecting the damage done to the pretty gray vamp.

"I'm sorry," he repeated coldly. "I'm frightfully sorry! You should" —and now his voice became tart as well as cold— "you should have been with Howlein. He always has his car—and you don't run any risk of such accidents."

His gray eyes sardonically lowered themselves to the gashed and muddied shoe; then sardonically raised themselves to the rain-spotted silk gown.

Gilla colored faintly; but she distinctly colored, as though her small secret thought corresponded to his words. Arthur Ayres caught the faint flush. He scowled.

Presently the scowl faded, though. Across the way a gray, stout old gentleman in tan spats, with a big, brilliant scarfpin, stared appreciatively at Gilla, from her pretty, rain-spotted satin hat to her pretty, muddied shoes.

"I'll punch his face!" muttered Ayres. "He's too free with his eyes."

But—oh, the contrariety of the human male—there undeniably was a flattered intonation to the mutter, and one blue-serge arm went with ostentatious proprietorship across the back of the portion of the seat occupied by Gilla.

"You Poor Boy! But You'll Likely Get Another Position Right Away"

"Shall we stop off and have some chop suey?" asked Ayres as they got off the car at the elm-bordered side street in which Gilla roomed.

"Not to-night," regretted Gilla. "A salesman has a customer at nine-thirty in the morning—for motor hoods; so I'll have to sponge out the rain spots and press this dress to-night. I haven't anything else that goes well with motor hoods."

"Gee, it's a shame you have to work so hard!" he sighed. "I wish I was making a hundred dollars a week; and then ——"

"Oh, I've a hunch you're going to get a raise soon," said Gilla thoughtfully. "And if you don't," slowly, "I wonder whether we could manage to get along on twenty-two dollars?"

It was a wonder, a speculation, a meditation, a fear, a hope, a doubt, a conjecture, a desire—that slow sentence.

"I can hardly manage to get along on it myself," candidly stated Ayres; and moodily: "I haven't finished paying for this suit yet; and I need another already."

"Of course I could keep on working," suggested Gilla thoughtfully.

"I don't know as I'd care about having people say that I couldn't support my wife," said Arthur loftily but moodily.

"Oh, pooh!" said Gilla. "But—I couldn't keep on working if there came—babies."

"Of course not," glumly.

"And I'd—like to have babies," said she soberly.

There were times when Gilla Rownsey's frivolity seemed to fall away, like discarded trimming from a hat.

"I know several men getting round twenty-two dollars who've got a flatful of kids," bitterly commented Arthur. "Anybody can tell 'em in a crowd. They look like chief mourners at their own funerals."

There was silence, except for an occasional drop of rain hitting the leaves of the elm under whose protection they stood. Then he went on angrily:

"Anyway, the Williams Pencil Mail-Order House hasn't treated me right. I had a raise coming six months ago. Some day I'll up and quit 'em—and strike for another firm that has some idea of fair treatment."

"You poor boy!" sighed Gilla, her cheek against his coat sleeve. "I—I wish ——"

"Oh, I know what you wish, all right," he said brusquely. "You wish I had Jake Howlein's wholesale fur business—also, his limousine, chauffeur, garage and bank book. Well, I wish it myself. But I haven't got 'em. I've hardly got the dollar and a half for this week's laundry bill," with an unpleasant laugh.

If Gilla's face again colored the combined shadows of the elm and of the shabby old brick rooming house kindly hid the fact. Arthur Ayres glanced down sharply at her; but he was not sure.

Two days later he telephoned her. Over the wire his voice was furious and anarchistic. He had got no raise. He got a cut. His twenty-two dollars had been reduced to a miserable eighteen. He was raging and depressed—all in one breath.

"It was a rotten deal! I give up! Life isn't treating me square. Old Williams is a snide and a beast. Told me bookkeepers grew on bushes! All he had to do was to stick out his hand and pick a dozen."

When Gilla left the telephone her pretty face held two taut, tense lines, up-and-down ones, between her sleek brown eyebrows, that it had not held before.

For many thoughtful days she had been figuring with the stub of a pencil on the backs of invoice sheets. It had been disheartening figuring. As far back as a small, red schoolhouse on a Kansas hillock, Gilla Rownsey had found figures intractable affairs, things that derided any effort of hers to handle them. But she knew very well no mere intractability of the figures themselves was responsible for the fact that she could not stretch twenty-two dollars over food and rent for two—and maybe more—clothes, doctor's bills, furniture—even on the longest of installment plans—gas bills—even on the least candle power—and movies—even an occasional one. And what twenty-two won't cover can't possibly be coaxed under the lesser breadth of eighteen.

Gilla felt suddenly as though the High Cost of Living were a hydra-headed monster, seeking whom it might devour, through and through the streets, up and down the Loop, all round the suburbs. There seemed only two places from which it shied off. One was the big blackberry patch on that Kansas farm. And the other ——

Gilla was alone in a Blootz salesroom. No one else was present to say or do anything to embarrass her. Therefore it must have been her own thoughts that sent the red into her cheeks. Perhaps it was in spite of herself that her thoughts strayed to Jakey Howlein's car, with its glowing purple exterior and its soft purple interior—from which the H. C. of L. veered and did not try to approach.

Her two cheeks were still reddish when presently she was called into the next room to wear motor hoods for the benefit of a captious elderly lady retailer from Iowa. For an hour or so she tilted her head this way in a pink chiffon hood, that way in a mauve tulle cap; smiled with mechanical brightness to enhance a silver meteor coop; smiled with mechanical pensiveness to enhance a maroon faille dust protector. And when the retailer had departed, with an appreciative backward glance at the pretty model, wishing she had Gilla in her own shop, McCombs, the salesman, who was spectacled but astute, and had known Gilla almost ever since she came from Kansas, inquired briskly: "What's on your heart, little one? You seem to be thinking."

"Nothing special!"

Gilla yawned and interestedly picked up again the pink chiffon dust hood. As a bulwark against the dust of either the Lincoln Highway or the Dixie Highway it was a deceit and a fraud. But in it Gilla's eyes had been blue gems and her cheeks pink invitations for kisses. She laid it down with a sigh and with patent reluctance, as though her white, curling little fingers could hardly loose their hold of its prettiness.

Behind spectacles, McCombs' eyes twinkled.

"Trying to decide whether twelve-cylindered love or twelve-cylindered limousines will prove most satisfying food for the soul?" he asked.

Gilla's long brown lashes shot up. She faced him wrathfully. And, as far back as the Kansas days, Gilla's tongue had been known at times to be quite as sharp as a blackberry bramble.

"I wish the people in this place would leave me and my thoughts alone!" she snapped.

"Beg pardon," said McCombs meekly. "But if you'll take my advice, Gilla, you'll remember that limousines may come and go, but love goes on forever!" with a flourish of his hand that was not all affectation.

McCombs, in middle age, was having a love affair of his own.

"I'm taking care of my own business," said Miss Rownsey coldly.

"Sure!" agreed McCombs politely. As he walked away to send the order to the shipping room, he added: "By the way, the other day I had a customer from Sioux City, Iowa, who liked the way you wear a hat, little one. And she said she'd like to hire you to go home with her; said she could use you fine in her shop and she'd pay you well."

"Nothing doing," said Gilla decidedly, not pleased by the compliment; in fact, she turned up her small white nose. "Sioux City, Iowa! Heavens! A burg like that! Thanks! I should say not. I've lived on a farm ——"

"Sioux City isn't a farm," informed McCombs. "It's got sidewalks and city water, and, I believe, some street lamps."

Miss Rownsey shrugged scornful silk-bloused shoulders.

"It's all the same. No; thank you!" emphatically. "I don't care for the cows, or the chickens, or wooden pumps, or blackberry patches, or muddy roads, or the entertainments in the little red schoolhouse or county-seat opera house. I like ——"

"The wicked Loop and the society of Loop hounds," grinned McCombs shrewdly. "The bright lights and the Brown Gander Inn—and limousines."

"I like plumbing and bathtubs, and—and ——"

"Orchestras," blandly.

"Yes!" defiantly. "Orchestras that you can dance to."

"I didn't think the lady could coax you off from our establishment," grinned McCombs, going on his way.

He grinned again on meeting Gilla a few nights later in the Watch Your Step Winter Garden. She was with Jake Howlein. They were dancing to the suave lilt of the thirty-piece orchestra that is the Watch Your Step's pride. Jake's eyes were happy and he was holding Gilla closer than was altogether necessary. But Jake was not the best dancer in the world, and presently Gilla led the way to a small table. The Watch Your Step had another pride besides its orchestra—its claret punch. And another—its mushroom-garnished trout. Its charge for these two gastronomic items equals its pride in them. Jake Howlein ordered unsparingly of both.

Gilla began to consume both, with relish. Jake watched her contentedly.

"Gee, I like to buy you things you like!" he confided. "Say, Gilla, if you only realized how darned much I care for you ——"

Gilla did not seem to be listening. From under low lashes she was eying the yellow bill that he was drawing forth for a waiter who hovered near with a servility that betokened a previous acquaintance with Mr. Howlein's wad of yellow bills.

This one amounted to more than Arthur Ayres earned in four weeks. Perhaps it was not unaccountable that waiters up and down the Loop seemed to love Jake Howlein, and jumped to pull out his chair, tenderly handed him the wine list, and caressingly asked him "Anything else, sir?"

When the waiter had taken away the bill, Gilla, still from under lowered lashes, eyed Jake himself: His large full face; his choppy blue-black cheeks; his round beaming eyes; his coarse black hair. Then she very slowly sipped her punch, daintily putting a finger into it for the cherries at the bottom. Without doubt, Gilla's palate believed in its own self-development.

But she did not eat all of the last cherry. She nibbled at it; then absently let it drop back into the glass cup.

It was the following noon when she and Adeline Kulinski paused in front of the window of a State Street shoe shop. It was full, that window. There were high boots and low in it; there was leather of every color of the spectrum; there were satin shoes, cloth shoes, lacy shoes; gold slippers, silver slippers, chiffon slippers. Gilla exclaimed in soft but audible rapture. You need not have been much of an observer to know that her heart yearned toward that window as an artist's to his paints.

"I've disliked ugly shoes," remarked Gilla pensively, "ever since the rainy days when I had to wear pa's old rubber boots into the berry patch."

"Well, if you're wise," said Adeline practically, "you'll marry the man who can buy this kind for you. Take it from me, child, you'll get mighty sick of looking down at the cheap black serviceable things—three dollars a pair—that you'll be due to wear if ——"

"If I want to wear 'em it's my own affair," said Gilla calmly.

"Sure!" said Adeline politely. "But, as a friend, I want to remind you," pessimistically, "that life nowadays ain't what it was a few years back. Shoes ain't built for the pavements. As for love, and that sort of proposition, it's a wise girl who passes 'em up. Believe me, I know! I got a sister that's got four children; and every time I go to see her I get the blues."

"Forget it!" yawned Gilla.

"That reminds me; I nearly forgot something else. My sister's sister-in-law's brother works at the Williams Pencil Mail-Order House, and she told me last night that half the force is being laid off this week on account of no material to fill orders."

"Oh, dear!" cried Gilla worriedly. "It's a perfect shame!"

Without another look at the window of footgear she made her way back to the Blootz establishment. There she sought the telephone at once. A moody voice answered her:

"Yes; it's true. I got a slip ten minutes ago. Tough luck, I call it!"

"Awful luck!" commiserated Gilla. "You poor boy! But," encouragingly, "you'll likely get another position right away. And maybe a better one ——"

"Don't know. The town's full of chaps hunting good positions. Lord, Gilla, honey, it's only for you, though, that I feel so bad! Gee, I'd sell my soul for the prospect of a decent salary, so that I could marry you and know you belonged to me."

"I know," said Gilla. Her voice was as soft as the blue silk of her blouse.

And ten minutes later, when an errand girl who admired her brought a letter that had come by the late morning mail, her blue eyes were still soft.

Somewhat indifferently she opened the letter and proceeded to read it. It was postmarked Kansas and was in her father's handwriting; and her father's epistles for five years, ever since she had come to Chicago, had run along the same lines—the state of the crops; the health of his horses and steers; the state of mind of her mother; and, at the end, three pages of strict lengthy injunctions to watch out for pickpockets and white slavers. Gilla smiled dryly sometimes at the reading, knowing full well her own pert ability to take care of herself.

But upon reading this letter she did not smile. Instead, she became peculiarly thoughtful. Then she reread it. And from the second reading of the fine-cramped lines she raised thoughtful eyes and gazed round and round the big velvet-carpeted salesroom of the Blootz.

"Such a solemn gaze!" curiously observed Adeline Kulinski, who caught it. "You may not know it, Gilla, but it fairly reeks of Farewell, my native heath! Farewell!"

Gilla stuffed the letter inside her blouse.

"Maybe," cryptically, "that's just what it means."

"Good gracious! Is that so?" cried Adeline with interest. "Are you and Jake ——"

"Nothing of the sort!" vehemently.

Half an hour later, when Adeline had gone back to her own dominion, the trimming room, Gilla read the letter again. And again her blue eyes became abstracted and soft.

They were still abstracted an hour later, when Jimmy Wilson beckoned her to try on some trig toques for the delectation of a smart young woman buyer from Des Moines. And Gilla wore the toques so abstractedly that the smart young woman was obviously displeased; which caused Jimmy to ask Gilla in an irritated whisper whether she thought the Blootz was paying her a full-sized salary to bury herself in her thoughts while a customer was waiting to see how a hat sat!

"I should worry about the Blootz!" retorted Gilla idly.

"Ah!" said Jimmy interestedly. "Then you and Jake —— I knew I was safe in betting on him." But then he had to apologize to the smart young woman buyer for not giving her his attention.

Gilla grinned maliciously. As soon as Jimmy was through with the toques and herself she went over to a green velvet settee and sat down, and again read her father's letter.

And it was in her hand, a compact little folded wad, when, that evening, she sauntered down the beach of Lincoln Park with that moody young man, Arthur Ayres.

He was worse than moody. He was sullen. He viciously kicked up little rifts of moonlit sand as he and Gilla made their way to as secluded a bench as the place afforded. The seclusion they found was not all that could be desired. Another pair shared the bench. But it served. The other pair was so utterly self-absorbed—minds, hearts, arms and lips—that you might have termed the seclusion absolute.

"I'm sick of living!" began Arthur bitterly as they sat down. "This is a rotten town. Chance! A chap's got about as much chance in it as a squirrel would have out on one of those waves," with a violent gesture at the whitecaps that were ruthlessly tossing away toward the Michigan coast.

"You poor boy!" said Gilla softly, her pretty, powdered face taking on a peculiarly soft, determined look. She snuggled her slim body closer to his listless one. Rather furtively she began to unfold the wad into which she had folded her father's letter; then, snuggling still closer to Arthur, she asked with a soft laugh: "Arthur, do you love me?"

"Oh, what a question!" rather impatiently returned Arthur, his moody eyes still fixed on the tossing whitecaps.

"Well, then," happily announced Gilla, "you don't have to fret or worry. And you don't have to go round looking for another job, you poor boy!" with a soft pat on his listless arm. "It's all right—all right—all right! Listen! Listen!" Gilla had a habit of throwing "Listens!" round like a plasterer throwing mortar. "To-day I got a letter from pa—out in Kansas, you know," vivaciously. "And he says he's getting old, and so is my mother; so they have decided to get someone to run the farm, and they will move into the little town adjoining. And pa said, for a joke, that he wondered whether I would care to bring out my young man," with a soft giggle, "and take the job. Pa knows I loathe living on a farm! But I'll write right to-night and tell him that, as a joker, he's all wrong, because I'm going to take him up ——"

"Huh? What's this?" demanded Arthur, his eyes jerking back from the whitecaps to Gilla's flushed, upturned face.

"—— and we'll go right out and live there."

"Leave Chicago?" He stared at her incredulously.

"Oh, I don't deny it'll be a wrench for me," admitted Gilla soberly. "I—I like the bright lights and the dancing. I've been here for five years and I've certainly enjoyed every one of the five," with a sigh appreciative of past good times. "And—and we don't have running water on pa's farm, or steam heat," dolefully. "But ——"

"Do you really mean this, Gilla?"

"I don't see any chance here for you and me," tenderly. "So long as we don't marry I suppose we can worry along fairly well. But together—— Together we'd come the same croppers that thousands of others have come. Especially," with irrepressible bitterness, "if there were—babies. This big town calls for money to make happiness, with your disposition and my disposition," with an involuntary sigh that admitted knowledge of their own weakness. "We'd try and we'd pinch and we'd scrape and we'd fret—and after a while we'd find," with bitter eloquence, "that our love had become pinched and scraped too! Oh, I've seen lots of girls try! It's the same old story. Rent and gas

(Continued on Page 46)

For Two Hours and Twenty-Five Minutes Gilla Tilted Her Bright Head This Way and That Way

THE TREMENDOUS TRIANGLE

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE price of a few battleships intelligently and independently invested in China now by Americans may mean more for the future protection of the United States than a navy will mean in a quarter of a century.

For peace or war the most important and most potential involuntary association of nations the world has ever known in our time is the involuntary but none the less fixed association of the United States, China and Japan. There is a combination that geography, not treaties, has arranged. There is an alliance made by the Pacific Ocean, not by scraps of paper. Moreover, in many of its aspects it has a greater bearing on what the world shall be in the future than either of the alliances now at grips in Europe.

Chinese Industrial Mission on a Tour of the United States

It is composed of two Powers, and one Powerless. If left to develop as it will develop in case the United States remains passive instead of becoming active in it, it will inevitably change from a trigon to a two-sided association, with one side heavily preponderating the other in terms of offensive, and that side will be Japan and an absorbed China.

There need be no mistake about this; no assertion that nations other than ours, with interests in China, will not allow the absorption of China by Japan. Other nations cannot prevent it. Great Britain and France have vast interests in China, it is true; but Great Britain and France will, for a good many years, need all the money they can get for the rehabilitation of their own depleted treasuries. Indeed, before this war began Japan was practically as powerful in the Yangtze Valley, in China, as Great Britain; and the Yangtze Valley has been considered the especial and sacred field for British development and investment.

That was partially due to the fact that the Japanese are sharper than the English, more adaptable and more enterprising, and partially to the refusal of the British to recognize what was happening as of consequence. They did not think it possible for any people to get and hold an advantage over them—much less the Japanese; and when they finally did awake to the situation, not only in the Yangtze but in all China, the only way they could devise for their protection was to make an alliance with the Japanese. They hoped that, by giving the Japanese the prestige of association politically with the British, the Japanese would show a proper respect for the British and what they have in China, and for the distinction the British conferred upon them by making allies of them.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance

THE Japanese were eager for this alliance. It was excellent advertising for a country not three-quarters of a century out of feudalism to be in alliance with the empire upon which the sun never sets, the Mistress of the Seas, and so on. It gave the Japanese great world kudos; but the time has arrived when the Japanese feel that they have had their advertisement and have gained their kudos; and the attitude of Japan toward England at present is that England gains more from the alliance with the Japanese, rather than the other way round.

England and France, and the other interested nations, have been too busy at home since August, 1914, to protest, except formally, against what Japan has in mind in China; and they will be too busy for years to come. Russia, foreseeing this and desiring a share in the development of China, did take time to make a new treaty with Japan, which I shall discuss later; and that treaty had and has, apparently, no other purpose than the exploitation of China. However, the shrewd Japanese do not intend that Russia shall do any exploiting or grabbing except in the North. The choicest parts of the Chinese pudding are to be Japanese, and the new government in Russia may denounce even this recent arrangement. That must develop.

Japan has the place of advantage in China, and by every means in her power, from intrigue to investment, is seeking to solidify the advantage during the present unhampered period, with the ultimate idea of becoming the great dominating power of the East.

Therefore, when I say that the price of a few battleships intelligently and independently invested in China now by Americans may mean more for the future protection of the United States than a navy will mean in a quarter of a century I am well within the facts of the situation. It is purely a business proposition. Every American dollar independently invested in China will keep out two Japanese yen. Every Japanese yen put into China is put there for the double purpose of enriching Japan commercially and adding to her power of offensive. It isn't all trade with Japan. It is increase of military power, the attainment of men, money and material for the enforcing of the will of Japan.

Furthermore, the Japanese know what the investment of American money in China means, and they are frantically trying to prevent that investment, and even more frantically trying to join with investment they cannot prevent in order that its effect may be lessened to a degree. If there is any person in the United States who pretends to know anything of the politics and policies of the Far East, and especially of Japan, who thinks that Japan is making this present determined effort to join with American investment in China—coöperate—with any other idea than to nullify, so far as possible, the effect that investment will have in the way of lessening Japanese influence and power in China, that person is sadly—altruistically, mayhap, but sadly, none the less—in error.

If Japan were the Japan she endeavors to make the world think she is—the great military power, the tremendous fighting force, the mighty menace—Japan wouldn't allow an American dollar in China, and would fight America to keep that money out, so vital is the control of China to the plans and prowess of Japan. Japan isn't what Japan claims she is, or what Japan has induced many people—especially many American people—to think she is. Japan, taking a leaf from the book of the British, hopes to nullify what America may have in mind concerning China by forcing herself into partnership with America, and by urging the claim that, as Japan understands China better, Japan wants to help China, and at the same time aid her great and good friend, the United States.

It is a business proposition that confronts the United States in China; a cold, calculating business proposition, which has an angle of preparedness that is even colder and more calculating. We have heard and read tons of reasons why the United States should take an interest in China, and ninety-nine per cent of them, gross weight, have been sentimental reasons. We are a sentimental and altruistic people, inclined to take a paternal interest in weaker nations; and practically all the appeals for China that have been made to the American people by the Chinese, and by foreigners, including Americans who live in the Far East or have knowledge of it, have been appeals to our sympathy instead of to our reason. We have sent millions upon millions of dollars into China for education of the Chinese and the relief of suffering among them, and will undoubtedly—as we should—continue so to do; but that is philanthropy, and this present situation calls for more than that. It calls for reason.

John Hay formulated an Open-Door policy for China, and that still exists, subject to occasional mild affirmations by our Government and to consequent mild acquiescences by other governments; but often the effect of that policy has been to furnish an international, high-sounding and respectable phrase to cover intrigues. That is about as far as our interest, other than our sympathetic interest, goes—a paper policy called the policy of the Open Door. And, even in the Open Door, our interest is almost entirely abstract. We never have, as a nation, felt that that policy was more than something we desired, a measure of international justice to a weak people, and a prospective opportunity for our own endeavors—that is, we have not progressed much beyond the stage of enunciation.

A Paper Policy in the East

IF THE United States was an island, like England, or a series of islands, like Japan, the Open-Door policy would have been necessary of enforcement. Instead, the United States is the tenderloin of a continent, and we have been too busy developing our own country and fostering our own resources to look abroad much, which is one reason for our lack of shipping. The money we should have put into ships we put into railroads to run across and develop our own country.

However, we have reached a place now where it is necessary to look abroad, because our own internal development is well in hand, and because, owing to the great prosperity that has come to us through the war, we have a large surplus of capital for investment. Thus we have turned to China; and if the policy of the Open Door were a real policy, instead of a paper policy, there would be no difficulties in the way of using our money to develop China, and to make more money in China, which is one of the most attractive places in the world for our operation.

China has, during the past few years, tried the experiment of popular government, but the experiment has been insincere and inept and miserable. We have much sympathy for China because we always have a sympathy and a fatherly interest in all new republics; but the time has come for more than sympathy. The Chinese deserve no sympathy. They deserve everything that has happened to them. Many of the Chinese politicians and officials of the older class are crooked, grafting, unpatriotic intriguers. The people tolerate them, and the whole combination smells of demonstrated inability to form or conduct a government, by the men in charge, that has any resemblance to a government by or for the people.

The attitude of the United States toward China must change from a sympathetic attitude to a business attitude,

a practical attitude. It is unquestionable that anything we can do to preserve the integrity of China will aid China; that anything we can do to help or force China to help herself will, in the measure of accomplishment, redound to our benefit; that any reforms we can bring about in the administration of China by our pressure will be beneficial to China and will be obstacles to Japan, which is seeking to obtain China for the use and increment of Japan.

The safe, sure way to do these things for China is to put American money, properly safeguarded, and with the support of the American Government behind it, into China, and build up China; for with the development of China there will come a stability for China that will withstand the aggressions of other countries which combine commercial ambitions with territorial and other rapacities. China is a factor in world politics that the United States cannot afford to ignore.

There are between three hundred million and four hundred million people living in China, huddled mostly along the present lines of communication—the rivers and the canals, and the comparatively few miles of railroads when the extent of the territory and the number of people to be served are considered, some six thousand miles instead of the fifty thousand miles that could be profitably utilized. It is unnecessary for me to go into statistical detail concerning the resources of China and the possibilities for profitable business and investment. What the Standard Oil Company and the British-American Tobacco Company, to say nothing of the great British concerns, have done there testifies amply to the possibilities for trade and profit. Let us take that phase of it for granted, without going into readily available statistics.

The correct foreign policy of the United States after this war will not be an altruistic policy entirely, if the United States is to participate and realize in the outcome of the tremendous economic changes that will ensue. The correct foreign policy of the United States after the war must take some account of business. A most important action taken by our Government in world affairs will be for the protection and upbuilding of business. This may seem cold-blooded, and perhaps it is; but the chief difficulty with the United States abroad heretofore has been that we have been too warm-blooded, and that is the reason why it took a world war to give the United States the share in that business which the power and resources and wealth of the United States are entitled to.

Lost Ground

AMERICAN capital will be employed, in large measure, in the rehabilitation of Europe after the war; but that will be a loan business, not an investment business. Furthermore, in France and England, or elsewhere in Western Europe, there will be no loans made on an eight to ten per cent basis; nor will there be any chance for attractive and active participation in the profits of the industries thus financed. New enterprises can be established in China, with participation and joint control. These are essential, because of Chinese conditions, for the success of the enterprises.

European investors and financiers long ago realized this peculiar and attractive phase of Chinese investment—that it afforded a field for the putting in of capital, and the direct participation in and control of the enterprises in which the capital was invested. There are various spheres of influence in China, controlled by various European nations and by Japan; and these spheres largely, except in the case of Japan, have been enforced and established by administrative loans.

These nations have, in accordance with an Open-Door policy, allowed any outside investment that, by the nature of it, would not undermine or interfere with the political rights of the nation claiming the sphere where the investment was made, with the exception of the spheres of Germany and Japan. No foreign nation—that is, foreign to Germany or Japan—has been allowed to make investment on a par with German investment in Shantung; nor has any nation been so allowed to invest since Japan grabbed Manchuria. But in Hong-Kong, a British sphere, all nations were on equal terms; and, before the war, German business in Hong-Kong was about on a par with British business, while the Japanese were steadily encroaching on the British supremacy also.

The United States once had the predominant position in the trade of Manchuria; but that position has shifted to an almost absolute domination of the trade of Manchuria by Japan, because of the preferential rates given to Japanese merchants by the Japanese Government. Japan, though allowing the Open Door in such portions of China as Japan has not under control as yet, has maintained a closed door in Manchuria and in Mongolia to such an extent that it is not now possible to employ American capital for the building of railroads in that territory which would be free channels for trade. Germany pursued the same policy in Shantung, where Japan, because of Japan's control of Shantung owing to the reduction by Japan of Tsingtau, the German city, has now reënforced that Closed-Door policy.

Political domination of these sections of China by Japan proves conclusively what political domination of the remainder of China by Japan would mean. It is plainly apparent that a China controlled politically by Japan would be a China controlled economically by Japan; that there would be no Open Door, no matter what the Japanese statesmen may say.

I have at various times referred—and shall again refer—to the Japanese publicity machine, which is the most efficient organization for the dissemination of propaganda that exists in the world. One notable achievement of this Japanese publicity machine is the widespread idea in the United States that the only way Americans can get big business in China is for the United States to defeat Japan in war. Japan has promoted and fostered this idea, because the promotion and fostering of it kept American business men out of China and gave Japan a freer hand for her solidification of herself in China, for the intrigue through which Japan hopes to get political control and thus economic control of China.

Let us dismiss this once and for all. There is no more mistaken idea among the many mistaken ideas concerning international matters that prevail in the United States. Japan has no present intention of declaring war upon the United States—no more intention than the United States has of going to war with Japan over Chinese business; but, so long as Japan can keep the idea afloat in the United States that she has it in mind to fight us, just so long will Japan have a greater opportunity to work her will on China. Japan may be bumptious, but she is not foolish.

War Prosperity and "Show Pidgin"

THE United States is Japan's greatest customer. To-day Japan, helped by war prosperity, is more bumptious than she has been. Japan has now about three-quarters of a billion yen in gold, instead of the quarter of a billion gold Japan had before the war. Wherefore Japan, in strict accord with her plan to impress her alleged power and stability on the world, is ostentatiously loaning a few millions to England; ostentatiously buying a few millions of her own bonds to shove them up to within a reasonable distance of par; ostentatiously loaning a few millions to Russia; and so on—"show pidgin," as the Chinese say.

War with the United States at present is not within the scope of Japan's national policy. War with the United States in the future, in case Japan can get and utilize China, for money, resources and men, is inevitable, in my opinion.

Japan has been and is bluffing the United States; and Japan has been very successful at it, aided by her publicity and her propaganda. Japan's only resources are an army and a navy. If so be, for example, there should be, as the outcome of a peace conference, a proposition for universal disarmament adopted, Japan would sink immediately to a fourth-rate Power. And, even with the present or the future army and navy, unless Japan gets control of China, Japan will not and cannot fight the United States. Japan has not the money for that enterprise, and Japan cannot get the money unless she gets it in China. Japan knows that better than any other nation.

What the Government of the United States must do, if Japan is to be kept from gaining this tremendous advantage in China, is to make the declaration that the Open Door in reality is an Open Door, and not a phrase; not a paper policy. All that is required is the wisdom and foresight by our Government to make the declaration that all of China is open for American investment and business; that Americans can trade anywhere in China where they can do business with the Chinese; and that this declared right shall have the unswerving support and full protection of the American Government—and the danger vanishes, provided the American Government shall make good its pledge; for American business men will be quick and keen to take advantage of the countless opportunities in China. Japan will not protest that declaration, other than diplomatically. Japan cannot, for Japan cannot make her policy of domination of China stand up before the world if the protest against it is adequate.

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Along the Grand Canal, Juechow, China

If the American Government desires to do something for the future peace of America, for the peace of the world, for the rescue of China, and for the good of the white man, that declaration and its enforcement will do more along those desirable lines than any other movement now apparent, even in the present international situation. The Japanese and the Chinese are about half civilized as the West views civilization. Japan, making great progress, has borrowed from the West but little except that which makes for brute strength, not taking or appreciating much of its culture. Force appeals. A firm declaration by our Government would put Japan where she belongs instantly, for all Japan's ideas concerning the United States are based on a delusion that the United States is altogether humanitarian, altruistic and idealistic, and will formulate no policy nor defend one that is so severely practical as this policy would be.

Public sentiment in Japan is a governmental perquisite. The government controls all the sources of publicity; and the nationalism of the people is so great, and their processes of individual thinking so narrow, that what the government wants the people to think the people think, in large measure. It is true that envy has led them to dislike us; but they do not say so any more, because the official opinion in Japan is not directed in that quarter at present!

Japanese Propaganda in America

IT IS not the present plan of the Japanese Government to hate the United States—officially. They shifted when the news was received of the first great naval appropriation made by the United States. They grew more cordial after they were apprised of the tremendous increase in the wealth of the United States during the past two years. They became almost affectionate when the second great naval bill was passed. They are now, as they say, our everlasting friends; and they seek at this time to be our business partners in China.

However, they understand the American people better than the American people understand them. And they take great care that that condition shall prevail. We must give them credit. They are wonderful propagandists. I was talking with an eminent Japanese who lives in the United States and is of great scientific attainments. He was telling me of the activities of the East and West Bureau, which is an organization in the United States for disseminating news and information about Japan, and, as I understand it, financed and controlled by the Japanese, or by pro-Japanese Americans, which is about the same thing.

"What does the bureau do?" I asked the doctor.

"Why, we distribute news and information in the United States concerning Japan."

"And, I suppose," I said, "distribute news and information about the United States in Japan, to make the East and West designation entirely descriptive?"

"Oh, no," said the doctor, smiling at me indulgently; "that is entirely unnecessary. You see, the Japanese understand the American people. Why, every Japanese schoolboy knows who George Washington was!"

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Cheng Heun Chung—the Rockefeller of China

Hence, we observe, in accordance with this general understanding of the American people by the Japanese and the lack of understanding of the Japanese by the American people, the urgent necessity for all the Japanese propaganda that exists in the United States, to the end that the Americans shall understand the Japanese as the Japanese desire to be understood—our Japan societies and other similar organizations. These organizations have been actively, persistently and effectively working to mold American opinion as the Japanese want it for many years. Conversely the first American society, as the report in the Japanese newspapers said, similar to the Japan Society in New York, was organized in Tokio on Washington's Birthday of the present year, "to fill a long-felt want," as the promoters of it said; and that was the truth.

Another reason for this change of official attitude in Japan toward the United States was a rather tardy but none the less acute awakening by Japan to the fact that she cannot yet arbitrarily control the financial and trade and commercial destinies of China. Within the past eighteen months the evidences in China of a determination by the American International Corporation, and its subsidiary, the Siems-Carey Company, to operate in China, and the project of a large loan by Chicago financiers, as well as other American demonstrations, caused the adaptable Japanese, who realized that they are not yet strong enough in China to protest or disregard their paper adherence to the Open-Door policy, to about-face and make clever and, it may be, successful efforts to assume the attitude of traditional friendship, in order to hold and to consolidate as much as they may of their already won advantage. Any portion of a loaf is better than no bread to the Japanese mind. If they can't control they hope to coöperate, and thus half control, at any rate.

I do not know the details of the American end of this coöperation project, for I was in China during its inception and its original discussion; but I do know the Chinese end of it and the Japanese end of it, and I shall set down those phases of the plan as a part of this argument, basing what I have to say on five premises:

FIRST: The only reason the Japanese desire to coöperate with the United States in China is because the Japanese have concluded they are not, as yet, strong enough to combat well-supported American business enterprise in China, with the idea of diminishing that American business enterprise so far as they may be able, in order that they may retain as much economic and political dominion over China as possible; and not for any other reason.

SECOND: Any business coöperation with the Japanese in China that is based upon or recognizes any special or preferential political rights of the position of Japan in China will be suicidal.

THIRD: It is the diplomacy of Japan to join with America as a protection to themselves for their Closed-Door policy; for, if America goes into partnership with Japan, America must, if the partnership is to be continued, accept what Japan does.

FOURTH: Every proposition Japan makes to the United States for a cooperative investment in the development of China must necessarily be amended by Americans to include coöperation in the development of Southern Manchuria, Eastern Inner Mongolia and Shantung. Otherwise it becomes merely an extension of Japan's influence elsewhere. There is plenty of opportunity for development in Southern Manchuria, for example.

FIFTH—and most important: American capitalists must realize that when they form any partnership, or enter into any cooperation in such enterprises, they are taking part as Americans simply, as citizens, as a corporation or company, while the Japanese are taking part as a government—that is to say, the Americans are going into partnership, as individuals, with the Japanese Government, notwithstanding what the Japanese proponents, as individuals, may say.

It is not my intention to decry the good faith or excellent intentions of the American capitalists who are imbued with the coöperation idea; but there are certain elements of the situation that are perhaps not so well known to the bulk of Americans as they might be, and the purpose of this article is purely informative. It would be vain to endeavor to impress on American capitalists the fact that money cannot do everything, or that the decision of money is not the great and wise decision. Millions can do no wrong. That is their creed. So, if American capitalists have decided to coöperate with Japan in China, what they have decided upon must necessarily be the part of ultimate wisdom.

The Reception of Judge Gary

HOWEVER, a few facts may be chronicled, and a few deductions made therefrom, to keep the record straight, if for no other reason. And this article is not the only place these facts are embodied. They may be found in the State Department at Washington also.

The principal proponents of coöperation, as I understand it, are, or were, Baron Shibusawa, known as the J. Pierpont Morgan of Japan—a rotund, astute, unremitting Japanese propagandist, and official spokesman in many similar matters for the Japanese Government, and Judge Elbert H. Gary, head of the Steel Trust in our country. I have known Baron Shibusawa for some time and have watched him operate with admiration. He is as plausible and as wise a Japanese as lives; and that is high praise. Also, he is as intensely Japanese as the Mikado.

It so fell out that Judge Gary made a trip to the Orient not long ago. The baron had been in the United States previously, advocating coöperation; for the baron can discern which way the wind blows as quickly as another. The Japanese were fully informed of the coming of Judge Gary, and they had their publicity machine at work before his ship was within sight of Yokohama. They put up electric signs over the streets of Tokio, reading, in brilliant lights: "Welcome, Judge and Mrs. Gary!" And they showed the judge everything in Japan they desired him to see, and nothing they did not desire him to see; and told him many things. The judge was the biggest commercial fish that had come to the Japanese publicity net in many a long day.

Any of us who are familiar with the operations of the Japanese publicity machine could have written out the judge's schedule in Japan and handed it to him before he left the United States—just what men he would meet; just where he would be dined and where he would have luncheons given to him; just what the Japanese speakers would say; and so on; even to the number of bolts of raw silk and other Japanese pretties he would find in his cabin on the ship when he left Japan. Nor need any other person than the judge be called as witness. The judge told all about it when he came back. He went to a luncheon given in his honor by the Japan Society in New York, just to cinch things with the judge; and in the course of his highly illuminating remarks about Japan he said:

In this connection I should mention the hospitable disposition of the Japanese toward the American. I have never before seen it excelled, or even equaled. An American gentleman, if he is known and considered worthy and representative, will receive invitations by wireless for luncheons or dinners, or other functions, from those who are in office or have been in some way designated to speak the sentiment of the people. He will be met on the ship, before it is docked, by a committee or delegation from the city he is approaching; and from the time he lands upon Japanese territory until he departs he will receive the kindest and most liberal hospitality that can be offered, and always with a grace and charm and simplicity that cannot be surpassed.

Business Secured by Americans

AND so on. I'll wager that I can name half a dozen men who can write, without having heard them when they were unloaded on the judge, Shibusawa's speech and Okuma's speech and Sakatani's speech, and the speeches of half a dozen others who spoke to the judge and assured him of the undying love of Japan for the United States, and the desire of Japan to go in as partners with the United States, solely for "the peaceful exploitation of China," as they put it. I can do it myself.

Wherefore, out of incitement by these great men and advancement by others came this project of coöperation with Japan in China. And let us examine a little into the Chinese and Japanese ends of that, those being somewhat vital in connection with the project.

It began to dawn on the Japanese, a time back, that possibly they might not be able to keep the United States out of China, except by war; and it had dawned on them long before that the only use Japan had for a war with the United States was to use the implication of it as a bogy to hold the United States in check. The Japanese saw, with great apprehension, the advance of the American International Corporation in Japan, and there was much agitated consultation in Tokio, and much agitated inquiry by the Japanese in Peking, when it became known that William F. Carey and his associate, Roy S. Anderson, operating for the Siems-Carey Company, a component part of the American International Corporation, had secured, on favorable terms, agreements for the building, by the Siems-Carey Company, of twenty-six hundred miles of railroad in China—real building of a real railroad; not cold-storage agreements, like those of the projected roads to be built perhaps by England and Japan and Belgium and France, but now merely tentative projects because of the war and for other reasons. Also, the Siems-Carey Company had secured a contract for the dredging, deepening and widening the Grand Canal to make it a modern waterway from the Yellow River to the Yangtze River through the provinces of Shantung and Kiang-su.

When the details of the Siems-Carey project were made public it was learned by the Japanese that one of the projected railroad lines was to run between Feng-cheng and Ninghsai, in the North, which territory the Russians and the Japanese hold to be exclusively theirs, regardless of the fact that nationally it belongs to China. Indeed, the new Japanese-Russian treaty, made in 1916, is merely an explicit agreement between Japan and Russia to split this territory between them; but that new treaty was not needed. There was a former agreement that gave the Japanese opportunity to demand that Russia should protest this projected railroad between Feng-cheng and Ninghsai, a former agreement wherein the astute Russians had taken advantage of the Chinese, and then asked the Chinese what they were going to do about it.

The Chinese built the railroad that now runs between Peking and Kalgan; and, before they built it, the Russians forced an agreement from the Chinese that no foreign

(Continued on Page 51)

TUBAL CAIN

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

V

"They Say That You are the Most Hateful Man Alive!" She Half Breathed

GREATLY to Alexander Hulings' relief, Doctor Veneada never considered the possibility of a partnership; it was as far from one man's wish, for totally different reasons, as from the other's.

"No, no, Alex," he declared; "I couldn't manage it. Some day, when you were out of the office, the widow or orphan would come in with the foreclosure, and I would tear up the papers. Seriously I wouldn't do—I'm fat and easy and lazy. My money would be safer with myself carefully removed from the scene."

In the end Alexander protected Veneada with mortgages on the timber and land he secured about Harmony through various agents and under different names. Some of the properties he bought outright, but on the majority he merely purchased options on the timber. His holdings in the latter finally extended in a broad, irregular belt about the extended local industries of John Wooddrop. It would be impossible for the latter, when, in perhaps fifteen years, he had exhausted his present forests, to cut an acre of wood within practicable hauling distance. This accomplished, a momentary grim satisfaction was visible on his somber countenance.

He had, however, spent all the money furnished by Doctor Veneada, without setting the foundations of the furnaces and forges he had projected; and he decided not to go to his friend for more. There were two other possible sources of supply—allied iron industries, the obvious recourse; and the railroads. The latter seemed precarious; everywhere people, and even print, were ridiculing the final usefulness of steam traffic; it was judged unfit for heavy and continuous hauling—a toy of inventors and fantastic dreams; canals were the obviously solid means of transportation. But Alexander Hulings became fanatical overnight in his belief in the coming empire of steam.

With a small carpetbag, holding his various deeds and options, and mentally formulating a vigorous expression of his opinions and projections, he sought the doubtful capital behind the Columbus Transportation Line. When, a month later, he returned to Tubal Cain, it was in the company of an expert industrial engineer, and with credit sufficient for the completion of his present plans. He had been gone a month, but he appeared older by several years. Alexander Hulings had forced from reluctant sources, from men more wily, if less adamantine, than himself, what he desired; but in return he had been obliged to grant almost impossibly favorable contracts and preferences. A tremendous pressure of responsibility had gathered about him; but under it he was still erect, coldly confident, and carried himself with the special pugnacity of small, vain men.

On a day in early June, a year from the delivery of his first contract at Tubal Cain, he stood in a fine rain at the side of a light road wagon, drawn, like John Wooddrop's, by two sweeping young horses, held by a negro, and watched the final courses of his new furnace. The furnace itself, a solid structure of unmasoned stone, rose above thirty feet, narrowed at the top to almost half the width of its base. Directly against its face and hearth was built the single high interior of the cast house, into which the metal would be run on a sand pig bed and harden into commercial iron.

On the hill rising abruptly at the back was the long wall of the coal house, with an entrance and runway leading to the opening at the top of the furnace stack. Lower down, the curving, artificial channel of the forebay swept to where the water would fall on a ponderous overshot wheel and drive the great tilted bellows that blasted the furnace.

The latter, Alexander knew, must have a name. Most furnaces were called after favorite women; but there were no such sentimental objects in his existence. He recalled the name of the canal packet that had first drawn him out to Harmony—the Hit or Miss. No casual title such as that would fit an enterprise of his. He thought of Tubal Cain, and then of Jim Claypole. He owed the latter something; and yet he wouldn't have another man's name. . . . Conrad Wishon had surmised that the owner of Tubal Cain had vanished—like Elijah—on a Glorywagon. That was it—Glory Furnace! He turned and saw John Wooddrop leaning forward out of his equipage, keenly studying the new buildings.

"That's a good job," the Ironmaster allowed; "but it should be—built by Henry Bayard, the first man in the country. It ought to do very well for five or six years."

"Fifty," Hulings corrected him.

John Wooddrop's eyes were smiling.

"It's all a question of charcoal," he explained, as Wishon had, long before. "To be frank, I expect a little difficulty myself, later. It is surprising how generally properties have been newly bought in the County. I know, because lately I, too, have been reaching out. Practically all the available stuff has been secured. Thousands of acres above you, here, have been taken by a company, hotel—or something of the sort."

"The Venealic Company," Hulings said; and then, in swelling pride, he added: "That's me!" Wooddrop's gaze hardened. Alexander Hulings thought the other's face grew paler. His importance, his sense of accomplishment, of vindication, completely overwhelmed him. "And beyond, it is me!" he cried. "And back of that, again!" He made a wide, sweeping gesture with his arm. "Over there; the Hezekiah Mills tract—that's me too; and the East purchase, and on and round. Fifty—this Glory Furnace, and ten others, could run on for a century.

"You've been the big thing here—even in the state. You are known on canal boats; people point you out; yes, and patronize me. You did that yourself—you and your women. But it is over; I'm coming now, and John Wooddrop's going. You are going with those same canal boats, and Alexander Hulings is rising with the railroads."

He pounded himself on the chest, and then suddenly stopped. It was the only impassioned speech, even in the disastrous pursuit of the law, that he had ever made; and it had an impotent, foolish ring in his ear, his deliberate brain. He instantly disowned all that part of him which had betrayed his ordinary silent caution into such windy boasting. Hulings was momentarily abashed before the steady scrutiny of John Wooddrop.

"When I first saw you," the latter pronounced, "I concluded that you were unbalanced. Now I think that you are a maniac!"

He spoke curtly to his driver, and was sharply whirled away through the gray-green veil of rain and foliage. Hulings was left with an aggravated discontent and bitterness toward the older man, who seemed to have the ability always to place him in an unfavorable light.

VI

DOCTOR VENEADA returned for the first run of metal from Glory Furnace; there were two representatives of the other capital invested; and, with Alexander Hulings, Conrad Wishon, and some local spectators, they stood in the gloom of the cast house waiting for the founder to tap the clay sealing of the hearth. Suddenly there was a rush of crackling white light, pouring sparks, and the boiling liquid flooded out, rapidly filling the molds radiating from the channels stamped in the sand bed. The incandescent iron flushed from silver to darker, warmer tones.

A corresponding warmth ran through Alexander Hulings' body; Glory Furnace was his; it had been conceived by him and his determination had brought it to an actuality. He would show Wooddrop a new type of "maniac." This was the second successful step in his move against the Ironmaster, in the latter's own field. Then he realized that he, too, might now be called Ironmaster. He directed extensive works operated under his name; he, Hulings, was the head! Already there were more than a hundred men to do what he directed, go where he wished. The feeling of power, of consequence, quickened through him. Alexander held himself, if possible, more rigidly than before; he followed every minute turn of the casting; tersely admonished a laborer.

He was dressed with the utmost care; a marked niceness of apparel now distinguished him. His whiskers were closely trimmed, his hair brushed high under a glossy tile hat; he wore checked trousers, strapped on glazed Wellington boots; a broadcloth coat fitted closely to his waist, with a deep rolling collar; severe neckcloth; and a number of seals on a stiff twill waistcoat. Veneada, as always, was carelessly garbed in wrinkled silk and a broad planter's hat. It seemed to Alexander that the other looked conspicuously older than he had only a few months back; the doctor's-face was pendulous, the pouches beneath his eyes livid.

Alexander Hulings quickly forgot this in the immediate pressure of manufacture. The younger Wishon, who had followed his father into Alexander's service, now came down from the charcoal stacks in a great sectional wagon drawn by six mules, collared in bells and red streamers. The pigs were sledged in endless procession from Glory, and then from a second furnace, to the forges that reached along the creek in each direction from Tubal Cain. The latter was worked as vigorously as possible; but Alexander conducted its finances in a separate, private column; all the profit he banked to the credit of James Claypole. He did this not from a sense of equity, but because of a deeper, more obscure feeling, almost a superstition, that such acknowledgment of the absent man's unwitting assistance was a safeguard of further good fortune.

The months fled with amazing rapidity; it seemed to him that one day the ground was shrouded in snow, and on the next dogwood was blooming. No man in all his properties worked harder or during longer hours than Alexander; the night shift at a forge would often see him standing grimly in the lurid reflections of the hearths; charcoal burners, eating their flitch and potatoes on an outlying mountain, not infrequently heard the beat of his horse's hoofs on the soft moss, his domineering voice bullying them for some slight oversight. He inspired everywhere a dread mingled with grudging admiration; it was known that he forced every possible ounce of effort from workman and beast.

Nevertheless, toward the end of the third summer of his success he contracted a lingering fever, and he was positively commanded to leave his labors for a rest and change. He sat on the porch of the house he had commenced building, on a rise overlooking the eddying smoke of his industries, wrapped in a shawl, and considered the various places that offered relaxation; he could go to the sea, at Long Branch, or to Saratoga, the gayety and prodigality of which were famous. . . . But his thought returned to his collapse four years before; he heard Veneada counseling him to take the water of the Mineral Springs. He had been too poor then for the Mineral; had he gone there, he would have arrived unnoticed. By heaven, he would go there now! It was, he knew, less fashionable than the other places; its day had been twenty, thirty years before. But it represented once more his progress, his success; and, in the company of his personal servant, his leather boxes strapped at the back of his lightest road wagon, he set out the following morning.

Almost sixty miles of indifferent roads lay before him; and, though he covered, in his weakened condition, far more than half of the distance by nightfall, he was forced to stay overnight at a roadside tavern. The way was wild and led through narrow, dark valleys, under the shadow of uninhabited ridges, and through swift fords. Occasionally he passed great, slow Conestoga wagons, entrained for the West, leather-hooded, ancient vehicles, and men on horses.

The wagon broke suddenly into the smooth, green valley that held the Mineral Springs. Against a western mountain were grouped hotels; a bridge, crossing a limpid stream; pointed kiosks in the Chinese taste; and red gravel walks. The hotel before which Alexander stopped, a prodigiously long, high structure painted white, had a deep porch across its face, with slender columns towering up unbroken to the roof and festooned with trumpet flowers. A bell rang loudly for dinner, and there was a colorful flow of crinoline over the porch, a perfumed, flowery stir, through which he impatiently made his way, followed by negro boys with his luggage.

Within, the office was high and bare, with a sweeping staircase, and wide doors opened on the thronging dining room. Above, he was led through interminable narrow corridors, past multitudinous closed doors, to a closetlike room completely filled by a narrow bed, a chair and a corner washstand; thus, with some pegs in the calcined wall and a bell rope, completed the provisions for his comfort. His toilet was hurried, for he had been warned that extreme promptness at meals was more than desirable; and, again below, he was led by a pompous negro between long, crowded tables to a place at the farther end. The din of conversation and clatter of dishes were deafening. In the ceiling great connected fans were languidly pulled by black boys, making a doubtful circulation.

His dinner was cold and absurdly inadequate, but the table claret was palatable. And, after the isolation of Tubal Cain, the droves of festive people absorbed him. Later, at the bar, he came across an acquaintance, a railroad director, who pointed out to Alexander what notables were present. There was an Englishman, a lord; there was Bartram Ainscough, a famous gambler; there—Alexander's arm was grasped by his companion.

"See that man—no, farther—dark, in a linen suit? Well, that's Partridge Sinnox, of New Orleans." He grew slightly impatient at Hulings' look of inquiry. "Never heard of him! Best-known pistol shot in the States. A man of the highest honor. Will go out on the slightest provocation," his voice lowered. "He's said to have killed twelve—no less. His companion there—from Louisiana too—never leaves him. Prodigiously rich—canefields."

Alexander Hulings looked with small interest at the dueler and his associate. The former had a lean, tanned face, small black eyes that held each a single point of light, and long, precise hands. Here, Alexander thought, was another form of publicity, different from his own. As always, his lips tightened in a faint contempt at pretensions other than his, or that threatened his preëminence. Sinnox inspired none of the dread or curiosity evident in his companion; and he turned from him to the inspection of a Pennsylvania coal magnate.

"But I Haven't Met You at All," She Said; "I Don't in the Least Know You"

The colonnade of the hotel faced another cultivated ridge, on which terraced walks mounted to a pavilion at the crest; and there, through the late afternoon, he rested and gazed down at the Springs or over to the village beyond. Alexander was wearier than he had supposed; the iron seemed suddenly unsupportably burdensome; a longing for lighter, gayer contacts possessed him. He wanted to enter the relaxations of the Springs.

Dancing, he knew, was customary after supper; and he lingered over a careful toilet—bright-blue coat; tight black trousers; and flat, glistening slippers, with a soft cambric ruffle. Alexander Hulings surveyed his countenance in a scrap of mirror; and saw, with mingled surprise and discontent, that he—like Veneada—bore unmistakable signs of age, marks of strife and suffering; his whiskers had a plain silvery sheen. Life, receding unnoticed, had set him at the verge of middle age. But at least, he thought, his was not an impotent medial period; if, without material success, he had unexpectedly seen the slightly drawn countenance meeting him in the mirror, he would have killed himself. He realized that coldly. He could never have survived an established nonentity. As it was, descending the stairs to supper, immaculate and disdainful, he was upheld by the memory of his accomplishments, his widening importance, weight. He actually heard a whispered comment: "Hulings, iron."

VII

AFTER supper the furnishings of the dining room were swept aside by a troop of waiters, while a number of the latter, with fiddles and cornets, were grouped on a table, over which a green cloth had been spread. With the inevitable scraping of strings and preliminary unattended dance, a quadrille was formed. Alexander, lounging with other exactly garbed males in the doorway, watched with secret envy the participants in the figures gliding from one to another. As if from another life he recalled their names; they were dancing Le Pantalon now; La Poulee would follow; then the Pastorale and L'Eté.

Above the spreading gauze, the tulle and glacé silks of the women, immense candelabra of glass pendants and candles shone and glittered; the rustle of crinoline, of light, passing feet, sounded below the violins and blown cornets, the rich husky voices calling the changes of the quadrille.

He was troubled by an obscure desire to be a center of interest, of importance, for the graceful feminine world about him. Sinnox, the man from New Orleans, was bowing profoundly to his partner; a figure broke up into a general boisterous galloping—girls, with flushed cheeks, swinging curls, spun from masculine shoulder to shoulder. The dance ended, and the floating, perfumed skirts passed him in a soft flood toward the porch.

Without, the colonnade towered against a sky bright with stars; the night was warm and still. Alexander Hulings was lonely; he attempted to detain the acquaintance met in the bar; but the other, bearing a great bouquet of rosebuds in a lace-paper cone, hurried importantly away. A subdued barytone was singing: Our Way Across the Mountain, Ho! The strains of a waltz, the Carlotta-Grisi, drifted out, and a number of couples answered its invitation.

A group at the iron railing across the foot of the colonnade attracted his attention by its excessive gayety. The center, he saw, was a young woman, with smooth bandeaux and loops of black hair, and a camellia japonica caught below her ear. She was not handsome, but her features were animated, and her shoulders as finely white and sloping as an alabaster vase.

It was not this that held his attention, but a sense of familiarity, a feeling that he had seen her before. He walked past the group, without plan, and, meeting her gaze, bowed awkwardly in response to a hesitating but unmistakable smile of recognition. Alexander stopped, and she imperiously waved him to join the number about her. He was in a cold dread of the necessity of admitting, before so many, that he could not recall her

name; but obviously all that she desired was to swell the circle of her admirers; for, beyond a second nod, she ignored him.

The Southerner was at her shoulder, maintaining a steady flow of repartee; and Alexander envied him his assured presence, his dark, distinguished appearance. The man who had been indicated as Sinnox' companion stood by Hulings, and the latter conceived a violent prejudice for the other's meager yellow face and spiderlike hand, employed with a cigarette.

Alexander hoped that somebody would repeat the name of the girl who had spoken to him. A woman did, but only in the contracted, familiar form of Gisela. . . . Gisela—he had heard that too. Suddenly she affected to be annoyed; she arched her fine brows and glanced about, her gaze falling upon Alexander Hulings. Before he was aware of her movement a smooth white arm was thrust through his; he saw the curve of a powdered cheek, an elevated chin.

"Do taken me out of this!" she demanded. "New Orleans molasses is—well, too thick."

Obeying the gentle pressure of her arm, he led her down the steps to the graveled expanse below. She stopped by a figure of the Goddess of Health, in filigree on mossy rocks, pouring water from an urn. Her gown was glazed green muslin, with a mist of white tulle, shining with particles of silver. The camellia japonica exhaled a poignant scent.

"I didn't really leave because of Mr. Sinnox," she admitted; "a pin was scratching, and I was devoured with curiosity to know who you were; where I had met ——"

Suddenly, in a flash of remembered misery, of bitter resentment, he recognized her—Gisela, John Wooddrop's daughter. The knowledge pinched at his heart like malicious fingers; the starry night, the music and gala attire, his loneliness had betrayed him into an unusual plasticity of being. He delayed for a long breath, and then said dryly: "I'm Alexander Hulings."

"Not ——" she half cried, startled. She drew away from him and her face grew cold. In the silence that followed he was conscious of the flower's perfume and the insistent drip of the water falling from the urn. "But I haven't met you at all," she said; "I don't in the least know you." Her attitude was insolent, and yet she unconsciously betrayed a faint curiosity. "I think you lacked delicacy to join my friends—to bring me out here!"

"I didn't," he reminded her; "you brought me."

Instantly he cursed such clumsy stupidity. Her lower lip protruded disdainfully.

"Forgive me," she said with a curtsy; "but I needn't keep you."

She swept away across the gravel and up the stairs to the veranda. It was evident that the group had not separated; for almost immediately there rose a concerted laughter, a palpable mockery, drifting out to Alexander.

His face was hot; his hands clenched in angry resentment. More than anything else, he shrunk from being an object of amusement, of gibes. It was necessary to his self-esteem to be met with grave appreciation.

This was his first experience of the keen assaults of social weapons, and it inflicted on him an extravagant suffering. His instinct was to retire farther into the night, only to return to his room when the hotel was dark, deserted. But a second, stronger impulse sent him deliberately after Gisela Wooddrop, up the veranda stairs, and rigidly past the group gazing at him with curious mirth.

An oil flare fixed above them shone down on the lean, saturnine countenance of Partridge Sinnox. The latter, as he caught Alexander Hulings' gaze, smiled slightly.

That expression followed Alexander to his cramped room; it mocked him as he viciously pulled at the bell rope, desiring his servant; it was borne up to him on the faint strains of the violins. And in the morning it clouded his entire outlook. Sinnox' smile expressed a contempt that Alexander Hulings' soul could not endure. From the first he had been resentful of the Southerner's cheap prestige. He added the qualifying word as he descended to breakfast.

Sinnox, as a dueler, roused Hulings' impatience; he had more than once faced impromptu death—iron bars in the hands of infuriated employees; and he had overborne them with a cold phrase. This theatrical playing with pistols—cheap! Later, in the crowded bar, he was pressed

"Withdraw!" He Advised. "Mr. Sinnox' Temper is Fatal. Beyond a Certain Point it Cannot be Leashed"

elbow to elbow with Sinnox and his companion; and he automatically and ruthlessly cleared sufficient space for his comfort. Sinnox' associate said, in remonstrance:

"Sir, there are others—perhaps more considerable."

"Perhaps!" Alexander Hulings carelessly agreed.

Sinnox gazed down on him with narrowed eyes.

"I see none about us," he remarked, "who would have to admit the qualification."

Alexander's bitterness increased, became aggressive. He met Sinnox' gaze with a stiff, dangerous scorn:

"In your case, at least, it needn't stand."

"Gentlemen," the third cried, "no more, I beg of you." He grasped Alexander Hulings' arm. "Withdraw!" he advised. "Mr. Sinnox' temper is fatal. Beyond a certain point it cannot be leashed. It has caused great grief. Gentlemen, I beg ——"

"Do you mean ——" Sinnox demanded, and his face was covered by an even, dark flush to the sweep of his hair.

"Cheap!" Alexander repeated aloud, sudden and unpremeditated.

The other's temper rose in a black passion; he became so enraged that his words were mere unintelligible gasps. His hand shook so that he dropped a glass of rock-and-rye splintering on the floor. "At once!" he finally articulated. "Scurvy ——"

"This couldn't be helped," his companion proclaimed, agitated. "I warned the other gentleman. Mr. Sinnox is not himself in a rage; his record is well known. He was elbowed aside by ——"

"Alexander Hulings!" that individual pronounced.

He was aware of the gaze of the crowding men about him; already he was conscious of an admiration roused by the mere fact of his facing a notorious bully. Cheap! The director joined him.

"By heaven, Hulings, you're in dangerous water. I understand you have no family."

"None!" Alexander stated curtly.

Illogically he was conscious of the scent of a camellia japonica. Sinnox was propelled from the bar, and his friend reappeared and conferred with the director.

"At once!" Hulings heard the former announce. "Mr. Sinnox . . . unbearable!"

"Have you a case of pistols?" the director asked. "Mr. Sinnox offers his. I believe there is a quiet open back of the bathhouse. But my earnest advice to you is to withdraw; you will be very little blamed; this man is notorious, a professional fighter. You have only to say ——"

Cheap! Alexander thought, fretful at having been involved in such a ridiculous affair. He was even more deliberate than usual; but, though he was certain of his entire normality, the faces about him resembled bobbing little balloons.

Alexander finished his drink—surprised to find himself still standing by the bar—and silently followed the director through the great hall of the hotel out onto the veranda, and across the grass to a spot hid from the valley by the long, low façade of the bathing house.

Sinnox and his companion, with a polished mahogany box, were already there; while a small, curious group congregated in the distance.

Sinnox' friend produced long pistols with silken-brown barrels and elegantly carved ivory stocks, into which he formally rammed powder and balls. Alexander Hulings was composed; but his fingers were cold, slightly numb, and he rubbed them together angrily. He not for an instant thought that he might be killed; other curious, faint emotions assailed him—long-forgot memories of distant years; Veneada's kindly hand on his shoulder; the mule called Alexander because of its aptitude for hard labor; John Wooddrop's daughter.

He saw that the pistols had been loaded; their manipulator stood with them, butts extended, in his grasp. He began a preamble of customary explanation, which he ended by demanding, for his principal, an apology from Alexander Hulings. The latter, making no reply, was attracted by Sinnox' expressions of deepening passion; the man's face, he thought, positively was black. Partridge Sinnox' entire body was twitching with rage. . . . Curious, for a seasoned, famous dueler!

Suddenly Sinnox, with a broken exclamation, swung on his heel, grasped one of the pistols in his second's hands, and discharged it point-blank at Alexander Hulings.

An instant confused outcry rose. Alexander heard the term "Insane!" pronounced, as if in extenuation, by Sinnox' friend. The latter held the remaining undischarged pistol out of reach; the other lay on the ground before Partridge Sinnox. Alexander's face was as gray as granite.

"That was the way he did it," he unconsciously pronounced aloud.

He wondered slowly at the fact that he had been unhit. Then, with his hand in a pocket, he walked stiffly up to within a few feet of Sinnox, and produced a small, ugly derringer, with one blunt barrel on top of the other.

At the stunning report that followed, the vicious, stinging cloud of smoke, he seemed to wake. He felt himself propelled away from the vicinity of the bathhouse; low, excited exclamations beat upon his ears: "Absolutely justified!" "Horrible attempt to murder!" "Get his nigger and things. Best for the present." He impatiently shook himself free from his small following.

"Did I kill him?" he demanded.

There was an affirmative silence.

(Continued on Page 109

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 26, 1917

War News

ONE of France's best artillery experts told the correspondents at Washington that it was difficult for him to form a satisfactory idea of the situation at the Front from the information at his command—which was probably more ample than the information published in the newspapers—because he had been away from the battleline for something over three weeks, and conditions were constantly changing there.

This illustrates the exceedingly limited degree in which a layman can draw any trustworthy deductions from war news. Inevitably, and even with the best of intentions all round, the news is colored; but it would be impossible for the commanding generals themselves to check up each day's or even each week's operations, and say definitely just what they had gained and what they had lost. Territory in itself is of no importance—that is, a gain of so much territory, with a loss of men disproportionately large as compared with the enemy's loss of men, is not a net gain, but a net loss.

To this writing there has been no battle news, this year, which warrants any hope of an immediate decisive German defeat. In a large way what we have had so far has been last year's operations at Verdun with the push in the opposite direction. That the push is in the opposite direction is very important, but not decisive of anything.

The collapse may come to-morrow; but there is no more sign of it than there was of a French collapse a year ago. All signs are that the United States is at the beginning of a struggle that will make demands upon her resources equal in all respects, except as to the number of men engaged, to those which the Civil War made upon the resources of the North.

Air Mastery

ON ONE count the United States owes an apology to her allies. She should have been able to give them immediate help, of a very material sort, in the air.

That mechanical flight is an American invention, and that other nations took it out of our hands and developed it much more energetically than we did, is well known.

This war of trenches is also a war of the air. When almost every gun is fired at an object invisible to the gunner, which has been plotted from an aëroplane, aërial superiority gives an army a great advantage. Indeed, an army which can drive the enemy out of the air can make that enemy fight blind.

Transportation of aëroplanes and aëronauts makes comparatively little demand upon ocean tonnage. A single shipload of airmen might count for more than a hundred thousand equipped infantrymen. And for our own coast patrol aëroplanes are of first importance.

Our Army and Navy have very few of them. No military task before the country is more important than the rapid development of a big, thoroughly up-to-date air fleet. But there is nobody now to take charge of that development. Army aëronautics are an adjunct of the army; navy aëronautics are an adjunct of the navy. There should, of course, be a centralized responsible expert authority to take charge of the whole business of developing and directing an adequate air fleet. In no other way is efficient service possible.

Bills have been introduced in both houses of Congress to establish a government department of aëronautics, in charge of the most capable man to be found. Such centralized authority is the necessary first step in developing such an air fleet as we ought to have, both for coast and border service at home and to contribute to victory in Europe.

Next to ships, American money and energy spent on aëronautics will get the quickest and most important results. But there must be a well-equipped and competently manned office to take charge of the whole work.

The Alliances

INCLUDING China and Brazil, which have severed diplomatic relations and threaten war, the alliance against Germany now embraces nearly one and a quarter billion people, or about three-quarters of the total population of the globe. Add the Teutonic alliance and we have four-fifths of all the people in the world in two great federations.

Nothing like such an extensive association of men was ever before seen. The association, we believe, will long outlast the war.

The United States, England, France, Russia and Italy are now working a partnership more intimate and close-knit in some respects than that between Indiana and Illinois. They are virtually pooling their military, industrial and financial resources. Secretary McAdoo signs a check for two hundred million dollars and hands it over to the governor of the Bank of England in return for a note of hand, just as Farmer Smith lends Neighbor Jones a ten-dollar bill.

It is taken as a matter of course that our food supply shall be directed and apportioned in view of the Allies' needs, as well as our own. Among European members of the alliance this virtual pooling of resources has long prevailed. We came into it on the principle of unlimited joint liability, without a reservation.

No such willing coöperation of free nations was ever before seen. The League of Nations—the superstate to which national boundaries are subordinate, almost as state boundaries are subordinate to the nation—is already in being. A political organism so promising for the future well-being of humanity will not be discarded when the war ends. The United States, we believe and hope, is already permanently a member of an international federation that will finally, in some form or other, embrace all progressive countries, and decide at a joint council table those questions which involve conflict of interests.

The modern nation rose in the later Middle Ages by federation of many petty sovereignties whose recurring conflicts retarded human progress. This war shows that the next step must be a federation of nations. And, as a great departure in human progress dates from the formation of modern European nations, the new federation will look toward a world where men can work more efficiently together for whatever makes the world a better place in which to live.

Local Organization

WITH one or even two million citizens under arms, there are still a hundred and six or seven millions of us to go about our ordinary vocations, with the ordinary needs, not only of food, clothing and shelter, but of pavements, street cleaning, sanitation, light, water supply, police.

Local governments invariably have their hands full in attending to these ordinary needs. For the extraordinary needs of war another instrument is necessary.

Racine, Wisconsin, set a good idea going by appointing a strictly nonpolitical committee of ten members, on the lines of the President's Council of National Defense, to advise the official government and the public as to how the people of Racine can best meet the war. The committee will take up all subjects related to war—except, of course, the strictly military ones. It will act as a clearing house for war ideas. By coöperating with like committees in other cities it will form part of an organization by which many war problems can be handled most efficiently, without the cross-purpose and lost motion that are inevitable unless there is close coöperation among the local communities.

Coöperation is what the country supremely needs now. Coöperating committees of defense in all towns and cities, on the Racine model, should be appointed at once.

The First Economy

NOBODY need fear that the United States is going to rush into extravagant economy and bring on industrial depression by wholesale curtailment of consumption. It is not given to rushing in that direction.

But, in respect of food, all curtailment of consumption that does not involve physical deterioration is a gain, for the supply this year will probably be less than the population of the United States and its allies ought to consume.

To a great many families in the United States the price of food is comparatively insignificant. The difference between twenty cents a pound for meat and thirty cents cuts so small a figure in the household budget that it seems not worth bothering about. Such families are usually great wasters of food, and they have very little selfish motive to economize in the kitchen.

The facts that their consumption affects the price paid by those for whom food is the biggest item of household expenditure, and that the food they waste might feed somebody who is going without it, ought to introduce another and controlling motive now.

There is barely food enough to go round, with the best management. Whatever you waste pinches somebody else. Perhaps you can afford the waste as a selfish individual; but you cannot afford it as a good citizen.

A Wealth of Waste

PIG IRON, worth fifteen dollars a ton before the war, recently sold in Pittsburgh at forty-five dollars a ton—the highest price ever known. With the United States at war, the factors that shape prices, if given free play, will drive it still higher. Steel billets, worth twenty dollars a ton in 1914, sell above eighty dollars. This is an enormous tax upon all users of iron and steel.

Millions of dollars' worth of iron and steel, in the form of broken-down farm machinery and tools, lies rusting in barnyards and fence corners. Every village in the United States has a metal mine in its vacant lots, back yards and buggy sheds.

Wood, woolen and cotton cloth, leather, paper, copper, lie by millions of tons in attics, cellars, lumber rooms, stables, and on the ground. Time out of mind we have thrown away yearly what would sustain a population that had to economize to the last scrap. With these prices and under these conditions, waste is sheer stupidity.

Every village, town, city and rural township ought to organize at once a systematic ransacking of its waste-basket. The value of the waste on any individual's premises may seem unimportant to him as an individual; but by systematic effort a big aggregate value may be recovered for the nation.

The Statesman's Job

ONE hot midsummer day a father and son were working in the hayfield—with plenty of backache, thirst and perspiration, we may surmise. A gentleman rode up to the farmhouse to see the father, and came out into the field where he was working with his son. The two elders talked for some time and the gentleman took himself away. Whereupon the father called the son over to him—as the latter has recorded—and they sat down together on a haycock, in the shade of an elm tree.

"My son," said the father, "that man is a member of Congress. He goes to the Capital and gets his six dollars a day, while I toil here. That is because he had an education. If I had had his early education I should have gone to the Capital in his place."

And the decision was then taken that the son should have an education, so that he might earn his six dollars a day as a statesman instead of four shillings pitching hay.

The son was Daniel Webster, who later on evolved other motives for his statesmanship. Everybody who aspires to statesmanship alleges some lofty motive. But pretty often the real, impelling reason is that the hours are shorter and the pay longer than in the hayfield.

National Wealth

IN 1900 less than sixty-five million barrels of petroleum were produced in the United States, more than half of it from the Pennsylvania-Ohio region, which up to ten years before had yielded virtually the total national supply. Last year California alone produced more than a hundred million barrels and Oklahoma very nearly a hundred million.

"Each year of the present century," observes the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, "has shown an increase in petroleum production in the United States; and this increase alone has frequently amounted to a greater number of barrels than the total production in the years when Pennsylvania dominated the supply."

The development of the Pennsylvania oil field is one of the big romances of national economics—as a romance, probably second only to the discovery of gold in California. Now we develop a new Pennsylvania oil field at least every other year, and the fact passes almost unnoticed.

In five years California has increased her petroleum output by more barrels than Coal Oil Johnny could have dreamed of.

That is the big, everstanding fact about national wealth: Take any period you like—this year as much as a hundred years ago—and there are vast items of potential national wealth unknown and undreamed of

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

William Shepherd Benson

THE least militant looking person appearing on this page is the ranking officer of our Navy, Admiral Benson; but even if the camera caught him in his civilian clothes it is a safe guess that he was bound somewhere on official business. As Chief of Naval Operations he is, by Congress, "charged with the operations of the fleet and with the preparedness and readiness of plans for its use in war." Admiral Benson is fitted by twenty-two years of service and unusually wide experience to carry the heavy responsibilities that rest upon him in the present crisis.

William Sowden Sims

TWO generations of the Sims family are represented in the upper right-hand picture. It ought to be encouraging to the Fraternity of Flunkers to know that Rear Admiral Sims began his successful naval career by failing his entrance examinations to the Naval Academy. At the time his Congressman was advised to appoint a more promising candidate! He is particularly well known for what he has contributed to the development of the science of gunnery. Last February he became President of the Naval War College. He is 59 years old and will be 58 next October

Alice Carpenter

THE right-hand picture shows Miss Carpenter seated at her desk. It is easy to tell what a busy person she is from the fact that she did not have time to take off her hat before she began her day's work. She has organized the woman's department of a large New York bond house and developed the work until to-day her firm employs in its three branch offices seven women who deal exclusively with women patrons. As recreation Miss Carpenter works at suffrage.

George Weston—Himself

GEORGE WESTON, who is feeding his turkeys in the upper left-hand corner, served his literary apprenticeship on the New York Evening Sun, thereby following the examples of Richard Harding Davis, Irvin S. Cobb and other well-known footstep makers.

One day after writing a story about a young man who made a million dollars in the engineering business, Mr. Weston muttered to himself, "This certainly sounds reasonable," and not to be outdone by any mere creature of his imagination he started out along the same lines to make a million for himself. *(Concluded on Page 123)*

The War and the War Department

By Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

WHEN war was declared it became necessary at once to consider the raising of a new army. It was not then known how soon or to what extent the United States could helpfully undertake active military operations in Europe. The vast armies of the European nations have been engaged for two years and a half and number many millions of men on each side. They stretch continuously along the Eastern and Western Fronts of conflict, and are now veterans, trained to the kind of warfare that has developed in the last few years—a method of war which differs from all which have preceded it chiefly in the following particulars:

First—The immensely greater number of men engaged.

Second—The use of new implements of war, such as the submarine on the sea, the airplane, the high-explosive shell, the machine gun and large-caliber mobile artillery on the land.

Third—The consequent industrial mobilization of the nation in support of the armies at the Front.

To the extent that the task assigned to the United States is financial and industrial, it is, of course, outside of the immediate view of the War Department, which must concern itself primarily with the mobilization, training and equipment of armies, and their efficient use in conflict. The first problem of the War Department, therefore, was to prepare for submission to Congress a bill which would create a new army; and in the drawing of that bill it was necessary to consult the recent experience of the world in military matters.

The army, as already authorized by law, consisted of:

1—The Regular Army.

2—The National Guard.

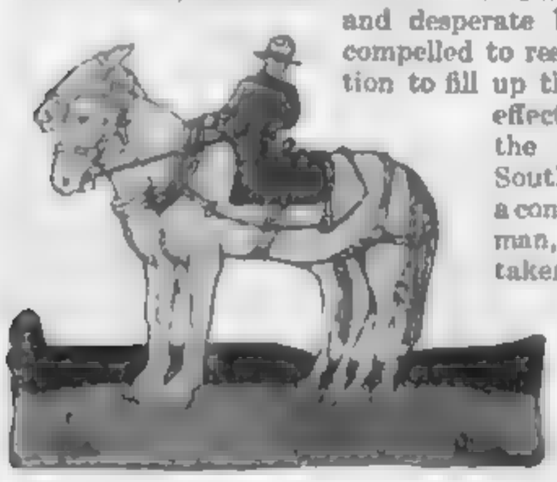
3—Such volunteer forces as Congress might authorize to be raised.

Had this establishment been relied upon and no further legislation asked beyond authority to raise volunteers, the National Army would have consisted of the Regular Army, with its trained professional officers and enlisted men; the National Guard of the states, a force of widely varying degrees of training, and comprising men from twenty-one to forty-five years of age, enlisted in their state military forces under the National Defense Act of 1916; and a Volunteer Army, of men yet to be trained, who might be moved by the pendency of war to volunteer for military service during the term of the war. In other words, we should have an army made up of three elements, selected by no uniform standards and under no uniformity of obligation as to length of service, led by officers chosen in different ways, and drawn from the body of the country without recognition either of the necessities of industrial support for the war or of social and economic relations of men accepted for military service.

Profiting by British Experience

IT SEEMED of the first importance that the new National Army should be one army, each member of which owed the same obligation as to length of service and was entitled to the same benefits as every other member; that there should be no question of possible preference for the Regular Army over the National Guard, or the National Guard over the volunteer forces; but that throughout the entire force there should run the one idea of its being a national force for a national purpose, with all local and partial motives excluded.

The traditional policy of the United States has been to rely upon volunteers for military service. In the Civil War both the Union and Confederate armies were so made up at the outset; but when the conflict had become very grim and desperate both sides were compelled to resort to conscription to fill up their ranks. The effect of this, both in the North and the South, was to make of a conscript, or drafted man, a sort of prisoner taken against his will into the service which, for one reason or another, he was unwilling to perform.



The conscript resented the power which drew and held him, while the volunteer soldiers despised the conscript. The prejudice of the country, therefore, continued in favor of its traditional policy of volunteers.

The European experience with the volunteer system had, however, developed obvious objections to it of a very serious if not fatal character. In the first place, it was found inadequate to the raising of armies necessary under the conditions of modern war; in the second place, it was found that the volunteer system disorganized the industries of the country, and, unless controlled by arbitrary exemptions, that it would deprive the army it created of the support in the factory and workshop, upon the continued efficiency of which its success rested; and, in the third place, it was shown that the volunteer system rested for whatever success it attained upon a system of compulsions almost as coercive as a draft, and far more cruel to the individuals taken, and far more destructive of the moral tone of the nation.

Campaigns for the recruiting of volunteers were necessary—feverish and excited appeals to the emotional nature of men, placards inculcating hatred and inciting to revenge, and finally such personal social pressure as could be brought to bear upon the reluctant by focusing upon them the derision of their friends and neighbors, the taunts and gibes of their sweethearts and acquaintances, and the personal indignity of the brand of cowardice from every passer-by. But, even when so supported, the volunteer system failed in Great Britain.

The War Department at Washington, therefore, prepared a bill based upon three central ideas:

First—The universal obligation of the citizens in a free country to serve the common welfare of that country in an hour of danger in the manner best adapted to the common defense.

Second—The preservation of the industrial and social life of the nation in the fullest and most efficient form during the progress of the war.

Third—The right of the nation itself to mobilize its strength by the distribution of the burden in the fairest possible way, exercising the informed judgment of those who had consulted the experience of the world, rather than by attempting to coördinate the haphazard impulses, however generous, brave and self-sacrificing, of those whose zeal might well lead them into sacrifices which the country could not safely afford, while it excused those who were unwilling, though able, to do their duty.

With these ends in view, the bill prepared by the War Department aims to create a National Army, one army, equalizing the term of service, so that all its members will be entitled to be discharged from the military service when the emergency has passed. Since we already have the Regular Army and National Guard, made up of volunteer recruits, the policy recommended by the Department provides for raising these two elements to war strength by a continuation of volunteer enlistment, and adds new forces drawn from the country by a system of selective conscription. This plan provides for a continuance of the traditional policy of the country in the matter of volunteers so far as existing forces are concerned; but new forces would be chosen in the following manner:

All the men in the country between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five years would be registered. It is estimated that they would number about seven million. Of this seven million approximately forty-two per cent, or about three million, would be disqualified for various reasons. Of the remaining four million, five hundred thousand would be chosen by lot, first apportioning to each state its proper proportion, and then, within the states, making a further apportionment among the Congressional Districts, and perhaps the counties or other territorial units, the apportionment in each instance being based upon the population of the unit as shown by the last Federal Census. The five hundred thousand men thus chosen would be the first element of the new army formed according to a plan which would provide further forces in like number, from time to time, as our military need required.

Under this plan the new forces would be made entirely of young men; but wars are always fought by young men. In the Civil War the number of men in the Union armies of twenty-one years of age and under numbered 2,159,798, while the total of those over twenty-six years of age was only 46,626; and what was true in 1861 would have to be true now, for the very important reason that under our modern industrial system, and in view of war's dependence upon it, it is least possible to spare for military service men above the age of twenty-five.

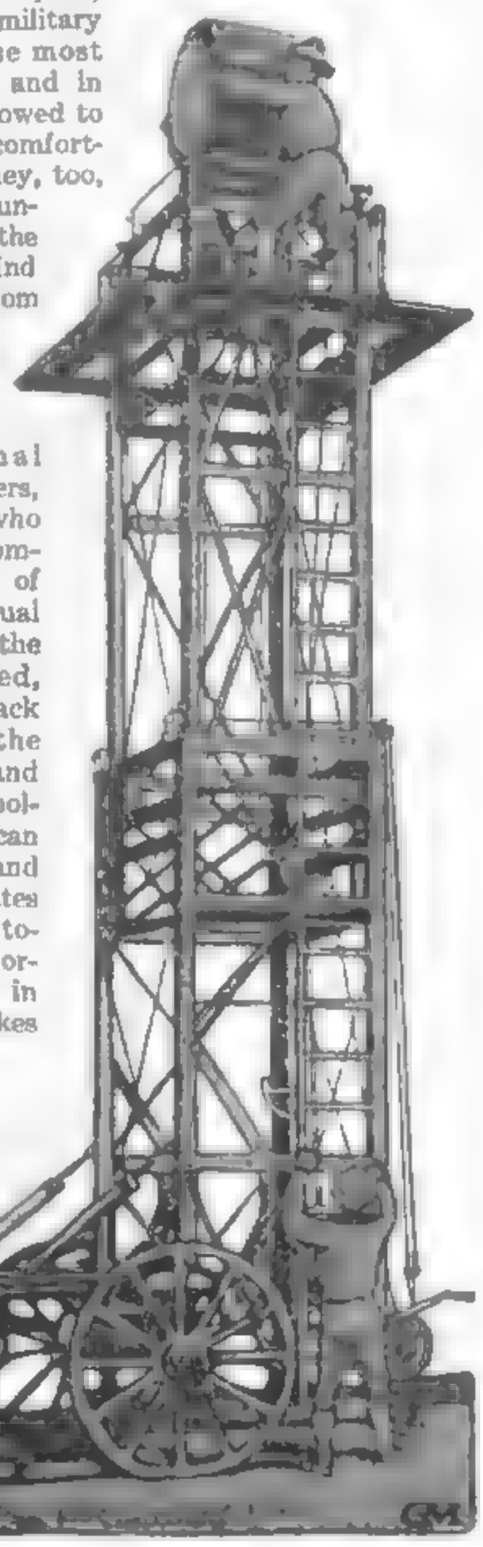
Young men are better able to endure the hardships of the campaign; they are less often husbands and fathers, and their absence from home entails less suffering and separation from essential social ties; they more readily acquire the training and skill necessary in the use of arms.

The Fairness of the System

THE measure prepared by the War Department, therefore, provides for the Regular Army, now 131,000, with 161,000 volunteers to bring it to war strength; and the National Guard, now 123,000, with 206,000 volunteers to bring it to war strength. In other words, 367,000 volunteers will be accepted in these two forces, and some additional provision is made for volunteers in the recruiting of units at home for the maintenance in the field of these forces at their full strength and for training purposes, in all perhaps two hundred and fifty thousand more.

But beyond these, and in addition to them, the bill provides for five hundred thousand men as the first unit to be called into the service in accordance with the selective principle, which, after all, means little more than the assignment of citizens of suitable age to their place in the country's defense; and the merit of the plan suggested lies in the fact that it recognizes the common obligation of all citizens of the Republic and inaugurates a plan by which each, in his order, will be called as he is needed; those needed first, and best adapted, called first into the military service; while those most needed on the farm and in the factory will be allowed to remain there in the comforting assurance that they, too, are defending their country in the way which the experience of mankind and the collective wisdom of the people determine to be best.

The plan abolishes the distinction between professional soldiers and volunteers, in order that all who serve may share the common lot, do service of equal dignity, have equal rights; and, when the emergency is passed, these forces dissolve back into the body of the country. The future and permanent military policy of the country can then be determined, and Congress and the states can take such action together as the future ordering of their part in the world's affairs makes necessary.



Wear-Resistance

Of a Remarkable Sort, Demonstrated by Dealers' Drive-Away From Motor Car Factories

THE freight car shortage has had one unlooked-for effect.

It has furnished further proof that Prōdium Process does make Republic Tires last longer.

Thousands of cars were driven away from the factories, over very bad roads, by dealers from a dozen states.

Republic Tires were always conspicuous at the end of the journey by their fresh, unworn appearance.

They arrived—after a terrific siege in most cases with the Staggard Tread scarcely rubbed.

You may recall what we have said of the toughening effect of the Prōdium Process.

It renders the rubber more close-grained and less porous.

The surface wears down more evenly and more slowly.

As we have said, it can only be compared to steel in the uniformity of its resistance to wear.

The dealers' drive-away merely confirmed the general experience of Republic users.

But it was a dramatic demonstration, widely advertised by disinterested people.

The facts about Republic Tires are becoming better known now.

As fast as we can replenish dealers' stocks, they are exhausted.

In a short time people will never think of Republic Tires without also thinking of superior quality—longer life.

We are striving earnestly to meet the demand which this spontaneous public approval has created.

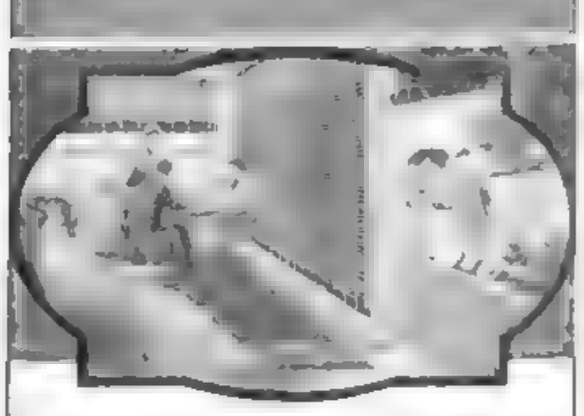
Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Company, Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire, the Republic Staggard Tread

REPUBLIC TIRES

Vudor Ventilating Porch Shades



EACH of 17 years has added improvements to Vudor Porch Shades, *exclusive* features for comfort-giving, for artistic sightliness, for durability. The sum of all is complete satisfaction—a porch made invitingly cool all Summer long, many Summers to come.

This year Vudor Shades offer a *supremely* desirable, new and *exclusive* feature—porch *Ventilation*. Note in above illustration the new Vudor patented Ventilating section made by weaving narrow slats very, very far apart for a small space at the top of each shade. The hot air on the porch rises and passes through this ventilating section, and cool air from the floor takes its place.

Remember the Aluminum Trade Mark below—the mark on the moulding of every Vudor Ventilating Porch Shade is the identification of the genuine.

TRADE Vudor MARK
PORCH SHADES
DATED JAN 8 1904 — MAY 8 1915
JUN 15 15 — VENTILNG PATS ALL'D
HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
JANESVILLE, WIS

Vudor Porch Shades are not expensive. A few dollars will equip the average porch, making it a completely shaded and breezy outdoor room for refuge from Summer heat.

Sleeping Porches

With Vudor Porch Shades you can use your ordinary day porch for a sleeping porch at a minimum of cost, and sleep in the refreshing outdoor air in complete seclusion.

The new Vudor Ventilating Porch Shade has many other distinctive features: effectiveness, durability—brought about by double reenforcing warps, extra heavy slats protected at the ends so they do not break; heavy, ovaled bottom mouldings cross-up cord working through the new Vudor Cord Glides (no pulleys, which doubles its life, safety wind device which prevents whipping in the wind, and beautiful, permanent oil stains, restful to the eye, which do not fade.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION
228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

Tear off and send this coupon for complete information and colored reproduction of Vudor Porch Shades in actual use on all kinds of homes. We will also send name of local dealer

Name

Address

Town State

HAWKSHAWING MERCHANDISE

(Continued from Page 15

took the box of pins anyway. Later, the efficiency expert showed the executive department where an elaborate system of espionage not only antagonized the entire organization, and cost more than the losses from this source would amount to, but wouldn't and didn't reduce these losses in the slightest degree.

This store now only requires that employees with packages of any sort leave them at the transfer desk, where small pink tags will be pinned to them. The packages are always ready when the clerk is leaving and the watchman removes the tag. But this at noon only. At other times employees are allowed to go to lunch or on special errands without any restrictions of any kind. Books also are free to go in and out at any time.

By putting their employees—as nearly as is possible in a large organization—on their honor, this store estimated that it breaks more than even. In other words, what it saves in cost of espionage more than counterbalances the two Mary Smiths that carry away the pins. Added to that is the immense benefit derived from placing every clerk on her or his honor.

It is the smaller part of the total yearly leak, fifty thousand dollars. In an organization of eighteen hundred, this company estimates that only from five thousand dollars to seven thousand dollars is lost directly through employees of the store. In the case of a small store this loss is very much less. The bulk of the loss goes through the front door right under the eyes of the smiling frock-coated floor manager. The incident of the old lady is an exception, not in cleverness but in motive. Mrs. Madden, who has been remarkably successful in protecting her house over a period of several years, places the responsibility for loss as follows: Professional thieves—seventy per cent; people who have found it so easy—twenty per cent; girls shoplifting to adorn themselves—eight per cent; kleptomania—two per cent.

This woman cares for seven floors in a large, popular-price store which is constantly offering reductions and is usually well filled. When she first came to this house she obtained a small room on the top floor and sent down a merchandise requisition for two suits and three hats. These, with her own costume, gave her three changes for the day. Later she added a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. She changes so often that she passes the majority of clerks unrecognized, though she has been with the house for over three years.

The Mother-and-Baby Trick

She was the first person who saw through the mother-and-baby trick, which cost many stores a considerable sum before Mrs. Madden discovered the secret of the corpulent rattan grip. The woman who turned this trick usually entered the store about eleven o'clock, just as the morning shopping was at its height. Clasped to her breast was a crowing youngster with the fragment of a cooky clutched tightly in its chubby fist. In her other hand the woman carried a small rattan traveling bag. Even Sherlock Holmes would have pronounced her a suburban shopper of rather meager means. She might linger at a display of blouses or expensive lingerie; a particular garment would interest her, and she would place the baby on the table or counter while she examined it more closely. Invariably something about the garment displeased her, and with a gesture that the clerk could see very plainly she would toss the article back on the table and pick up the child.

But the dear little thing had only a portion of the cooky left. With an indulgent smile the woman would place the baby on the floor, place her grip beside it and open it for a new cooky. It was a happy little incident; but this same crowing youngster was the principal means of moving any given article from the showcase to the grip. When apprehended, after being followed through the store for nearly three hours, it was found that the baby had brought nearly seventy-five dollars' worth of merchandise to the little grip—silk blouses, lingerie, a bolt of ribbon, a quantity of real lace, even several pairs of stockings were found in the grip.

The capture was an accident too. Mrs. Madden noticed the woman take a cooky from the baby, break it in pieces and return only a small portion. It was curious but hardly criminal. As that section of the store was nearly empty she watched the woman go through the little performance. When the woman placed the baby on the floor beside the grip and brought out a fresh cooky, Mrs. Madden determined to follow her. At the next department the woman stopped, and Mrs. Madden noticed that the baby was placed directly on top of an open box of gloves. In an instant the entire scheme was perfectly plain. When the woman picked up the child, concealed under the long dress was a pair or two of the gloves. The transfer was made while the baby was being supplied with a fresh cooky.

"Come to mamma," cooed the woman.

The clerk smiled as the mother carefully lifted the little figure, never dreaming that "Come to mamma" included four and a half dollars' worth of gloves.

Before Mrs. Madden came to this store the position of store detective was held by a woman who had worn herself to the point of a nervous breakdown covering the seven floors of the store in an effort to stop some of the thefts that were occurring daily. She made but one capture in seven months.

Mrs. Madden, a slight little woman who had formerly taught school, started out by using her brains instead of her feet. She divided the store into zones, in an effort to determine if possible the points where she could devote her time with the best results.

Art in Stealing Shirts

She began by eliminating the entire seventh floor, which harbored the housewares section. The other woman had spent a part of her time each day wandering through this collection of washing machines, kitchen utensils and glassware, without ever stopping to think that a washing machine or a kitchen skillet would be a difficult article to take out under a coat or in a muff. She next eliminated the entire sixth floor, which was given over to rugs and draperies. The fourth floor followed. It contained the picture, talking machine and domestic sections. So far she had saved an hour and a half to devote to zones which she had marked in red on the house department chart. The shoe section also was eliminated, despite the fact that thefts occurred there occasionally. They were rare, however, and Mrs. Madden showed the general manager that where protection was required was in the departments showing chronic losses. She pointed out three floors she had marked in red, and told him she expected to concentrate all her energies at these points, completely ignoring sporadic losses.

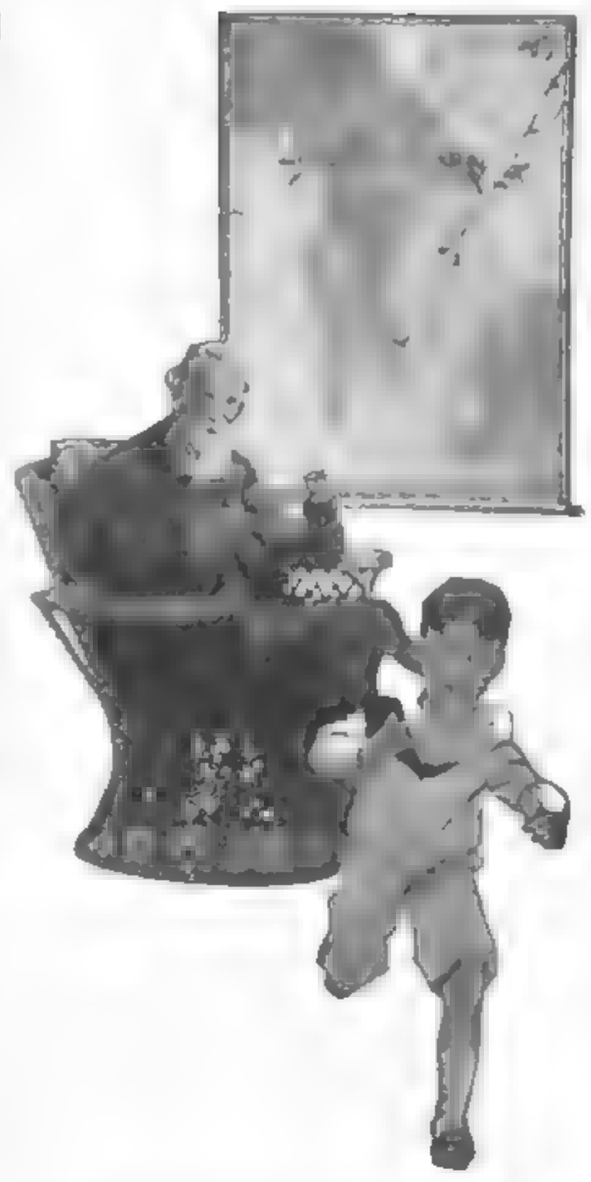
These floors were the third, which contained blouses, lingerie and millinery—this floor was and is still one of the biggest losers; the second floor, containing coats, suits and furs—the latter always the seat of operations of the most dangerous shoplifters, the professionals; the first floor, where the smallness of the articles offered for sale, such as gloves, hosiery, handkerchiefs, was always a temptation to the next class of shoplifters, the women who steal because it is so easy.

Then she arranged a three-hour schedule of changing her garments, which permitted her to appear at the glove sale at ten o'clock in a little jaunty hat and a tailored suit, and to be present at the noon-hour rush in the millinery section in a more elaborate suit with a big hat that completely shaded her face. Sometimes she added the horn-rimmed spectacles and looked like a middle-aged woman with decided ideas about life. She was a customer in every sense of the word.

Concentrating on the red zones enabled her to catch a very clever thief who had an entirely new method of stealing silk shirts. This man, to a casual observer, looked and dressed like a prosperous business man. He was well filled out, with a catchy, chuckling laugh that the clerk in the shirt section liked. He came into the store shortly after the lunch hour, accompanied by a hungry-looking, poorly dressed man with the collar of his suit coat buttoned up close over his hunched-up shoulders. The prosperous-looking citizen led the other up to the shirt counter and said:

"Now then, pick out a good shirt. I know how it is to be looking for a job without a clean-looking shirt. Get anything you want."

(Continued on Page 33)



SULPHUR and molasses—a big, mealy, crunchy, sticky spoonful. That was Granddad's Spring-time tonic each year when the robins came.

To-day? Well, things have changed a bit. Wingfoot walking is the natural tonic. And it's easier to take. There's a generous helping of health-building oxygen in every *wingfooting* jaunt. So *wingfoot* on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

* *

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company guarantees Wingfoots to outwear any other rubber heels. A new pair free if yours do not.

Wingfoots in black, white and tan, for big folks and little folks—50 cents—put on by shoe dealers and repair men.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

WING FOOT HEELS

GOOD YEAR AKRON

California Raisin Bread

Made with
SUN-MAID
RAISINS

For a Quick "Come Back"

WONDERFUL, the short time in which a slice of raisin bread *revives* you!—weak or faint, it almost *telegraphs* the needed uplift; the blood vessels are the wires.

* * *

Sun-Maid Raisins are the reason—the sugar they contain (grape sugar) is pre-digested and thus "stripped for action." They are rich in *iron* and *phosphorus* —generous in their content of other *mineral salts essential to life*—and all in form for *easy* assimilation.

* * *

So here, Mother, in these "nuggets of *ready* energy", is the ideal fruit-food for kiddies, too. In bread, pies, cookies, cakes or puddings; in breakfast foods, or simply stewed and served with cream; or single raisins, whole, as tid-bits for tired tots; don't overlook these timely little health-tips.

Variety? There are some *two hundred* ways to make *extra luscious* raisin foods—our free recipe book tells how. No one ever need grow tired of raisins.

* * *

The brand, remember, is *Sun-Maid,* if you want the best package raisins for home use; and every first class Grocer sells it.

* * *

California Raisin Bread made with Sun-Maid Raisins according to a *special recipe*—"count the raisins"—is also sold by all good dealers, usually at 10c the loaf.

* * *

Eat more raisins—and be sure to get the **Sun-Maid** Brand.

California Associated Raisin Company
Membership 8000 Growers
Fresno, California

Greater Goodness With Year-Ahead Beauty

The one big Hupmobile idea has always been to build a good car. So good that its greater value would distinguish it.

We believe we have succeeded. Each Hupmobile has given new cause for increased public faith. Each has found a wider and wider field.

But none has gone so far as this year-ahead beauty-car. Never has our output been so large. Never demand so great, so widespread; never so far from satisfied.

Beauty Is Value In Extra Measure

People see equal beauty in no other car of like price. They have learned—by observation if not by experience—that Hupmobile value is as real as Hupmobile beauty. They have seen this perfected four go up and up in popular favor.

The fact that where sheer pulling power wins, the Hupmobile outperforms other fours, and multi-cylinders of every type, has long been public property.

New Friends Won By The New Car

Hupmobile has always shown better-than-ordinary value. Year-ahead beauty, therefore, is value over and above what we have given before.

The new Hupmobile has the motor which other makers say belongs in a $3,000 car. It has the same costly clutch, transmission and rear axle. It has refinements and betterments that are well worth while.

Thus we keep all we had. On top of extraordinary mechanical value, we add year-ahead beauty. We can do so, because, by increasing production, we cut manufacturing costs—and keep the quality up.

We counted on the public to absorb our larger output. We believed Hupmobile goodness and value—with extra beauty features—would gain an army of new Hupmobile recruits.

Symbols of Greater Style and Value

Bright finish, long grain, French seam upholstery

Improved cushions and lace type back springs in seats

Leather-covered molding finish along edges of upholstery

Neverleek top, black outside, tan inside—waterproof

Tonneau gypsy quarter curtains, integral with top

Front and rear edges of top finished with leather-covered molding

Hupmobile-Bishop door-curtain carriers, folding with curtains—exclusive

Bright leather hand grip-pads on doors

Large door pockets with special weighted flaps

Body a new color—Hupmobile blue

New variable dimming device graduates brilliance of headlights

New soft operating clutch

Five-passenger Touring Car, $1285; Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1440; Roadster, $1285; Sedan, $1735. Prices f. o. b. Detroit

Taking Preference In Three Big Ways

That is just what happened. This Hupmobile has outstripped all previous Hupmobile successes.

People who want beauty and refinement give it preference. People who want sterling value give it preference. So do those who want winning performance, and economy, without added cylinders.

Check and compare the new Hupmobile. Observe its performance where possible. Have it demonstrated for your own satisfaction.

Write for the detailed report of the 20,000-mile Capital-to-Capital tour—which required 5,000 miles of rough and ready going each month for four months.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

The New Hupmobile

·Continued from Page 30·

The clerk was touched by the generosity of the well-fed citizen. Other clerks in the immediate vicinity watched the man as he started to look through the piles of shirts. He made funny little clicking noises in his throat. Poor devil! the clerks watching him thought he's probably hungry, and they watched him more closely.

In the meantime his benefactor was nonchalantly going through a pile of $10.85 silk shirts, stopping to gaze admiringly now and then at some particularly pretty pattern, only to toss it back on the pile. Finally the other selected a shirt at $1.50, and his benefactor left the pile of silk shirts and turned to pay the clerk. A few minutes later both left the store.

"There's a regular guy," the clerks said one to another, not knowing that the regular guy had departed with a trifle over fifty dollars' worth of fine shirts.

No one probably would ever have detected this plan if Mrs. Madden, who had heard of the touching scene, had not happened to be in another department store two days later and to have seen a man answering the same description performing the same act of charity for the same unfortunate man. In this case, too, all the clerks watched the poor unfortunate, so Mrs. Madden watched the prosperous citizen. The result was she caught him in the act of slipping an expensive shirt under the front of his expensive overcoat. When he was searched it was found that part of his corpulency was due to five other silk shirts.

As has been said, seventy per cent of the losses from thievery are the results of professional efforts. A professional thief does not bother with the small knickknacks that tempt the amateur. Silks, ready-to-wear, and furs constitute the merchandise they desire. A fox stole at ninety dollars is better than any amount of small articles, even if their total value exceeds a hundred dollars. The professional steals to sell later to a fence, so the merchandise must be the sort to be disposed of easily.

A big muff is the most common means of obtaining merchandise undetected. A woman may carry it with one hand through its entire length. A crêpe de Chine chemise tempts her, and she grabs it with her hand through the muff. As she carelessly fingers the rest of the display she draws the chemise into the muff. It is simple, easy, and very hard to detect. Professional thieves who make a specialty of silks also use the muff to good advantage. Usually it is a specially made one, a little longer than usual, just long enough to cover a bolt of silk, in fact. They work in groups of three, two women to steal the merchandise and a man, perhaps, on the outside to receive it after the getaway. They usually travel from city to city, spending a few days in each place. In summer, when a muff is out of place or conspicuous, a newspaper folded under the arm carries away such merchandise as silk blouses, lingerie and hose that can be rolled into a small space.

A Costly Blunder

The store detective must have more than a keen eye and an active brain; and she must be no ordinary judge of human nature. A case in point is an incident that happened to a store detective in a large store the trade of which lay almost exclusively among the rich and well-to-do. This same store also maintains a basement store where merchandise is sold at lowered prices.

One day, while passing through the basement store, Mrs. B——, the store detective, saw a well-dressed woman standing beside a table of white-silk gloves. In one hand she carried a large muff of pointed fox. As she passed the woman she noticed a price tag hanging from one of the tails of the muff. She immediately asked the woman to step up to the superintendent's office. The woman very indignantly refused. The detective insisted.

"There is no use in becoming hysterical. I have the goods on you," she said.

"Please call the superintendent," said the woman.

The detective refused, and insisted that the woman accompany her to the superintendent's office. Arriving at the office, the woman demanded that the general manager be called. The superintendent refused.

"What is the charge?" he asked Mrs. B——.

"Stealing a pointed-fox muff," she told him triumphantly, and taking hold of the muff she held it up. But the quick movement, instead of displaying the tag, sent it fluttering to the floor. It had clung to her muff after the woman had passed a waist display.

There was nothing more to be said. The superintendent apologized, Mrs. B—— apologized, but to no avail.

"Will you please ask the general manager to come here?" she repeated.

They complied with her request at once. When he arrived she told him in a brief, expressive way just what had happened. When she had finished she handed him a card

"My dear Mrs. Van V——," he said, "this terrible mistake is unpardonable. Let me ——"

"You may close my account," she interrupted, and walked away.

As it happened, her family formed at least three of the vertebræ in the backbone of the local aristocracy. Two days later the store had lost four other accounts and approximately nine thousand dollars yearly by the poor judgment of Mrs. B——.

Cases of this sort are fast becoming the exception rather than the rule. The Mrs. Madden of the big store of to-day is something more than a minion of the law. When severity is necessary she arrests quietly and unobtrusively. At least sixty-five per cent of the people apprehended appropriating merchandise are let off with a warning, and admonished that the next time they are caught it will mean arrest and exposure.

A Sleight-of-Hand Artist

Consider the class that carries away twenty per cent of the fifty-thousand-dollar total—the men and women who steal because it is so easy. They are in many instances people who can afford to buy what they steal. There is the case of the wife of a local merchant. Before she married him she traveled the smaller vaudeville houses, giving a sleight-of-hand act. The man was a boyhood lover, and tiring of the stage she married him and came home

Shopping about the larger stores one day, more in a spirit of fun—for she later returned it—she palmed a small cameo ring that lay on the counter in the jewelry section. It was so easy! She smiled as she placed it back on the tray.

But the next time she was downtown a small piece of neckwear attracted her. She lacked just forty cents of the purchase price. It would have been a very easy matter to wait until the next day when she had the necessary funds; but it was so easy, and she wanted the collar at once

This was the beginning of a shoplifting career that cost several large stores several thousand dollars.

Being an accomplished sleight-of-hand performer, the woman could palm small articles or work them up her sleeve in a way that defied detection for nearly two years. But the advantage of the zone system finally apprehended her.

The average woman may shop on the first floor of a large department store several times in the course of a week, but not so in the other two red zones—the second and third floors. Three or four times a month the average shopper may look at a new suit or a new hat, but certainly not with the frequency that she may shop for ribbons, veilings or gloves.

Following this idea, Mrs. Madden watched the people who frequented the latter floors more than she watched the merchandise itself. After several weeks of application to this idea, Mrs. Madden had four people marked as frequenters of the millinery and blouse sections. She noticed that they rarely made purchases, but were always looking, pulling at this waist or trying on that hat. By this process of elimination the woman was finally detected slipping a silk chemise into the large flowing sleeve of her coat.

The jewelry section easily heads the loss columns in the average department store, the smallness of the articles offering a glittering temptation. Combs, purses, rings, all are easily palmed or transferred to a muff or purse. In the majority of cases the article taken is not expensive, stones are usually imitation, settings rarely reach the fourteen or eighteen carat quality, but the total, if a count were possible, would undoubtedly be surprising.

It is at this counter that the eight per cent—the girls who steal to adorn themselves—are usually found. A collection of near-gold lavalhères beckons them from a space on the outer edge of the counter; the

Breakables Carted Safely on Motz Tires

For all light, fast delivery service the Goodyear Motz Cushion Tire has proved an extraordinary suitability—approximating the resilience of pneumatics and retaining all the trouble-proofness of solid rubber tires.

But in the carting of breakables the Motz is more than suitable—it is almost indispensable.

The following letter from Wm. Courtney of the Courtney Napa Soda Water Company, Oakland, Cal., is one of the many which tell of the wonderfully gentle cushioning which Motz Tires give to fragile loads:

"Several months ago I equipped a new Jeffery Truck with Motz Tires. The truck is loaded down with glass bottles and the breakage of bottles is practically eliminated, for there is as much cushion in these tires as there is in a pneumatic when fully inflated In fact I can see no difference between riding in this truck and in my own pleasure car."

Mr. Courtney remarks also that prompt deliveries are certain now because there are no tire trouble delays.

See the Goodyear Motz Service Station Dealer in your town. Or get in touch with the nearest Goodyear Branch—or write direct to Akron

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Start Your FORD THE GRAY & DAVIS WAY

PRESS a foot-pedal. Engine spins automatically—no matter how stiff. Turn a switch—brilliant light whether car is running or standing. Think of the convenience—besides, your wife or family can so easily handle the car. No cranking. No doubtful illumination at night. Also consider factor of safety which this system adds.

Gray & Davis system is a powerful two-unit instrument, easily attached. One unit cranks engine; the other keeps battery charged. Is easily installed. Long in use on thousands of Fords, everywhere. Simple, reliable, efficient.

Write for catalogue A-62 and name of dealer in your locality who sells and installs this system.

GRAY & DAVIS Inc.
Boston, Mass.

Universal Car Agency
Windsor, Ontario

SYSTEM COMPLETE $85.00 F.O.B. BOSTON

Red Head

TRADE-MARK U.S. PAT. OFF.

Vitristone Plug

YOU have always wanted better spark plug service at less expense.

Your expectations are *fulfilled* in the new Red Head plug, because it is made with the VITRISTONE insulator instead of the ordinary porcelain.

VITRISTONE is as superior to the ordinary insulator as a stone crock is to a china cup when subjected to extreme heat. The heat of the exploded mixture doesn't affect VITRISTONE.

Now—when you are refitting your car—is the opportune time to replace your present plugs with a set of Red Head VITRISTONE. They cost no more than porcelain plugs. Be sure to look for the *red enameled bushing*—the sign of VITRISTONE. Refuse any other.

If your dealer hasn't received his supply, mail us your order and give dealer's name.

EMIL GROSSMAN M'F'G CORP'N
20-A Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ford Size, 75c
Other Sizes, $1.00

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO - CLEVELAND - DETROIT

I would rather lose the profit—I would rather lose *ten times* the profit—on any guest's business than have him dissatisfied with Hotel Statler when he leaves.

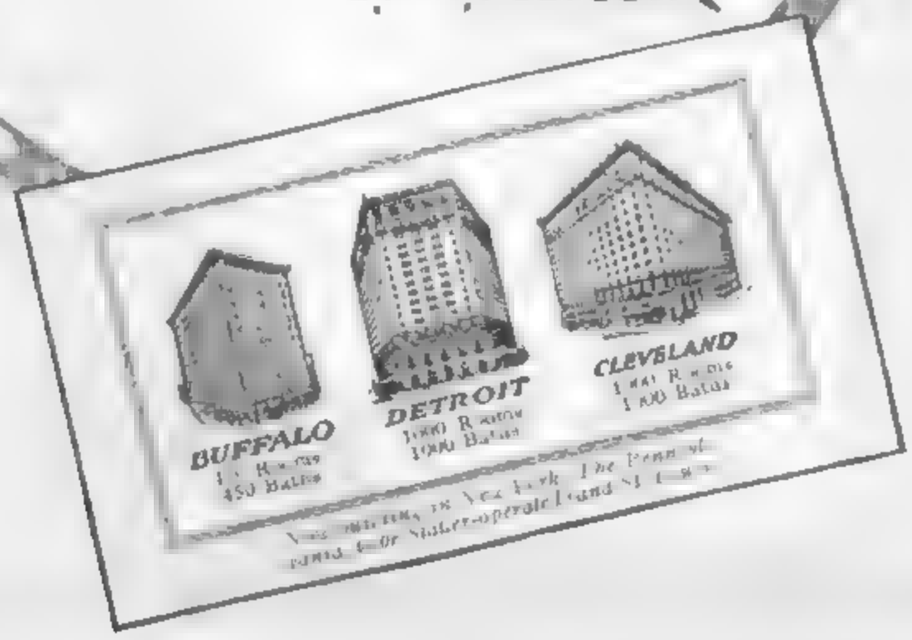
That isn't a matter of sentiment, but a matter of business.

If I fail to satisfy that patron it may mean the loss of an indefinite number of profits on his future visits to Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit—as well as profits on business which he controls or influences.

That's why we make "*the guest is always right*" the basis of our policy.

That's why we guarantee absolute satisfaction to *every* Hotel Statler guest.

E. M. Statler



price, $1.49, is more than they can afford. They linger, an easy mark to women who have studied them as Mrs. Madden has. Sometimes they are caught slipping some trivial bit into a muff or bag. Many, many times they escape.

For a long time Mrs. Madden sought for some method of coping with this evil. In nine out of ten cases the girls were not really bad. Most of them needed but a lesson to set them right. The zone system came to the front.

Mrs. Madden found most of the girls apprehended were taken between eleven and two o'clock. Obviously the answer was that this was their lunch hour. Thereafter she spent the most of these two hours in the jewelry department. Results were very gratifying, but Mrs. Madden found that, though in this way she protected the jewelry department, she left the other red sections entirely at the mercy of anyone with taking tendencies.

One day in passing the center door she saw the day watchman, an imposing figure in blue, with a badge of office decorating the front of his fifty-inch chest. The old-type store detective probably would have passed him by without a thought, except perhaps an inward "I'll bet the big stiff never caught anything but a cold."

But Mrs. Madden went to the office of the superintendent.

"What is our day watchman supposed to be doing about noon?" she asked him.

"Decorating the first floor somewhere," he laughed.

"Would you mind letting him lean up against the jewelry counter for an hour or two each day, if I could show you where it would save his wages?"

The superintendent would not mind at all. "But how?" he asked.

"Most of the jewelry we are losing," Mrs. Madden told him, "is being taken by little girls who are afraid of the sight of a blue uniform and a fifty-inch chest. He probably would not scare a professional, but professionals would probably not be interested in forty-nine-cent gold hatpins."

The next day at eleven the day watchman was at his post, a majestic figure truly. He is there to-day. For two years it has been his daily post, and he has never made a catch. Mrs. Madden and the superintendent do not expect him to. His two hundred and eighty-five pounds are the ounce of prevention that is required.

He is the scarecrow that frightens away the class of shoplifter that the average department store executive does not care to make a practice of prosecuting.

Models of Respectability

Front is just as much an advantage to the professional shoplifter as it is to a prosperous stockbroker or a character actor in the movies. In fact, the only way accurately to describe a composite shoplifter or thief is to say that he does not resemble one. For years a notorious silk thief passed from city to city masquerading as an erratic old dowager who wanted what she wanted when she wanted it. How this old lady of the old school did send those clerks to the rightabout!

Bolt after bolt was brought down from the shelves for her inspection. Nothing seemed to suit her.

"What has happened to the management of this store?" she would demand. "There isn't a piece of silk in the entire department worthy of my maid."

And all the time the maid was quietly placing a large bolt of fine imported satin at three and a half dollars a yard under her loose-fitting raincoat.

"Parson Charlie" was another artist of note who specialized in silks any way they came—in bolts, in waists, in underwear. He affected clerical black and the most immaculate of white linen. His hair was quite gray. If the clerk was a man, he was saluted as "My boy." If a woman, she was invariably "Well, young lady!" Both modes of address were always accompanied by a smile—and a companion. The former disarmed suspicion; the latter helped himself to the silk. And it is a peculiar fact that this man was never arrested until one day his companion was sick and he tried to acquire some imported silk blouses alone. In both cases, as well as in the case of the philanthropist who bought the shirts for the needy man, the principal rôle was played not by the actual thief, but by a person so out of the ordinary in speech or action that everybody in the vicinity watched him and not his companion.

This fact was brought to the attention of the clerks in the Mammoth Store, where Mrs. Madden watched over the red zones, by a little bulletin turned out by the store printshop. These bulletins came out perhaps on an average of once a month, every time Mrs. Madden felt that something she had discovered would help clerks to save their own merchandise. We quote bulletin twenty-two, issued on November fourteenth of last year to the stationery department:

"Employees can assist in the protection of merchandise from theft by seeing that all articles displayed on open counters are arranged in neat, regular lines."

"Bulletin number thirty-one, to employees of the women's cloak-and-suit department and the men's clothing section: In waiting on customers, please see that each is assisted in replacing her own coat after trying on garments. Wait on one customer at a time."

An innocent little plan to better service to the customer, think you? Quite the contrary; it is one of the weapons Mrs. Madden has discovered to cope with the shoplifter in red zone number two.

The Disappearing Fur Coat

It is leveled at the professional thief who walks into the cloak department and asks to see some of the better coats. A beautiful model of Bolivia cloth trimmed with mole doesn't please her; neither does a beautiful affair trimmed with skunk and marked a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Coat after coat is brought out only to be laid aside. Perhaps the clerk grows tired of waiting on this exacting customer; perhaps another woman may ask her to show her one of the suits advertised in this morning's papers. She leaves the procrastinating one to look at the coats piled about her and brings forth a suit for the other customer. Or she may leave the lady immediately when told that she will "Let it go for to-day."

In either case the woman, if she be a professional thief, has only to get up, don the skunk or mole trimmed coat, whichever happens to be the most expensive, and walk languidly to the elevator.

The men's clothing section, though not victimized often in this way, has the same rule. Every new salesman is told by the assistant buyer his first experience with a supposed member of a foreign war commission in town to purchase supplies for his country. It was a busy Saturday afternoon, and the department was crowded, when a distinguished-looking foreigner asked to be shown a fur-lined overcoat. A beautiful coat lined with seal with a large collar of beaver attracted him. The price was two hundred and twenty-five dollars. The clerk was new. It was a big sale and he felt elated.

"You will see the tailor and see how soon he could have it pressed, yes?" the distinguished foreigner asked.

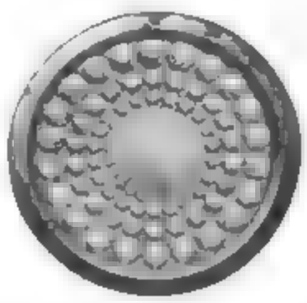
The clerk would, and did just as fast as his feet could travel to the tailoring section in the rear. When he returned the gentleman was not present—but his old overcoat was. When he told his story to the buyer he was discharged.

As he was leaving the department, coat and hat in hand, he stopped to examine the stranger's discarded coat. There were no identification marks of any sort, nothing but a clip of matches from the most fashionable hotel in town. Being a young man who took his discharge very keenly, he started out to investigate. He went to the hotel.

"There is nobody from the ——— legation registered here," the clerk told him.

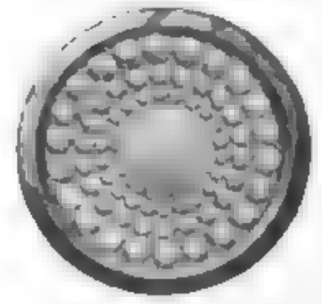
The young man was not satisfied, so he sat down in a chair opposite the desk. It was just before lunch. At a quarter to five from his seat in the lobby he saw the man come in, go to the desk and ask for a key. When he departed for the elevator the salesman asked the clerk for the number of the room.

Twenty minutes later an elderly woman in room five hundred and seven frantically called the operator and told her that a man was being murdered in the next room. An emergency squad, headed by the house detective, found the clerk sitting astride the portly form of the distinguished foreigner, actively—and to all intents, happily—engaged in dashing the distinguished head against the angle formed by a brass bed poster and the floor. After lengthy explanations and several telephone calls he was allowed to go, accompanied by the coat. The other, booked as "William Sweeney—no home," went to jail.



For Gentlemen

The Light That Doesn't Blind



Mark the Sponsors for Warner-Lenz

Note the 16 leading makers whose cars now go out with the Warner-Lenz.

They have decided, after tests and comparisons, that fine cars need these lenses. And they pay the price to give them—seven times what old-type lenses cost.

Others will do likewise, as new models are brought out. In the meantime, change the lenses for yourself. A Warner-Lenz equipment costs but $3.50 to $5. And the change can be made in a moment.

Soft As Moonlight

The Warner-Lenz light, to the eye, is as soft as moonlight. But it lights the road like daylight.

There is no glare, no dazzle. Dimmers are not required. The Warner-Lenz is legal everywhere.

There are 176 lenses in one. Part of them light the road ahead, from 300 to 500 feet. Part of them light the nearby roadsides and the turns.

Warner-Lenz light is the same in every position. Turning of the lens in the door of your headlamp does not affect it, nor does rise or fall of the car.

With the Warner-Lenz, a full half-circle ahead of your car is lighted as in daytime. And things seem as they are.

Ordinary Shaft-Lights Must Go

Traffic laws and reason tell us that the shaft-light has to go. Not in cities only, but on open roads. Safety forbids the blinding of pedestrians and drivers. And dimming gives you insufficient light. But there are other reasons, equally important. Ordinary shaft-lights throw rays straight ahead. The nearby roadside is unlighted. The turns are dark.

What you need is a flood of light covering everything ahead, and reaching far out at the road-turns. The Warner-Lenz is the only lens that covers those requirements.

Set the Example

Over 400,000 motorists have in one year adopted Warner-Lenz. You see them everywhere, setting an example to the blinding-headlight users.

Join in this example. You will be repaid in a hundred ways. After one night's driving with the Warner-Lenz, nothing could coax you back to shaft-lights.

Note the evidence. Over 800,000 clear-glass lenses discarded in one year. Sixteen famous makers have abandoned them for Warner-Lenz.

Other lens makers, on this account, now make diffusing lenses. If they attract you, ask us for comparisons. Get the right lens when you make the change. You can well accept the verdict of the makers named below.

Standard Equipment
On 16 Makes

PACKARD LENOX
MARMON BIDDLE
HAL TWELVE
STUTZ PEERLESS
WHITE FIAT FAGEOL
McFARLAN SINGER
OHIO ELECTRIC
DANIELS & PATHFINDER
DOBLE STEAM

WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer

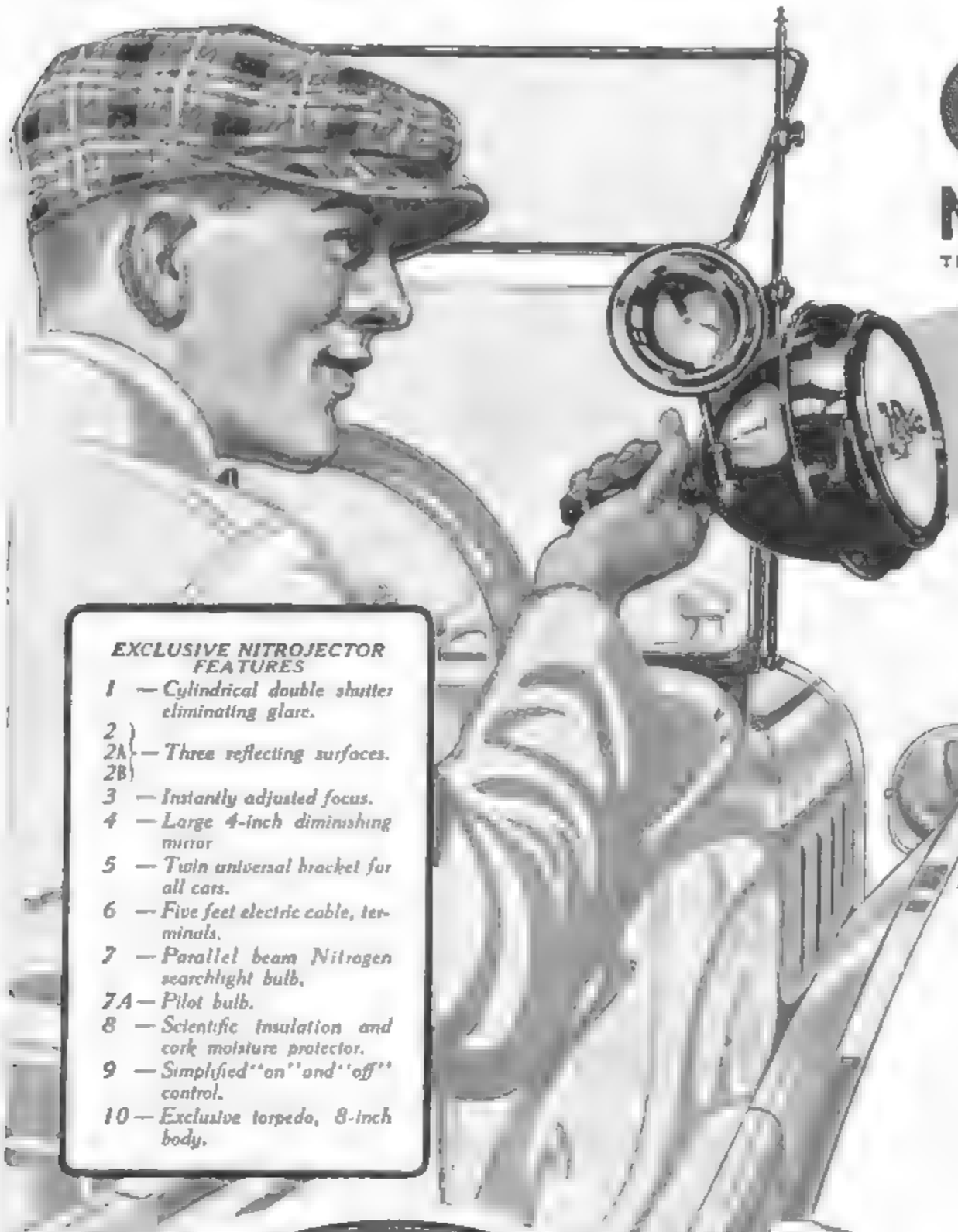
THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY
918 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10⅛	4.00
10¼ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies, 15c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE: If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



EXCLUSIVE NITROJECTOR FEATURES

1 — Cylindrical double shutter eliminating glare.
2, 2A, 2B — Three reflecting surfaces.
3 — Instantly adjusted focus.
4 — Large 4-inch diminishing mirror
5 — Twin universal bracket for all cars.
6 — Five feet electric cable, terminals.
7 — Parallel beam Nitrogen searchlight bulb.
7A — Pilot bulb.
8 — Scientific insulation and cork moisture protector.
9 — Simplified "on" and "off" control.
10 — Exclusive torpedo, 8-inch body.

OLD SOL NITROJECTOR MODEL 100

OLD SOL SPOTLIGHT No. 77

PRICE $5.00

OLD SOL SPOTLIGHT No. 70

PRICE $7.00

OLD SOL NITROJECTOR No 100

THE 100% PERFECT NO GLARE WINDSHIELD LIGHT

$10

Gives You Sunlight Without the Glare

EVERY automobile owner in America is looking for a 100% perfect light. It must give a powerful light in every and any direction—without glare. It must concentrate this beam of filtered light at a given spot or diffuse it in a road-wide area—instantly—at the will of the driver. It must meet the automobile lighting laws of any State in the Union.

There is such a wonder-light for you; all lights in one light. The Old Sol Nitrojector No. 100. The 100% Perfect No Glare Windshield Light—that gives you all that you need and is the light to buy.

Glare light is one of the greatest dangers on the road. No glare light is one of the greatest protections from danger on the road. The Old Sol Nitrojector gives you reflected light with all the danger taken out of it. It provides night sunlight without the glare.

Read and note the patented features—the exclusiveness of the Old Sol Nitrojector. Think of its lighting sufficiency—enjoy its lighting efficiency. Remember, it fits any windshield—left or right drive—that its powerful light projection (without glare) complies with every law and gives you 100% satisfaction. Then go and equip your car or specify this miracle light for your new car.

The Old Sol Nitrojector is sold by hardware dealers, accessory dealers and garages everywhere for $10.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, giving us his name. Mention the style Spotlight desired and we will tell you where to get it.

There are two Old Sol Windshield Spotlights

Models 70 and 77 shown here, a trifle smaller, not quite all the exclusive features of the Nitrojector, but perfect in principle, beautifully finished.

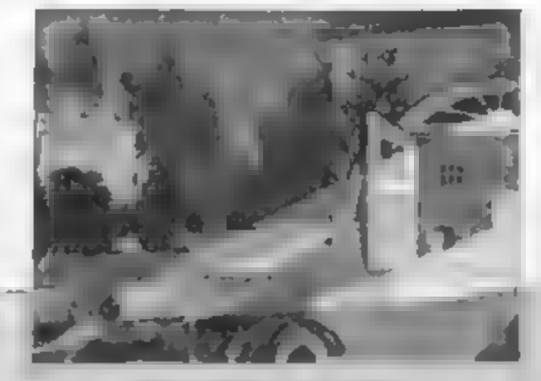
Both have the Old Sol focusing device, twin universal bracket, diminishing mirrorscope, and five feet of duplex cable and copper terminals.

The larger model is No. 70—has seven-inch door and body—price $7.00. No. 77—the smaller model—has six-inch door and body—price $5.00.

Write for our Booklet or order from your dealer

HAWTHORNE MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.
Makers of Old Sol Windshield Spotlights and Electric lighting devices

Interesting for Night Driving



For Backing into Garage

For Reading Crossroad Signs

For Rounding Curves

NEW YORK CITY ON GUARD

(Continued from Page 16)

the outbreak of the European conflict in 1914, when it became manifest that, even if the United States itself were not involved, the international struggle might easily be provocative of internal violence in New York City and elsewhere.

Commissioner Woods sought and procured the active coöperation of the War Department in carrying out his plans, which included the introduction of army discipline throughout the department as a whole, the organization of an auxiliary volunteer force for both land and water patrol, the procuring of machine guns, armored motors, rifles and rapid-fire guns for riot and mob work, and an elaborate and carefully worked-out scheme for the housing and maintenance of refugees, in the event of the shelling of the city by a hostile fleet or its partial destruction by conflagration, earthquake, or other disaster.

With respect to this last—since it has already been treated to some extent in an article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of April 21, 1917—it is enough here to say that the police of New York City can undoubtedly care for a multitude of homeless people by means of refugee camps, the sites for which have already been laid out in public parks and in outlying sections, and for which plans have been made to supply water, cooking equipment, incinerating plants, clothing, cots and bedding, medical attendants, nurses, milk and food, and for the immediate shipment of additional foodstuffs from other districts.

In Inspector Schmittberger's office there is a card catalogue in which every building of importance in the city is registered, showing its location with reference to transit facilities, its exits and entrances, its surroundings and the nature of its contents, each card corresponding to an order already prepared covering what the police will do in the event that such building is damaged or destroyed. It is only necessary to insert the number of police to be dispatched to the place, affix the date and the Chief Inspector's signature, and the order is in effect; and the police will in a few minutes be on the way to protect the building, to care for the injured if any, to protect its inmates, and to guard its contents.

This is by no means all that Commissioner Woods, with the aid of his Committee on Preparedness—composed of Inspectors Schmittberger, O'Brien, Morris and Kelly—has accomplished. But it is a good indication of the kind of work that the New York Police have been doing during the last two and a half years in the way of getting the department on a war footing—or, in other words, making it in the highest degree effective; for it is the business of the police to protect life and property, and render aid to the citizens under all circumstances during either peace or war.

And effective they have made it, with its machinery so well oiled that when the President delivered his message to Congress, and the news was telephoned to Police Headquarters in New York City, all that the Chief Inspector had to do was to lean across his desk and sign an order already written out, which in a few seconds had been telephoned to each of the ninety-two precincts in the city. At that instant New York City was prepared for war.

Automatic Orders

The order thus transmitted automatically put into effect nearly two hundred other emergency orders, which had been on file at the various precincts for many days, and which provided for an entire redistribution of the force, the abolition of the reserves as reserves, new duties of patrol, and, in general, for all the requirements of an unusual situation. At eight o'clock the following morning every reserve on the force went on duty, and over sixteen hundred public utilities, aqueducts, banks, viaducts, bridges, power plants, railroad stations, ferries and public buildings were under guard. It was all done without a hitch and without attracting the slightest attention.

It is not, however, with the general efficiency of the New York Police that this article deals. Its purpose is rather to set forth just what forces the Police Department has at its control to supplement those of the Army and Navy of the United States, whose duty it is primarily to protect our seacoast, including New York City. Whatever preparation has been made by the municipality itself is in addition, therefore, to that already provided by the United States Government, concerning which nothing may be said, save that it is adequate. Commissioner Woods and his aides have had the consistent aim of making all they did "reasonable and concrete"; and in carrying out this aim they have had the inestimable advantage of knowing exactly what the conditions were that confronted them.

New York City and the country at large have suffered much from the many disorganized and often silly attempts to form committees and other organizations for the purpose of doing the work of the regular authorities in the defense of the country. Most of these have been of the "paper" variety, and a large number merely publicity schemes in disguise. They have sprung into existence, have been featured in the press, have choked the mails with circulars, only to fade out of existence or pass into stagnation.

The formation of what is known as the Home Defense League is the reaction of the officials of the Police Department to these misdirected efforts in the direction of protection. It is their reasonable and concrete answer to the question of how to cope with an emergency. It was a definite illustration of the difference between paper and genuine preparedness; and it gave honest men who were sick of the bunk and self-advertisement of the publicity hunter the opportunity of doing some real work for the city.

Volunteer Minutemen

The Home Defense League is a volunteer organization, the object of which is to replace in each of the ninety-two precincts of the Police Department patrolmen who are called away on emergency duty. They must be residents of the precincts in which they volunteer. These understudies are trained by competent police officers in the duties of policemen, are permitted to wear uniforms if they so desire, and are given nightsticks and brassards, but no firearms. They work in pairs, two volunteers taking the place and performing the duties of each regular patrolman who is summoned elsewhere.

All classes of citizens, from day laborers to corporation lawyers, are to be found in its enrollment, which at the present time numbers upward of sixteen thousand men. In addition, between eight and nine hundred citizens have volunteered to furnish motorcars for patrol purposes. Its commanding officer is Alexander M. White, a volunteer aide and unofficial deputy of the Police Commissioner, who, with twelve or fifteen other enthusiastic associates, devotes all his time to this service without compensation.

These volunteers are divided into three groups, which in the event of emergency would go on duty on succeeding nights. Thus, if there should be a riot in Madison Square, and two thousand regular police reserves should be sent to handle it, four thousand members of the Home Defense League would take the places of these reserves on the first night, four thousand others would do so on the next night, and four thousand others the third night—twelve thousand men being utilized in this way during the first three nights of such emergency, in addition to the hundreds of motorcars that would patrol the various precincts. These volunteers are, in fact, "minutemen," who not only form a most valuable adjunct to the regular force, but who, in addition, disseminate a spirit of patriotism and enthusiasm throughout the city.

Besides this land force, there is also what is known as the Auxiliary Flotilla, consisting of a fleet of sixty motorboats, supplementing the regular Marine Division of the Police Department, and assisting it in patrolling New York's four hundred-odd miles of city coastline, protecting the wharves and tows against river pirates, guarding munition ships, keeping suspicious boats and tugs at a safe distance, and watching the waters adjacent to the bridges and near the Brooklyn Navy Yard. None of these boats is less than thirty feet in length. There are eight hundred members of the Home Defense League now drilling daily to serve as marines on these motorboats, all of which, before long, will be armed with rapid-fire or machine guns, the larger ones having an additional armament of one-pounders fore and aft.

Her favorite box of candy

This diligent little maid, after the fashion of her day, has made a most excellent copy of the cover of her favorite candy-box, Whitman's Sampler. And indeed it *is* a box not soon to be forgotten—dainty without and dainty within, appealing to the artistic eye, charming in the quality and originality of its sweets. $1 the pound You may have it of Whitman's agencies (usually the leading drug store) nearly everywhere or from us postpaid on receipt of price. Ask for booklet

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

BAKER-VAWTER TIME & MOTION STUDY
Reduces 11 motions to 2
(on each separate posting) for bookkeepers using
BOOKKEEPING MACHINES

BAKER-VAWTER
STEEL LEDGER TRAY

The Old Way [illegible] 1 refer to ledger 2 locate account 3 remove ledger leaf 4 refer to page sheet for balance 5 turn back to insert leaf in its place 6 read balance from ledger or charge sheet 7 move back to print the folio 8 read amount on sheet 9 turn again to post the amount 10 then replace ledger leaf and [illegible] turn over the posted charge sheet

The New Way with the Baker-Vawter Steel Tray Note the illustrations how 9 of these 10 motions are ended.

Without asking, without charge Baker Vawter experts continually bring you practical *TIME AND MOTION* saving ideas. This is but one example.

It will pay you as it does THE BIG MAJORITY to order machine bookkeeping supplies from Baker Vawter Company and keep your methods up-to-date.

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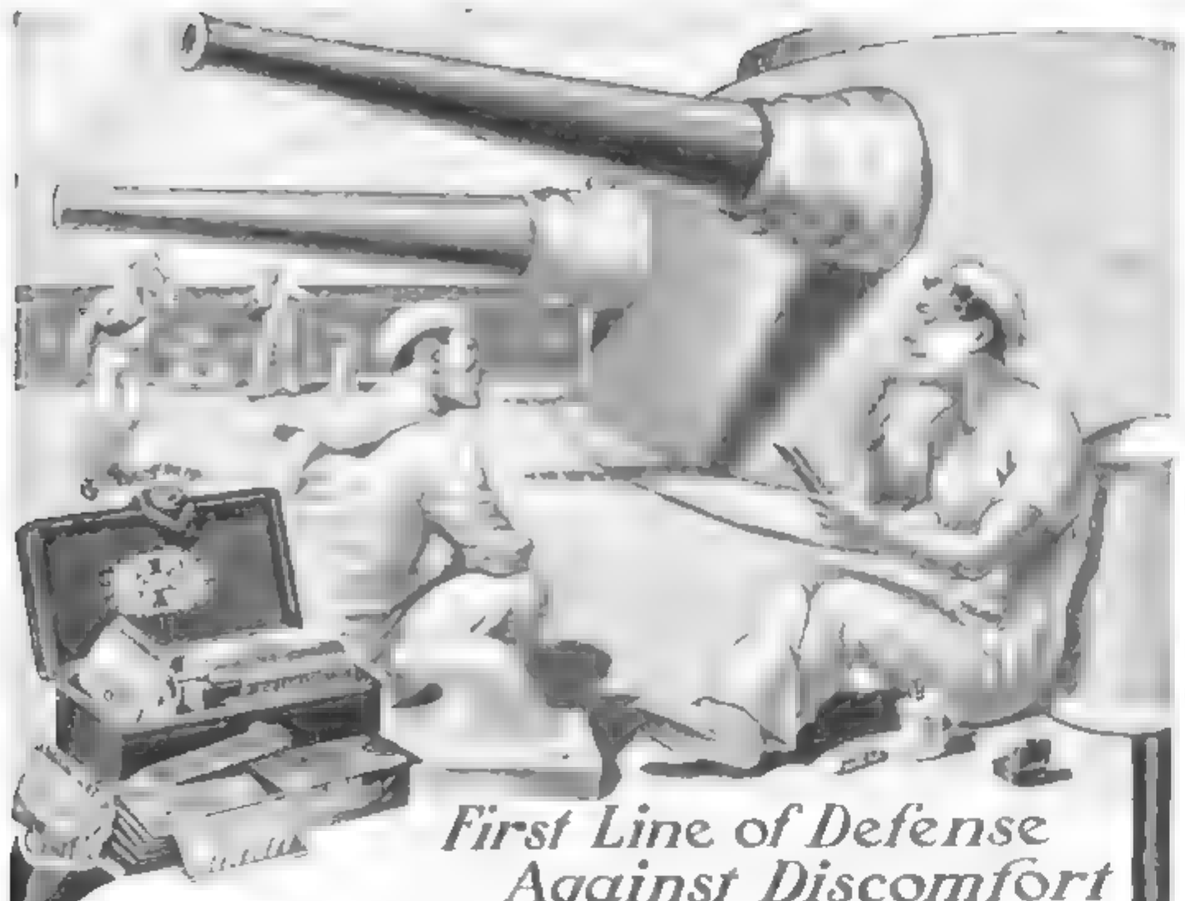

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AN auto jack should be, above all things, *dependable.* Picture a tire gone flat; an isolated road, night coming on. In a "pinch" like this, it's up to your jack to get you up and away, quickly. If it fails there's trouble in store

Can you afford to face a situation like this with an unreliable jack? With

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AUTO JACK

The Best Jack Money Can Buy

in your tool box, you can successfully meet this or any other emergency. The Hartford will not stall, linger or stick.

It is *the easiest-working auto jack*—15 pounds of effort transmits power to handle practically [illegible] pounds of car weight upon the jack. It is *the strongest* jack built. Its parts are made from solid steel—a case of hardened malleable iron. Its *base is broad and firm.* Its *lifting arm is long*, its *stroke, short.* And it is [illegible]

The first thing for you to do is get a Hartford. A dollar says it.

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Distributors to Principal Cities. Dealers Everywhere.

$8 AND WORTH IT

For *Comfort*—Hartford Shock Absorber

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Supplementing the eleven thousand-odd men constituting the regular uniformed force, armed with nightsticks and revolvers, the Police Commissioner has at his disposal over twelve hundred special policemen, known as Emergency Aqueduct Police, armed with repeating rifles loaded with shot cartridges, and chosen chiefly from men formerly connected with the National Guard or the Marine Corps. These men draw pay and are enlisted for an indefinite time. Orginally organized for the purpose of guarding the water supply of New York City, from Ashokan Dam to the sea, they have been released for service within the city, and are now being used chiefly on public works and as bridge guards.

Commissioner Woods has, roughly, therefore, under his immediate control between twelve and thirteen thousand police officers and over sixteen thousand volunteer guards, including an auxiliary equipment of nearly a thousand motorcars and boats, the latter of which are in daily use. In fact, this Auxiliary Flotilla is at the present moment performing excellent service in protecting the harbor waters, wharves, bridge piers, and vessels carrying munitions and supplies.

During the past three years he has sent a certain number of patrolmen annually to a camp at Fort Wadsworth to be drilled by United States Army officers as regular infantrymen; so that he has to-day a body of nearly three thousand policemen who, if necessity arises, can be armed with rifles and automatic shotguns, and used in infantry formation.

He has, also, a large number of machine guns, which can be quickly transported to any danger points throughout the city in the event of riots. The celerity with which the department has occasionally acted can be illustrated by the fact that the commissioner, having determined on a certain Sunday that fourteen additional machine guns were needed, had by the following Tuesday afternoon procured the guns; and members of the uniformed force were practicing with them under the direction of army officers, and being taught to dismantle and put them together again by machinists brought from the factories that supplied them.

In carrying out his general scheme of preparedness, Chief Inspector Schmittberger has arranged with various public-service corporations and others to supply, on call, over five hundred heavy motortrucks, which can be used for the shifting of men throughout the city to wherever they may be needed, or for transporting large bodies of citizens who may be the victims of disaster.

Plans have also been made to furnish the heavy trucks belonging to the regular department with armored bodies, which can be quickly lifted on or off. The cars when equipped will be able to carry a machine gun and twenty men. The department is also negotiating for a number of armored cars such as have been furnished to Canadian municipalities. These cars are powerful affairs of the most modern type, which can be used in much the fashion of the "tanks" on the Western battle front.

A Lesson From Von Moltke

But the most perfect system of police protection that could be devised would, of course, be rendered futile should the possibility of intercommunication between precincts and the swift transmission of orders be prevented by an unknown enemy through the cutting of telephone and telegraph wires.

In that event Arthur Woods might have found himself sitting quite calmly at his desk while ten thousand people were running amuck.

But Woods has a first-class imagination. It is the quality that makes people realize after talking with him for ten minutes that he isn't an ordinary sort of person at all. So one day he set his imagination going and tried to imagine just what he would do if his telephone wouldn't work—if the telegraph wouldn't work—if nothing worked. They easily might not work, he decided.

It was a serious proposition. Of what use would the batteries of machine guns be if you couldn't send for them, or, at least, send for them in time? He must have some means of communication that would always work. He looked out the window at the jagged skyline and saw the answer. If he couldn't send a message under or through the city, he could at least send it over the roofs. That afternoon he had men learning to wigwag.

To-day, if New York's entire electric-power system should be put out of commission, Woods can still transmit his orders by means of men stationed on the tops of buildings, who can relay them—by specially colored flags by day, and by lanterns at night from the Hudson River to Far Rockaway, or from far up in the Bronx to the remotest districts of Staten Island. All the crews of the Auxiliary Patrol have also been taught to wigwag. He now has, besides, movable wireless stations that can be set up on any street corner in the city within two minutes, just as heretofore he has used movable field-telephone stations

The historic example of the Police Department's efficiency is its work at the time of the Subway cave-in, when the bottom of two or three blocks of Seventh Avenue suddenly and quite unexpectedly dropped out of sight, carrying with it pedestrians, wagons, horses and street cars. Then it was that Woods—to use the vernacular of the department—"pulled his Von Moltke stunt"; for, six months before, he had finished his plans for handling just such a situation. The orders were ready—"in the second drawer on the left," as Von Moltke had said forty-five years before.

Special Training

The dust had hardly subsided before the police had roped off the street, a temporary police headquarters had been opened at a portable desk on the curb, a field telephone installed, and ambulances and fire engines were on the way. It is an old story, but worth retelling, that, when things were humming at top notch, a reporter saw Woods leaning against a piece of scantling and looking on in a leisurely way at the sappers and miners working by the flare down in the hole.

"Gee!" exclaimed the reporter with enthusiasm. "This is the best police job I've ever seen; but you don't seem very much interested, I must say!"

Then it was, according to our local Weems, that the "Commish" laughed a little and said:

"No: I did my work on it six months ago!"

It is a good line, and Frank Lord, his second deputy, says he actually got it off. I am inclined to believe he did. Anyhow, it was true.

It became apparent to Commissioner Woods during his first year in office that one of the chief weaknesses of the force lay in the fact that the captains and lieutenants under his command, though excellent policemen, were of little use as officers. There was a distinct lack of morale in the department. The esprit de corps of the men was about one-half good and one-half bad. They were brave and loyal to one another, but they would shield each other when accused of wrongdoing or when derelict in duty.

In addition, there was no feeling of dignity or distinction on the part of the officers. In the "good old days" the captain and the patrolman on the beat called each other by their first names and slapped each other on the back; and the policemen knew that, though the captain was a good fellow, he didn't know his job, and that the chances were he had got his promotion by politics, pull, or worse.

A lieutenant or a captain was, in the final analysis, nothing but a patrolman at a higher salary and in a different uniform. The result was that on emergency duty this lack of discipline showed itself in an absence of order and a failure of coördination. Woods realized that the rank and file must be convinced of two things: first, that their superior officers knew their business; and, second, that they had the interests of the patrolmen at heart. He therefore organized the camp at Fort Wadsworth and sent a certain number of his men to Plattsburg, in both of which places they had the advantage of being drilled and trained by Regular Army officers.

Then, for the first time, the officers of the New York Police Force were taught how properly to shoot with a pistol, with which they were furnished; and they, in turn, have instructed the members of the force, so that to-day every policeman knows the proper care and use of his weapon—a thing rare in the old days, when, as a matter of fact, if a policeman fired at a fugitive on the street the only person who was safe was the man he aimed at.

Amusing stories are told in the department of the condition of the revolvers previously in use by the men on the force, who

(Continued on Page 41)

AMERICA'S SOAP
OF UTMOST EFFICIENCY

Economy is the watchword of the nation.

The true spirit of patriotism demands that each household purchase shall buy maximum quality at minimum cost. That is why American women everywhere are demanding

Peet's Crystal White

Crystal White is the most worthy ally of every housewife in her efforts toward absolute cleanliness.

Every atom of Crystal White is *pure soap*—no waste!

Hygienic spotlessness is produced with surprising ease!

Dainty linens and laces are ideally cleaned and *preserved* by Crystal White!

In the kitchen—in the laundry—for every household use, Crystal White is an active, aggressive, speedy cleanser and purifier!

Any good grocer will sell you Crystal White.

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Hot Water Service as Dependable as Light

YOU give a gentle pull—the room is flooded with light. Another pull—the light is extinguished and your expense stops. That is modern lighting service.

Now comes modern Hot Water Service—as simple—as sure—as economical as light.

You merely turn the faucet. That's positively all. That simple act *automatically* lights the Humphrey Gas Heater in the basement. Fresh, clean water is heated—not "presently" but instantly. It comes *steaming* hot from the faucet—by the tubful if you want it.

Turn *off* the hot water faucet and you *automatically* cut off the gas—*all expense stops.* That sounds almost unbelievable, but is literally true—as thousands upon thousands of home owners have proven.

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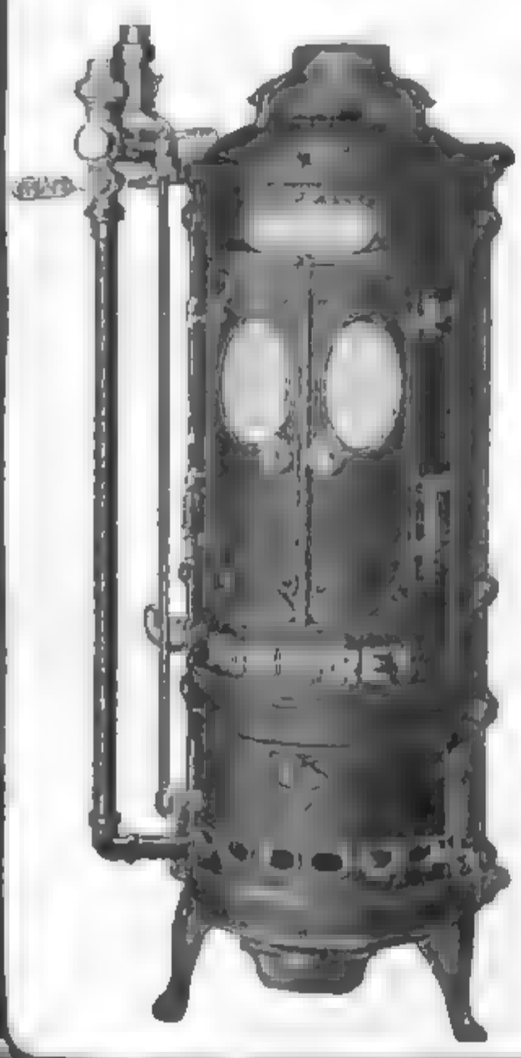

Think what a convenience! An abundance of hot water heated to order instantly—*oceans* of it—all day—all night—all summer—all winter—all the time.

Hot water at all points in your house—in bathrooms, kitchen and laundry. No fires, tanks or kettles to fool with—not even a *match* to light! *You simply turn the faucet!*

10 Gallons for a Cent

Remember, the Humphrey uses fuel *only as you draw the water!* It gives you *ten* gallons for less than a cent! That's two and one-half times as cheap as the old-fashioned way of *maintaining* hot water.

The Humphrey brings you a luxury at the cost of a *necessity.*

Investigate the Humphrey

—the original Gas Water Heater with the original features—*fifteen advantageous points.*

Gas Companies and Reliable Plumbers *everywhere* sell and install the Humphrey. There's a size for every home and every hot water need. Ask to see one.

Write for Interesting Booklet, "Hot Water Like Magic"
and for name of concern in your town that will demonstrate to you the wonderful Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater

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HUMPHREY
INSTANTANEOUS
GUARANTEED
AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

FOR SALE BY
GAS COMPANIES
AND RELIABLE PLUMBERS
EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 38)

left them lying round in the most casual manner in their homes or in the station houses, often in such a rusty condition that they could not be used. One of these antiques, which would not even "break," was found being used as a toy by the youngest child of its possessor! And even when officers were zealous in the care of their weapons, they often oiled them to such an extent that they were useless.

The proper training and disciplining of the officers has resulted in the jacking up of the morale of the entire force to such an extent that in August, 1916, during the strike on the New York City railways, which in the number of workers affected was the second largest strike in the history of the United States, when six thousand five hundred policemen were on continuous strike duty for three months, there was not a single person injured and not a shot fired; something inconceivable under the old régime.

Bill Devery, who, if not "the best Chief of Police New York ever had," was certainly a "great cop," was a master hand at quelling disorder during strikes; but Devery used to accomplish this by the force of his own personality and by the fear he was able to throw into the hearts of the rioters. To-day the patrolmen, through discipline and coördination, are able to do this of themselves.

What strikes one on going into Police Headquarters—especially if one's professional associations have been with the department—is that the traditional abdominal policemen on duty there have given place to trim, brisk young athletes, with intelligent faces and clear complexions. The old-fashioned "cop" used to resemble a bartender; now he is more apt to look like a university oar.

This is largely due to Woods. He is that type himself, and so are the men he has attracted to the department service and the volunteer aides he has gathered round him at this rather nervous time—such as Nick Biddle and his staff of spy hunters; Alec White, of the Defense League; and others who might be mentioned.

To-day the New York Police Department is the best in the world, and New York is the best policed city in the world, for the reason that, in addition to having the discipline and bravery of the London force, it has a much higher degree of individual intelligence. They do things now in five minutes at the New Headquarters that used to require several hours—if they could be done at all. The patrolman calls his captain Sir instead of Bill; and when he shoots he is likely to hit his man instead of some nurse wheeling a perambulator.

But the most important quality of the present method is the spirit with which the cop does his work and the attitude he takes toward the citizen. In wartime nothing could be more vital. A cop who lost his head, drew his gun, or even used severity, might precipitate a riot. Woods tells his men to "grin" and "kid the crowd along." They do. This method has taken all the pep out of the anarchist business in New York.

You can't have any fun being an anarchist when the traditional enemies of liberty—the police—call you by your first name, and loudly insist that no one shall interfere with your entire freedom of speech.

In Case of Riots

This comment explains the kind of instrument Woods has at his command. It could not be better in temper and morale. Neither could it be much better equipped. If four riots should break out simultaneously at four widely separated points in New York City—say, in Union Square, Columbus Circle, City Hall Park, and the Battery—he could, within twenty minutes, have each place surrounded by three thousand regular policemen, with a machine gun at every corner. If an enemy shelled Brooklyn, Woods could begin almost immediately transporting the population, by truck, motor, barge and motorboat, to a safer section of the city. Inspector Schmittberger has a list of every automobile in New York and he can instantly requisition most of them.

And all this would be done without reducing the number of men on patrol in the different precincts, for there would be two Home Defense Volunteers spring forward to fill the place of every cop on riot duty. Instead of the size of the force being diminished, it would be almost tripled.

But, reverting to our original thesis for a moment, is there any reason for anticipating the necessity of using force against an alien enemy or the sympathizers with an alien enemy within the confines of New York City? Is it sensible to suppose that an armed force may suddenly appear out of the ground in our midst?

As to this, a word or two later on. But meantime let me hazard the opinion that it is far more likely that, if the police were called out on emergency duty, they would be summoned to protect some alien crank from the hands of a mob of our own citizens than to protect those same citizens from an alien force. If the police are ordered on mob duty it will be for the purpose of guarding some fanatic, who has tried to do a little terrorizing on his own account, until he can be disposed of in a legal way—"according to the statute in such case made and provided."

For the New York police only begin where the United States Navy and Army leave off. And nothing may be said about the Government's preparations and plans for defense. We are discussing conditions inside the city merely.

It may be stated, however, that the Police Department is working in direct coöperation with the Army and Navy.

Guarding the Bridges

For example, when the President issued his proclamation there were four United States battleships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Navy immediately notified the Police Department to guard the Brooklyn Bridge. Within a few minutes the bridge was covered with men, and motorboats were not only patrolling the waters adjacent to the piers but all that part of the river in front of the Navy Yard. This bridge work is in charge of what is called the Bridge Division of the Police Department, officered by one captain and twelve sergeants, specially detailed.

Besides bridge work, the Government has also called on the Police Department to guard incoming and outgoing vessels, to relieve the militia from certain original assignments as sentries on various viaducts and railroad terminals within the city, and to patrol the entire waters of the Harbor, including the Jersey Shore.

It may be asked why the police are any better adapted for these duties than regular troops; in fact, I put that question myself. The answer is that the police can do what is actually police work much better than regulars, for the reason that they are trained to it. As bridge guards they are familiar with the locale of the job, with the form of permit issued for work upon the bridges by the various city departments, and are used to handling traffic, which United States troops are distinctly not. Besides, the police work in eight-hour shifts, while the regulars have only a two-hour tour of duty.

There are two possible dangers, according to the best opinion, that the citizens of New York have to face. The first is the attempt by an alien enemy, through its agents, to destroy anything within the city. In a word, they have to anticipate the possibilities of a state of war. But for any such attempt to have any military value it must coincide with an outside attack by sea or land. Otherwise it would be abortive.

It would now be about five times as difficult to destroy anything as it would have been before the departure of Mr. Bernstorff.

The second danger is that which is to be apprehended from individual cranks and fanatics. There is, of course, no way of telling how many of these there are. It is probable that most of the sniping done at bridge guards is traceable to this source. Some disaffected half-crazy anarchist—quite as much an enemy to all governments and all mankind as to America and Americans—gets out his rifle and after dark goes sneaking through the bushes to stalk a boy in khaki. He is not animated by any particular patriotism. He just would like to take a pot shot at almost anybody if he can do so without running any risk to himself. These fellows have to be looked out for at all times—war or no war. A majority of them are mentally impaired.

What these two dangers actually amount to and what the Police Department is doing to counteract and anticipate them is much the most interesting phase of New York's preparedness.

The major part of this is done by the regular detective bureau at Headquarters, supplemented by a volunteer force of citizens acting as secret-service men under the

When the Water Calls

and the picnic fever grips you, load up the old rowboat with family, friends and lunch baskets and cruise up to that wonderful, little, secluded island "way past the point," exploring all the shallow bays, inlets and tiny creeks on the way. Those are wonderful days, with every care removed, when there's an

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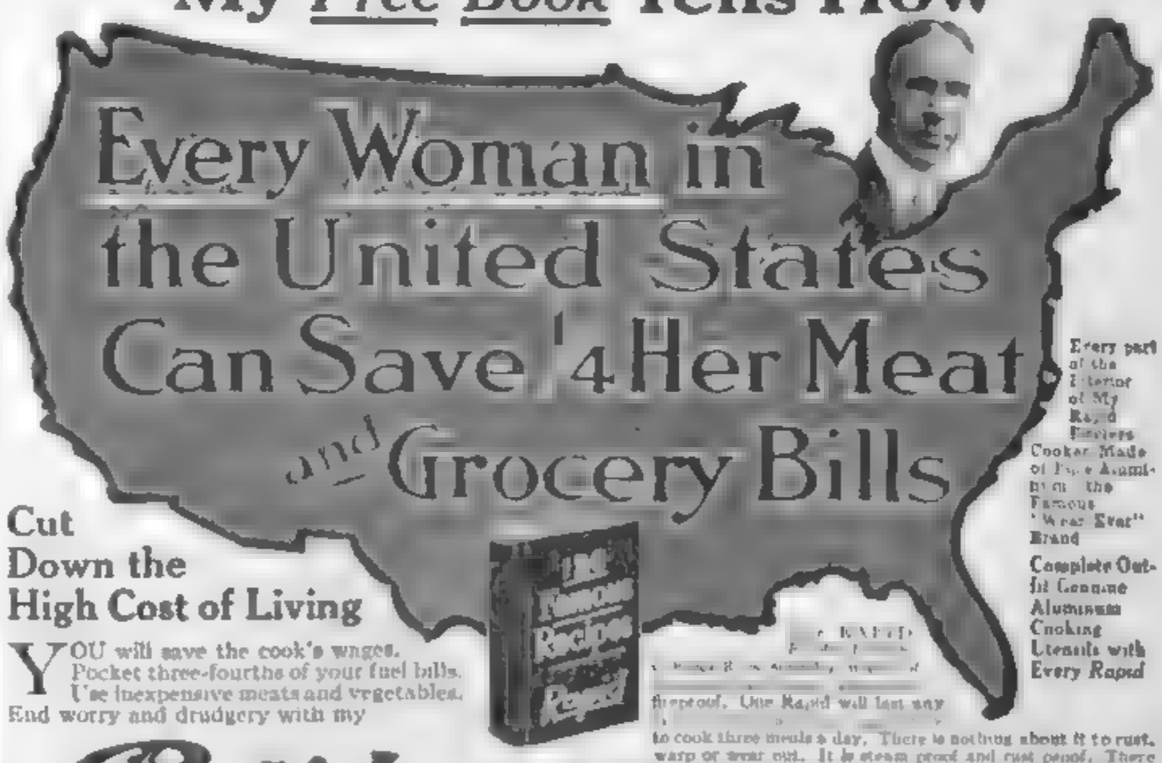

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I want you to know how low the High Cost of Living can be reduced. My RAPID FIRELESS COOKER is sent direct from my factory. My special offer and plan will be sent you quickly enough you can take advantage of

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It contains one hundred and fifty tested recipes, every one of which delivers a blow to high living cost. It discloses the secrets of cooking the most inexpensive meats and vegetables in the RAPID FIRELESS COOKER in such a way that they are more appetizing than the highest priced viands under the old fashioned red hot stove conditions.

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See for yourself. Try my cooker in your own kitchen for 30 days at my risk—money back if you don't want to keep it. Remember! Act now if you don't want to miss this extraordinary opportunity.

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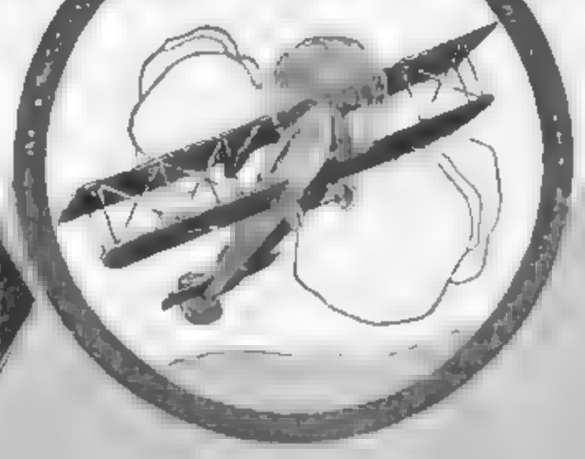

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Excesses of heat and cold can't break the ruby mica insulation—they're easily cleaned yet practically indestructible.

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The man who wears Chalmers "Porosknit" Underwear is cool because the heat of his body gets out through the openings in the fabric. He is comfortable—no matter how strenuously he plays or works—for genuine "Porosknit" responds instantly to his every movement.

Even excessive perspiration does not make him uncomfortable or liable to summer colds, because what doesn't evaporate is at once absorbed by the light strands of the fabric. "Stickiness" is eliminated entirely.

Give Chalmers "Porosknit" a severe test. Wear it on the hottest day. If it doesn't prove satisfactory in every way, we will gladly refund your money.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made as underwear should be made. Materials are the very best throughout. Seams are reinforced; buttons tightly sewed on. Fabric is rugged, durable and easily washed.

"Porosknit" Union Suits are made with a special elastic closed crotch that prevents cutting and binding.

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direction of Nicholas Biddle, a special aide serving without compensation, and Guy Scull, the deputy commissioner in charge of the bureau. The active work in the way of prevention is being accomplished by the bomb squad under Captain Tunney, which has for several years been one of the most effective branches of the department. Ever since 1914 Commissioner Woods has paid special attention to running down plots and conspiracies to dynamite or otherwise destroy vessels carrying munitions or supplies to the Allies. His detectives have worked and are working hand in hand with United States Secret Service men. Both "hunt in one leash."

The first work the squad had to do was early in 1915, in connection with the fires that occurred on transports carrying sugar to the Allied Governments. These fires started, in the majority of cases, on board the steamships after loading, in the harbor or on the high seas. Sometimes they blazed up after the ships had made port on the other side. The sugar was loaded on lighters from various refineries at Yonkers, Jersey City and Brooklyn; but most of the lighters came from the National Sugar Refinery, at Yonkers. Once a whole lighter was on fire before delivering its load.

It was plain that a skillfully laid plot was being carried out. Tunney, working in harmony with the Federal authorities, put his own men on board the lighters. Meantime the Police Department conducted experiments to discover, if it could, how these fires were started. The arrest of Captain Charles Von Kleist and his subsequent confession disclosed the means used by the plotters.

Nine men have been convicted as a result of the arrests made in New York and New Jersey by Federal agents acting with the New York police; and since April 26, 1916, there have been no more fires. It is worth noting that the agents employed by persons connected with the German Embassy almost invariably quarreled among themselves, distrusted one another, misappropriated the money given them, and, in general, gave no evidence of either patriotism or intelligence. The much-vaunted German Secret Service has demonstrated itself to be a very crass and clumsy organization indeed, so far as accomplishing its ends is concerned.

The most important fact to be remembered is that there has been no instance in which a German—whether a reservist or not—has engaged in a plot to destroy property from patriotic motives. They have all been paid for every job. Their motive was mercenary, pure and simple. This is one reason why most of their attempts have failed.

The Bagging of Von Kleist

The story of Captain Von Kleist, of the Friedrich der Grosse—Norddeutsch Lloyd—is illuminating. One Doctor Scheele had received ten thousand dollars from our old friend, Von Igle, to start a chemical factory, under the guise of its being a manufactory for fertilizer. Scheele was to be used as might be directed. He was supposed to divide with Captain Von Kleist, but he neglected to do so; and the worthy captain wrote to Von Igle, complaining of the way he had been treated. He wanted to find out what was the matter with Scheele—why he had not been paid. His letter never reached its destination. Instead, Detective Henry Barth telephoned to Captain Von Kleist, at Hoboken, and made an appointment with him, stating that he was a representative of Von Igle and a secret agent of the German Government.

Accordingly Von Kleist came over to a restaurant on Park Row, met Barth, and went into the details of the case, mentioning two ships by name that he knew had caught on fire and lost their cargoes—the Tynningham and the Euterpe. After dinner he promised Barth that he would prove to him that he was the real "doctor" in the case.

Barth said he must get all the details, so that he could lay them before his superiors, and that he would bring along another representative of the German Government next day to meet Von Kleist.

Next day he brought Detective Barnitz, telling Von Kleist that Barnitz was an American, but that they had to use all kinds of schemes "to fool the Yankees." The good captain, in his eagerness to put himself right with Von Igle, made a detailed statement and signed every page. He was much surprised when arrested.

Though the police have unearthed plots to destroy munition factories elsewhere, to damage property outside the city, to blow up bridges in Canada, and to cause native uprisings in India, there has not been, from the time the war started in August, 1914, to date, an attempt of any sort by alien enemies to do any act that would cause terror to the inhabitants of New York City.

The reason is, of course, that Commissioner Woods and his men are on the job; that New York City is on guard. It may be, also, that the successors of the three Vons—Bernstorff, Papen and Igle—realize that a little violence here in New York would cost Germany and Germans a good deal more than it would be worth.

Nick Biddle's Morning Mail

Down at the New Headquarters, on Spring Street, Guy Scull and Nick Biddle sit in a big room which has a huge map of New York on one wall. Every day they receive an average of fifty communications, both signed and anonymous, warning the police of suspected plots and spies. It is Biddle's particular job to run every one of these to earth. For this purpose he has the whole police force if necessary, and in particular his own volunteer staff of spy hunters. I gather that he enjoys it.

Every time the name of a suspect comes in it is card-catalogued. If, as Biddle says, it is "punk" the card is marked "Unfounded." If it isn't punk the name, the communication and the facts elicited by the police are turned over to the Federal authorities. So far, they have received about fifteen hundred communications and have a list of about a thousand suspects. But what would be clearly punk to you and me isn't always punk to the police. When once you have got an information bureau started, any straw may prove to be the missing link.

"I saw John Smith, of — Madison Avenue, talking Saturday night in a saloon to a man with a scar under his left eye who looked like a German spy."

"Punk!" you would say.

But suppose the man with the scar under his eye were known to the police to be a spy! They might find the information useful. So all is grist that comes to Biddle's mill.

Some of it is ridiculous, of course. One day a letter came in saying that a lot of Germans were meeting in a church uptown at night, and that hundreds of mysterious packages came and went, while a lookout stood guard. It seemed quite interesting at first; but it turned out to be a Lutheran Foreign Missionary Society composed of old ladies having a rummage sale.

Most of this secret-service work is confidential and advisory. At Headquarters they tell business men and bankers how to take proper precautions, what lights not to leave burning, and when to have more light than they have.

They also make a specialty of running down any reports of secret drilling by alien enemies, or others whose intentions may not be honorable. Since the war started, information has been received every few days that German reservists were drilling all over Long Island and in Westchester County. Every such report has been investigated with the utmost care, but in no case has any foundation for it been discovered.

There has been a great exodus of Germans from New York City since war was declared, in spite of the statements given out at Washington to the effect that the United States was not going to intern any Germans so long as they behaved themselves. I sincerely believe that the number of Germans in the United States who are not loyal to the land in which they live is negligible. I am told that no Germans are being interned who are not actual plotters; they are being merely watched.

Personally I don't know any pro-Germans in New York City. I am always hoping to meet one—that some idiot won't get up when they play the Star Spangled Banner at the theater. But I have had no luck. I asked Biddle what they did with pro-Germans—meaning those who gave public expression to their emotions. He said:

"Well, if some Dutchman takes a little too much schnapps and shoots off his mouth, we tell his friends; and they make him shut up."

That is our American way of handling a delicate situation—"kid it along." It is probably better than the way an exuberant Yankee would be treated in Berlin if he expressed his opinion of the Kaiser.

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THE EYES OF ASIA

(Continued from Page 13)

MOTHER. Do I remember? Am I a block of wood or an old churn? Go on, Akbar! What of my child?

SON. He says: "When the children are not in the school they are at work in the fields from their earliest years. They soon lose all fear of us soldiers, and drill us up and down the streets of the villages. The smallest salute on all occasions. They suffer little from sickness. The old women here are skillful in medicines. They dry the leaves of trees and give them for a drink against diseases. One old woman gave me a herb to chew for a worm in my tooth [toothache] which cured me in an hour."

MOTHER. God reward that woman! I wonder what she used.

SON. He says: "She is my French mother."

MOTHER. What-t! How many mothers has a man? But God reward her none the less. It must have been that old double tooth at the back on the left lower side, for I remember ——

FATHER. Let it wait. It is cured now. What else does he write?

SON. He writes, making excuses for not having written. He says: "I have been so occupied and sent from one place to another that on several occasions I have missed the post. I know you must have experienced anxiety. But do not be displeased. Let my mother remember that I can only write when I have opportunity, and the only remedy for helplessness is patience."

FATHER [*groaning*]. Ah! He has not yet been wounded, and he sets himself up for a physician.

MOTHER. He speaks wisely and beautifully. But what of his "French" mother—burn her!

SON. He says: "Moreover, this French mother of mine in France is displeased with me if I do not write to her about my welfare. My mother, like you, my French mother does all she can for my welfare. I cannot write sufficiently in praise of what she does for me. When I was in the village behind the trench, if, on any day, by reason of duty, I did not return till evening, she, herself, would come in search of me and lead me back to the house.

MOTHER. Aha! *She* knew! I wish I could have caught him by the other ear!

SON. He says: "And when I was sent away on duty to another village, and so could not find time to write either to you or to her, she came close to the place where I was, and where no one is permitted to come, and asked to see her boy. She brought with her a great parcel of things for me to eat. What more am I to say for the concern she has for my welfare?"

MOTHER. Fools all old women are! May God reward that Kafir woman for her kindness, and her children after her. . . . As though any orders could keep out a mother! Does he say what she resembles in the face?

SON. No. He goes on to speak more about the customs of the French. He says: "The new men who join us come believing they are in the country of the Rakshas [Demons]. They are told this by the ignorant on their departure. It is always cold here. Many clothes are worn. The sun is absent. The wet is present. Yet this France is a country created by Allah, and its people are manifestly a reasonable people, with reason for all they do. The windows of their houses are well barred. The doors are strong, with locks of a sort I have never before felt. Their dogs are faithful. They gather in and keep their kine and their asses and their hens under their hands at night. Their cattle graze and return at the proper hour in charge of the children. They prune their fruit trees as carefully as a barber attends to a man's nostrils and ears. The old women spin, walking up and down. Scissors, needles, threads and buttons are exposed for sale on stalls in a market. They carry hens by the feet. Butchers sell dressed portions of fowls and sheep ready to be cooked. There is aniseed, coriander, and very good garlic."

MOTHER. But all this—but all this is our own way ——

SON. He says so. He says: "Seeing these things, the new men are relieved in their minds. Do not be anxious for me. These people precisely resemble all mankind. They are, however, idolaters. They do not speak to any of us about their religion. Their Imams [Priests] are old men of pious appearance, living in poverty. They go about their religious offices, even while the shells fall. Their God is called Bandir [*Bon Dieu?*]. There is also the Bibbee Miriam [the Virgin Mary]. She is worshiped on account of the intelligence and capacity of the women."

FATHER. Hmm! Ah! This traveling about is bad for the young. Women are women—world over. What else, Akbar?

SON [*reading*]. "There are holy women in this country, dressed in black, who wear horns of white cloth on their heads. They, too, are without any sort of fear of death from the falling shells. I am acquainted with one such, who often commands me to carry vegetables from the market to the house which they inhabit. It is filled with the fatherless. She is very old, very high-born, and of irascible temper. All men call her Mother. The colonel himself salutes. Thus are all sorts mingled in this country of France."

MOTHER. Ha! Well, at least that holy woman was well-born, but she is too free with her tongue. Go on!

SON. He says: "Through my skill with my rifle I have been made a sharpshooter. A special place is given to me to shoot at the enemy singly. This was old work to me. This country was flat and open at the beginning. In time it became all *kandari-kauderi*, cut up with trenches, *sungars* and byways in the earth. Their faces show well behind the loopholes of their *sungars*. The distance was less than three hundred yards. Great cunning was needed. Before they grew careful, I accounted for nine in five days. It is more difficult by night. They then send up fireballs which light all the ground. This is a good arrangement, but the expense would be too great for poor people."

FATHER. He thinks of everything—everything! Even of the terrible cost for us poor people.

SON [*reading*]. "I attended the funeral of a certain French child. She was known to us all by the name of Marri, which is Miriam. She would openly claim the Regiment for her own regiment in the face of the colonel walking in the street. She was slain by a shell while grazing cattle. What remained was carried upon a litter precisely after our custom. There were no hired mourners. All mourners walked slowly behind the litter, the women with the men. It is not the custom to scream or beat the breast. They recite all prayers above the grave itself, for they reckon the burial ground to be holy. The prayers are recited by the Imam of the village. The grave is not bricked and there is no recess. They do not know that the Two Angels visit the dead. They say at the end, 'Peace and Mercy be on you.'"

MOTHER. One sees as he writes. He would have made a great priest, this son of ours. So they pray over their dead, out yonder, those foreigners!

FATHER. Even a Kafir may pray, but—they are manifestly Kafirs or they would not pray in a graveyard. Go on!

SON. "When their prayers were done, our Havildar-Major, who is orthodox, recited the appropriate verse from the Koran, and cast a little mud into the grave. The Imam of the village then embraced him. I do not know if this is the custom. The French weep very little. The French women are small-handed and small-footed. They bear themselves in walking as though they were of birth and descent. They commune with themselves, walking up and down. Their lips move. This is on account of their dead. They are never abashed or at a loss for words. They forget nothing. Nothing either do they forgive."

MOTHER. Good! Very good! That is the right honor.

SON. Listen! He says: "Each village keeps a written account of all that the enemy has done against it. If a life—a life, whether it be man or priest, or hostage, or woman, or babe. Every horn driven off; and every feather; all bricks and tiles broken, all things burned, and their price, are written in the account. The shames and the insults are also written. There is no price against them."

FATHER. This is without flaw! This is a people! There is never any price for shame offered. And they write it all down. Marvelous!

SON. Yes. He says: "Each village keeps its own tally and all tallies go to the government to be filed. The whole of the country of France is in one great account against

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the enemy—for the loss, for the lives, and for the shames done. It has been kept from the first. The women keep it with the men. All French women read, write and cast accounts from youth. By this they are able to keep the great account against the enemy. I think that it is good that our girls should get schooling like this. Then we shall have no more confusion in our accounts. It is only to add up the sums lost and the lives. We should teach our girls. We are fools compared with these people."

MOTHER. But a Pathani girl remembers without all this bookwork. Who of any decent descent ever forgot a debt? He must he sickening for illness to write thus.

FATHER. One should not forget. Yet we depend on songs and tales. It is more secure—certainly, it is more businesslike—that a written account should be kept. Since it is the men who must pay off the debt, why should not the women keep it?

MOTHER. They can keep tally on a stick or a distaff. It is unnecessary for a girl to scribble in books. They never come to good ends. They end by

SON. Sometimes, my mother; sometimes. On the government side of the border women are taught to read and write, and cast accounts, and ——

MOTHER [*with intention*]. Far be the day when such a one is brought to *my* house as a bride! For *I* say ——

FATHER. No matter. What does *he* say about those French women?

SON. He says: "They are not divided in opinion as to which of their enemies shall be sought after first. They say: 'Let us even the account every day and night out of the nearest assembly of the enemy, and when we have brought all the enemy into the right way of thinking we can demand the very people who did the shame and offenses. In the meantime let it be any life.' This is good counsel for *us* in our account, oh, my mother."

FATHER [*after a pause*]. True! True! It is good advice. Let it be any life. . . . Is that all?

SON. That is all. "Let it be any life." And I think so too.

MOTHER. "*Any* life!" Even so! And then we can write to him quickly that we have taken our revenge quickly. [*She reaches for her husband's rifle, which she passes over to her son, who stretches his hand toward it, with a glance at his father.*]

FATHER. On your head, Akbar, the account must lie—at least till I am better Do you try to-night?

SON. Maybe! I wish we had the high-price illuminating fireballs he spoke of. [*Half rises.*]

MOTHER. Wait a little. There is the call for the Ishr [the evening prayer].

MUEZZIN [*in the village mosque without, as the first stars show*]. God is great! God is great! God is great! I bear witness, and so on.

[*The family compose themselves for evening prayer.*]

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series by Rudyard Kipling. The third will appear in an early issue

WHITHER THOU GOEST

(Continued from Page 19)

bills and sixty-cent eggs—they amount to too much. We'd—we'd live just as fretfully and unhappily as others. But out on pa's farm we'll get enough to eat, anyway," with a tremulous giggle. "And there we wouldn't hanker for clothes," with a doleful glance down at her high-laced, pretty, pale shoes. "The kind you'd die to get here would look queer there! They'd be," with a rippling giggle, "the wrong feathers on the wrong chickens—in the wrong coop! And so —— Oh, Arthur, aren't you glad?" impetuously snuggling closer to him.

"Glad?" said Arthur slowly.

"It's our only chance!"

"Our only chance!"

"Of course a farm is—a farm," with a small grimace that betrayed the true city lover. "But we'd be together!"—cheerfully.

"Ye-es."

"Arthur!" in a low sharp voice. "Aren't you glad?"

"Why—why, of course!" hastily. "But I don't know as I'd know just how to run a farm. I've never ——"

"Oh, I know all about one!" declared Gilla. "I'd tell you and show you. And so would pa."

"Ye-es. But ——"

"But what?" wonderingly.

"The fact is," said Arthur Ayres uncomfortably, "I never cared for a farm. It never appealed to me."

"But—with me ——" Gilla, round-eyed, stared at him.

"Oh, of course I'd like any place with you." But he avoided her round blue eyes.

There was a moment or two of silence.

"A friend of mine thinks he can get me into a West Side mail-order house," said he presently. "He heard some bookkeepers were needed. Rotten pay—only seventeen-fifty. But ——"

"That's nice!" said Gilla, her eyes fixed on a whitecap that, far out, was gayly tossing its way to the far coast.

There was another moment of silence. Then Gilla said appealingly:

"If we went to Kansas we needn't plan to live there always. We could stay a year or two and see how we got along."

There was absolutely no doubt of it. Mr. Arthur Ayres, city-born, city-bred, city-inured to a city boarding house, shuddered.

"Suppose we try it here for a year or two," he suggested.

"On seventeen-fifty?"

"We-ell, if you keep on working, Gilla—— Of course, my darling, I can't bear to think of your doing it! But I don't see how else ——"

"And if babies came?" murmured Gilla, her eyes still on the whitecap, far out.

Mr. Arthur Ayres frowned distastefully.

"What a nuisance kids are, anyway!" he observed pettishly.

Gilla brought her blue eyes back from the distant whitecap, which by that time was so distant that it was wholly lost in a moon-silvered swarm of waves.

"I guess I'd better be getting back to my room," she observed gently. "I've got to find some white organdie cuffs to-night to tack on this blouse, because McCombs has a customer in the morning for tailored hats; and tailored cuffs seem to help sell tailored stuff."

At the Blootz the following morning Gilla was a busy model for three hours. McCombs not only had one customer but several. Gilla tilted her wavy-coifed head this way and that under half a hundred neat-tucked turbans; under the same number of chic-winged sailors; under as many smartly plain leather tricorns, which the Blootz was putting forth as the novelty of the year—until ——

"Say, girl!" amusedly snapped McCombs. "Wake up! That last man's been gone seven minutes!"

Gilla, startled, glanced round. With a flush, she laid down the last brown-and-tan tricorn.

"And they've been yelling for five minutes that someone wants you at the telephone," added McCombs rebukingly. "Daytime's no time to sleep. I s'pose you didn't get to bed till morning. Say, little one; the gay life is nothing for a working girl."

Gilla impudently shrugged her shoulders as she strolled off to the telephone. Into it she spoke listlessly.

"Sure! Oh, any place, Jake."

Ten minutes later she punched the beginning of her lunch hour and proceeded rather listlessly out the wide plate-glass front doors of the Blootz and across the pavement into the limousine, waiting at the curb.

She settled herself in it listlessly. Jake Howlein's eyes became concerned.

"Ain't feeling well, Gilla?"

"Oh, I feel well enough," carelessly.

"You look tired, hon—Gilla," solicitously. "I think you work too hard."

"Maybe," idly.

"I wish," earnestly, "you'd marry me and cut out that darned work. And that ain't saying that I'd expect you to be wildly fond of me. But if you could make up your mind to marry me I'd do my level best to make you happy. And if money can make a girl contented, why, you ——"

"Oh! Let's not talk about it to-day, Jake," demurred Gilla.

"I know I'm no Romeo; but ——"

"I—I like you awfully well, Jake," politely.

"But that curly-headed bookkeeper has the inside track," gloomily. Gilla was

(Concluded on Page 49)

7000 Abusive Miles Prove HUDSON Endurance

Note What the Super-Six Did

Perhaps the Hudson record which means most to you is the ocean-to-ocean record.

Each new claimant to greatness, for several years, has tried to prove it by a transcontinental run.

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Next to that, the greatest official endurance record is the 24-hour top-speed run. A Hudson Super-Six stock chassis, ran 1819 miles in that time—as far as from New York to Denver. That broke the best previous stock chassis record by 52 per cent.

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They were made under the supervision of the American Automobile Association. They mean more than the speed records won—more than the best time regardless of size or class in the Pike's Peak hill-climb, by a Hudson Super-Six Special, in which 20 racing cars participated.

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We made these tests just to prove endurance. Nothing else is so important to motor car owners. It is not how well a car will run in ordinary use that counts. How long and how little attention—how free from mechanical needs and excessive fuel and lubrication charges, is the main thing. These tests have demonstrated that measured by other standards, there is a yet unknown limit to the endurance of a Hudson Super-Six.

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These are the things that brought worm drive into leadership as the simplest and best method of power transmission in use today under commercial cars.

Recently a prominent truck builder checked up the service records of 32 of his trucks equipped with worm drive. The owners reported that these trucks had run 1,179,620 miles, an average of 36,863 per truck. The greatest distance mentioned was 79,500 miles, the least was 14,000.

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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

(Concluded from Page 46)

silent. She stared down Madison Street's heavy line of traffic. "And I suppose some day soon you'll even quit having an occasional lunch with me," sighed Jake, his heavy black eyes hungrily appraising the perfect contour of Gilla's right cheek.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" absently.

"Don't be in a rush, will you?" he asked. "Take plenty of time to decide, honey."

Gilla crisply and suddenly interrupted him:

"Jake, I wonder if you like me well enough to go and live on a farm with me ——"

"On a farm?" sharply.

"Pa's. In Kansas."

"What's this?"

"I'm telling you. Pa's written that I should bring my—the man I'm going to marry—out there ——"

"Oh, I see! Your parents are too old to get along without you?"

"Er—m-mm!" evasively murmured Gilla, watching him from under lowered brown lashes.

Jake Howlein turned so that he could stare full at her. His heavy dark face took on a thoughtful expression.

Finally he said slowly:

"Well, I never was crazy about farm life. Don't know much about it—and what I've heard doesn't exactly appeal to me. I'm not strong for corn on the cob, either. I prefer the paprika-and-sauté way it's served at the Brown Gander Inn."

Gilla stared straight ahead, her blue eyes fixed on something quite distant.

"And a well on a hillside doesn't come up to a modern faucet, in my opinion," Jake continued meditatively. "And I usually get mighty lonesome when I can't hear the L rattle round my bedroom window all night. And ——"

Still Gilla stared straight ahead.

"—— it'd be considerable of a wrench for me to pull up stakes here. The fur business needs my eye too. A manager might not be able to handle it. The old folks insist you must come back?"

Gilla's murmur was low and inarticulate; but it sounded like an affirmative answer.

"H'm!" said Jake thoughtfully. "Well!" He grinned heartily down at her. "I can't say a farm appeals to me, honey; but if it means you—why, me for the farm!"

Gilla's eyes flashed round and up into his.

"You—you don't mean what you're saying, Jake Howlein!"

"Gilla," said Jake Howlein, "there ain't anything in life I can't get along without—except you, honey! I'd live any place with you. Why, I'd go and tent in a Florida swamp and neighbor with the crocodiles!" He leaned toward her fervently, regardless of an adjoining motor, held up by the congestion of traffic, whose occupants stared at him gayly. "Did you mean it, Gilla?" excitedly.

Gilla fixed round blue eyes on his heavy, full face, with its choppy blue-black complexion. Always before, when Gilla's eyes rested on that face, they had held a faint, just a faint hint of distaste—the same holding those eyes had for a hat that didn't entirely appeal to fastidious Gilla. But now that distaste seemed to fade out—slowly but surely. Gilla gazed at Jake Howlein puzzledly, as though somehow his heavy, full face was not so heavy or so full as she had fancied; as though, in fact, for the first time, she realized the full wholesome strength of it.

"Why, I believe," stammered Gilla, "that I could be perfectly happy with you, Jake!"

"Do you, really, honey?" rapturously and incredulously demanded that infatuated gentleman. "So help me God, you'll never regret it!"

"No," said Gilla softly; "I don't think I will."

"And, anyway," conceded Mr. Howlein, with the air of a man who has just arrived at a stupendous and important decision, "there's no place like a farm to raise children. You—you like children, don't you, honey?" anxiously.

"What else am I going to marry for?" crisply asked Gilla. "But, as for living on pa's farm ——"

She laughed softly.

That afternoon Jimmy Wilson stared quizzically at a huge rose-flecked stone that adorned Gilla's slim white hand. You could see a rose-and-white flash clear across the large salesroom. It was a beautiful affair.

"I bet I win my bet!" said Jimmy positively. "I thought so."

"Oh, you win!" calmly acknowledged Gilla. "But you don't win for the reason you think you're winning."

"Oh, don't I?" derisively returned Jimmy, who once had laid his heart at Gilla's feet and had it indifferently returned. "I guess I know a thing or two about women like you. And what I think ——"

"Keep on thinking!" advised Gilla. "You need the exercise."

Vers Libre

VERS LIBRE was
Invented by those folk who merely meant
to perpetrate a joke,
And afterward was practiced for its gains by
those who sought
To shun
Poetic pains.
Who'd write a ballade, sonnet or rondeau has
got to work
And worry
And go slow. But he
Who has declared himself foot-free of all the
rules of rime
And prosody has nothing
To restrict his noble rage except the right-
hand margin
Of the page. Footless and measureless,
He flows along, the very disembodiment
Of song. All poetry is words
Arranged, says he. Ergo,
All words arranged are poetry.
A cubist—
Of unusual wit for such—
Once gave his work a pleasing, genre
Touch. He placed his canvas cautiously be-
hind a feeding ass,
And, having dipped his paintbrush in the
pail, he then secured it
To the creature's tail; meanwhile
The donkey plied his caudal part with all the
fine
Unconsciousness of art.
A Summer Sunset on the Adriatic, he named
the assemblage.
Critics were ecstatic.
This tale's a hint
To some Free Verse inditer to hitch a blind
ass
Up to his typewriter. Perhaps
Vers Libre does contain, sometime, the un-
wrought raw
Materials of rime.
But the consumer, now that times are hard,
demands
The finished
Product of the Bard.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

The Call of the Farm

LONG have you worked in the grimy mills,
Long have you toiled in store and
shop;
Going the gait that blights and kills,
With never an hour to stay or stop.

Son of the farm, come back to her now;
A brush-smoke odor is in the air;
The redbreast follows behind the plow,
And sweet the savor of country fare.

Don't you remember the cedar lane,
And hedge where the brown thrush built her
nest?
Come and visit these haunts again;
Oh, come and loaf in the shade, and rest!

Come; let the pallor and bleach of Town
Turn in the sun to wholesome tan.
Once more, hearty and hale and brown,
Feel and look like a countryman.

A bed in the farmhouse 'waits you now;
There's an extra horse in the stable too,
And in the barn is an extra plow,
And we have happiest work to do.

Not one of us here is very poor;
Not one has splendor and wealth and
pride;
And every home has an open door
And honest friendliness inside.

The folks will be glad to shake your hand,
And glad to hear what you have to tell
About the people in cities, and
The wondrous things that there befell.

We miss you more than you know, my lad;
And after supper, when work is done,
We sit and wish for you awful bad!
Come back; come back to the farm, my
son.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

Enlist in the Great Army of "Dip-No-Mores"

Millions of Waterman's Ideals are in active service "doing their bit" by making the "Day's Work of the World" easier, more effective and economical.

The dependability and utility of Waterman's Ideals have made them the universal writing implement wherever efficient writing is needed. Their strength and safety make them thoroughly practical everywhere under all conditions. A distinctive Waterman refinement is the *Improved Spoon Feed*, which insures just the proper flow of ink whether your writing is heavy or light, fast or slow. A very wide assortment of hard iridium-tipped gold pens, scientifically made, enable Waterman's Ideal dealers to correctly fit your hand—a most important feature.

The Safety Type can be *safely* carried in any position and is recommended for use by men of the Army and Navy. Also Regular, Pocket and Self-Filling Types.

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"Our DIREX-ALL equipment has been in use for three years and is giving invaluable service. We have a triple head type F machine, keyboard power typograph and approximately twenty-five thousand plates embossed with names, addresses and other information. The plates are filed in your all-steel fireproof cabinets. One boy is doing all our imprinting without the attendant mistakes of other methods, whereas if we did not have the DIREX-ALL equipment, it would require at least seven additional clerks to get out the same amount of work. We fully appreciate the service rendered and will be pleased to recommend the DIREX-ALL to anyone making inquiry."

(Signed) W. W. POWELL,
Superintendent Accident and Health Department
SOUTHERN SECURITY COMPANY
General Offices, Saint Louis
Southwestern General Office, Denison, Texas

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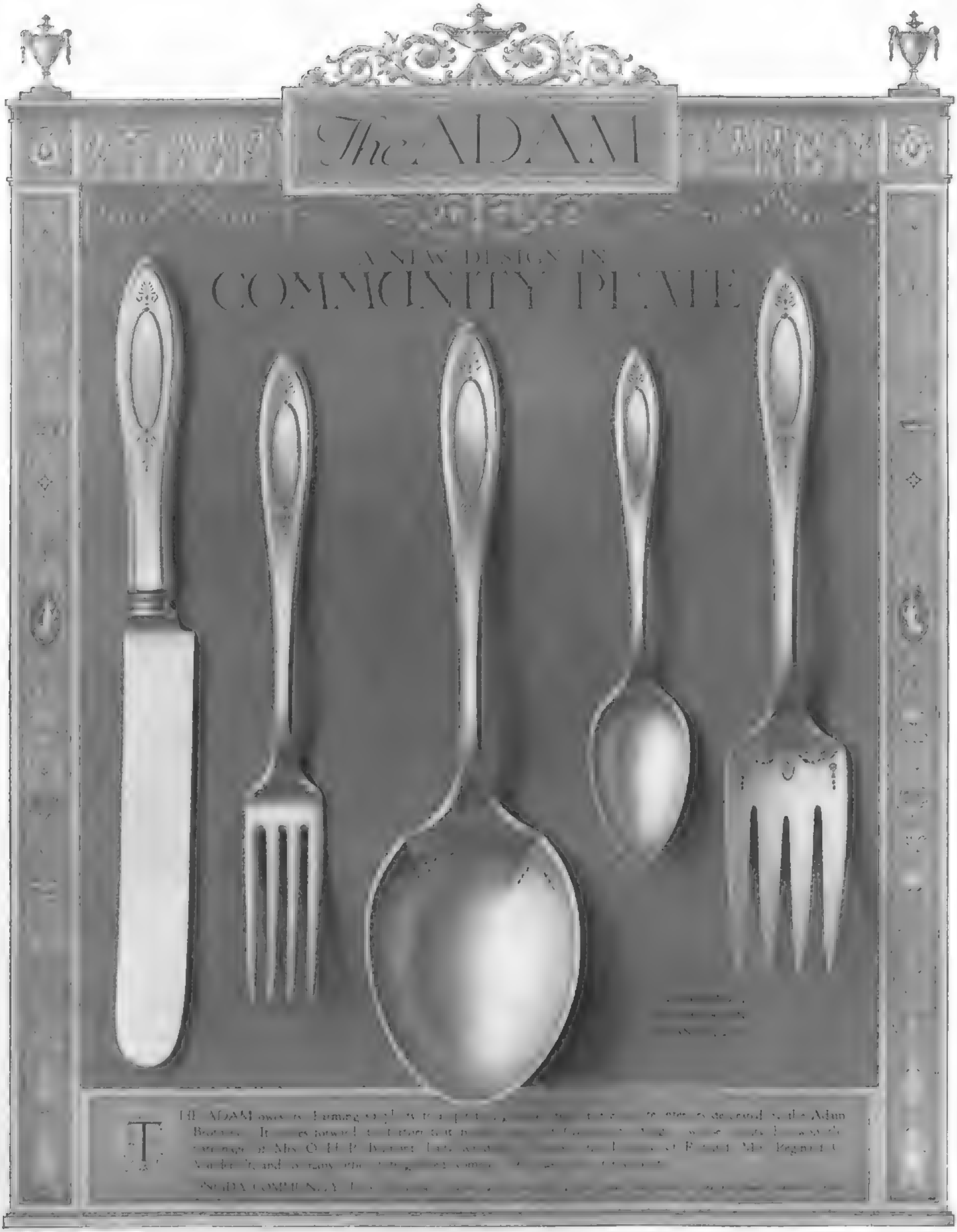
The ADAM

A NEW DESIGN IN
COMMUNITY PLATE



THE ADAM pattern is a charming example of the [illegible] of the Adam Brothers. It [illegible] and is [illegible] of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, [illegible] of Pleasure Mr. Pigott [illegible] Newport, and in many other [illegible]

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, [illegible]

THE TREMENDOUS TRIANGLE

(Continued from Page 22)

capital should be used in any railroad built in China which ran toward Russian territory. China agreed, and used Chinese funds to build the Peking-Kalgan road; and that is the only railroad in China built by the Chinese. Russia wanted to make this agreement air-tight, and they demanded subsequently that the Chinese must agree not to extend the Peking-Kalgan road north or northeast from Kalgan with foreign capital, which in reality is in the direction of Russian interests. On the basis of that agreement the Japanese urged the Russians to protest the Siems-Carey concession for the building of the Feng-cheng-Ninghsai road, though that road really runs, as projected, south and west from Kalgan.

When the agreement was made between Russia and China that China should not allow foreign capital to extend the Peking-Kalgan road north or northeast from Kalgan, the Chinese, in their official reply to the Russian demand, agreed specifically to the "north and northeast" phraseology and demand; and when the Russians acknowledged the receipt of that reply they noted the kind and agreeable consent of the Chinese not to build an extension of the Peking-Kalgan road north or northeast from Kalgan with foreign capital. But the Russians added to this Russian statement of the Chinese agreement the words "or in any other direction." The Chinese neither noticed nor protested the addition of these five words, and the Russians had this stipulation to present as the basis of their protest against the Siems-Carey road from Feng-cheng to Ninghsai when incited to that protest by the Japanese.

As soon as this Russian protest was made, the Japanese, through the medium of their government press news association in Tokio, sent out to the United States a statement that the Russians had protested the building of the Feng-cheng-Ninghsai road, and that all the Allied nations approved or joined in the protest. The Chinese refused to entertain the protest on any basis pointed out by Russia, for the road was not planned to run north or northeast, but was planned to run through Eastern Inner Mongolia.

The attention of our Government was called to the matter, as an absolute cancellation of American Open-Door rights in this territory; and the American Minister in Peking placed on record the refusal of the American Government to recognize any right of Russia, or any other country, thus to protest a railroad project of this character. However, the International Corporation, not desiring to have any trouble with Russia, and influenced, it may be, by the statements emanating from Japan that there was a united Ally protest or disapproval of the project, secured the consent of the Chinese Government to postpone the building of this road, which was exactly what the Japanese wanted.

Japanese Diplomacy

The agreement for the Grand Canal improvement was first made with the provincial authorities in Shan-tung for that part of the Grand Canal which is included in this province. The Chinese were very anxious to improve this waterway in order that they might avoid having Japanese or German control over a transportation route which is one of the most important in China. The agreement was signed on April 19, 1916, with the American International Corporation. A great deal of delay was caused by modifications, insisted upon by the Corporation after the agreement had been signed.

Before the agreement had been signed the German Government, through its minister in Peking, had informed the American Minister that Germany had no objection to the American International Corporation undertaking the conservation of the Canal in Shan-tung. The German agreement with China, called the Kiao-chau Treaty, gave to Germany the refusal of any proposition that needed foreign finance in the province of Shan-tung.

After the capture of Tsingtau by the Japanese, and after the presentation of the twenty-one demands, the Japanese claimed that they had succeeded to the rights of the Germans in Shan-tung: but in the answer given by the Chinese to the twenty-one demands it was agreed that no disposition be made of German rights until after the close of the war. Therefore the Chinese Government maintained that they still had the right to do as they pleased in Shan-tung so long as Germany did not object. The Japanese sent in a protest against the Canal's being under American control and financed by American capitalists.

This was the regular assumption of special rights in Shan-tung by the Japanese, and not according to any legal rights the Japanese have in Shan-tung. The Japanese maintained they only made an inquiry at the Foreign Office in regard to the Canal; yet, in fact, it was a protest, to intimidate the Chinese and the Americans.

Early in the present year people in Peking interested in American projects were astounded to learn that there was a plan, engineered in New York, for financial cooperation between Japan and the International Corporation financiers in the Grand Canal improvement—that is, it had been arranged in New York, the advices said, that the Japanese should take over part of the Siems-Carey project; and that the Japanese and the Americans should do the work jointly, amounting to some millions of dollars. This was the original news.

China's Suspicions

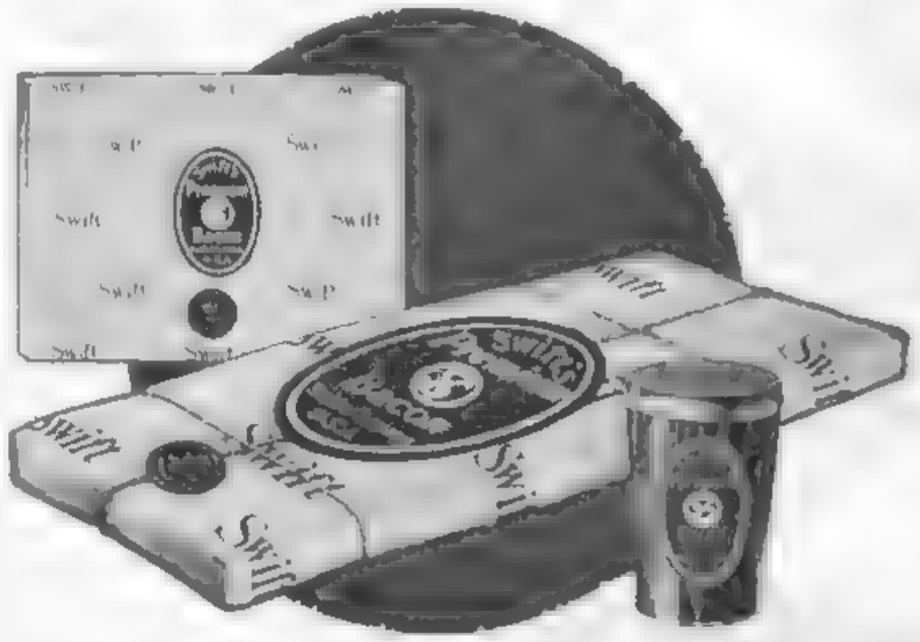
Now, those advices seemed incredible at first. So far as any person in Peking knew, the American Government had not been informed of this, that is—I am speaking from the viewpoint of one who was in Peking at the time—there was no word from the American Government to the Legation in Peking concerning this proposition. And every person in Peking knew—what is true—that when it was stated that the Japanese would coöperate in this Grand Canal project this meant, as it always means in projects of this kind, that the Japanese Government would coöperate. In other words, the Americans were making a partnership with the Japanese Government.

It seemed incredible for two reasons: The first was that, in this project or any other, the Americans did not and do not need Japanese coöperation if Americans are to have an opportunity to do American work in China. It was unnecessary for any conceivable reason unless it was based on a false impression in the United States that Japan has and can exercise special preferential rights in Shan-tung; and if that recognition is made, bang goes the Open Door! If Americans are to stand on their own feet in China it was not only unnecessary but disastrous; for the American people, by every Chinese aspect and attitude, have the upper hand in China if they choose to exercise it as Americans, and with the American prestige and esteem and friendship for Americans that exists among the Chinese.

The second reason was that such a combination with the Japanese immediately laid the Americans open to a charge of bad faith by the Chinese; for the Chinese, with excellent reason and acutely, suspect the Japanese of ulterior motives in all the Japanese do in China. The Chinese know far better than any other people just what the Japanese have done thus far in the way of dominating China and toward making China vassal to Japan; and their fear of Japan and suspicion of Japan are well justified by the facts. The Chinese held the Americans to be their saviors from Japanese aggression, and were greatly frightened to learn that the Americans, instead of operating independently in China and helping China to habilitate herself against the encroachments of the Japanese, were actually joining hands with the Japanese. Naturally and instantly the Chinese thought the Americans have the same ideas as to China that Japan has.

What had happened in New York seemed apparent in China. The Japanese, by their skillful use of the Russian protest over the Feng-cheng-Ninghsai road, and their own protest over the Grand Canal, distorting the half-hearted protest forced out of Russia by Japan and stating that all the nations interested in China were opposed, had set the trap for the Americans; and the Americans had walked into it, desiring to proceed in China without trouble or opposition. There is nothing so timid as ten million dollars, except twenty million dollars, and so on up. And those in China knew that the coöperation between America and Japan in China, notwithstanding its advocacy by

(Continued on Page 53)



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And such appetizing slices! Slices with the rind carefully trimmed away, slices that are absolutely uniform, and cut neither too thick nor too thin!

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"Swift's Premium" Bacon

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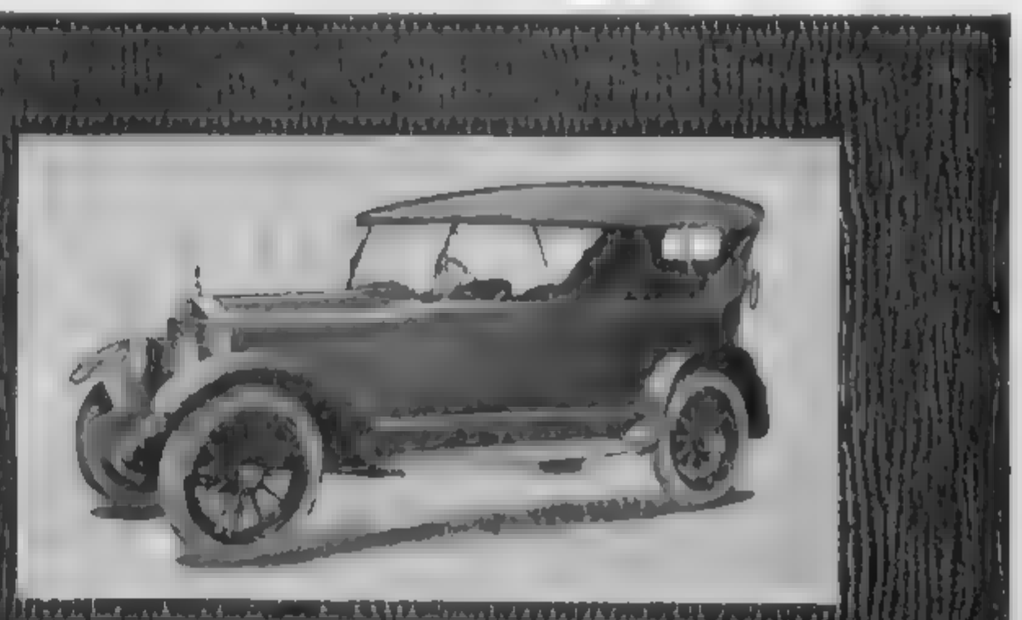

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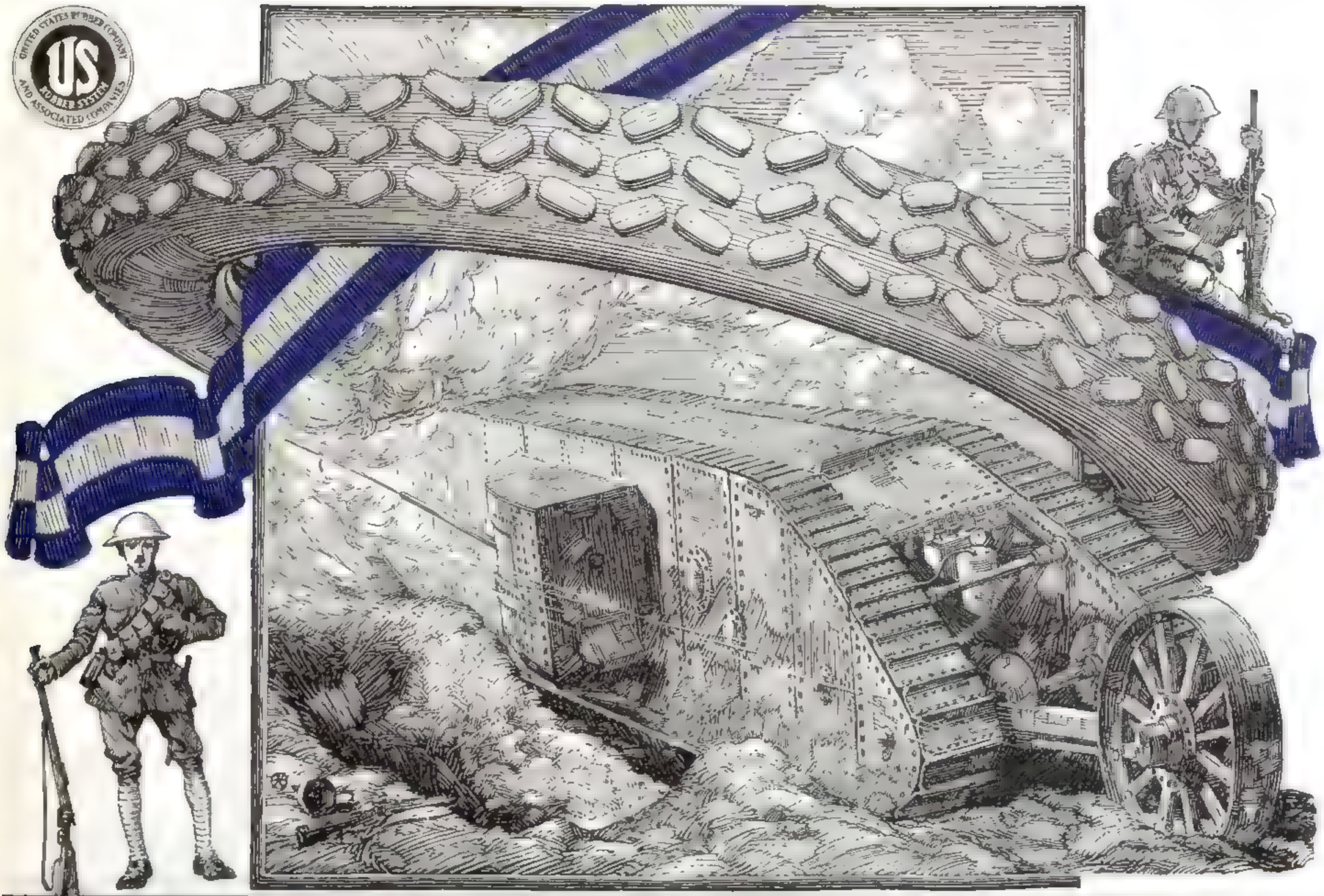

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Because the farm tractor could make almost unbelievable hauls over almost unbelievably bad ground, it went to the battlefields of Europe transformed into a "land battleship"—the "tank."

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Exactly the same irresistible ground-gripping principle characteristic of the farm tractor and the battle "tank", gives the *United States 'Nobby' Tread Tire* its anti-skid fame.

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And not only is the *'Nobby'* famous as the tire having the greatest traction and the greatest resistance to skidding,

—but it is equally famous for its power to endure—to wear to the point of lowest mileage cost.

It wears and wears, and continues to wear until, after full and plus-full mileage is obtained, it wears out, not in parts, but as a whole.

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Exactly the same structural and material endurance of the *'Nobby'* goes into the making of the four other *United States Tires.*

'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco', 'Royal Cord', and *'Plain'*—each is a type of low-mileage-cost tire—one for every need of price and use.

A Tire for Every Need of Price and Use—
'Nobby' 'Chain'
'Royal Cord'
'Usco' 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 51)

Baron Shibusawa and Judge Gary, and the rest, is absolutely unnecessary, even suicidal.

It must be remembered that in this article I am expressing not only my own views, gathered at first-hand in China at the time, but the views of the Chinese and of the Americans and Englishmen in China—men who know intimately the situation, the politics and the field in China, and not the views of those in New York. At that, I fancy the men in China have fully as adequate an understanding of the situation as the men in New York, and elsewhere in America, albeit the men in New York are investing the money. However, it is more than a financial proposition, in terms of the future of China, which is so vital to the future of the United States. It has its patriotic American aspects.

After a time there appeared in the Japanese newspapers what purported to be dispatches from New York which gave the impression that the deal for financial coöperation between the Japanese and the American International Corporation on the Grand Canal was settled in all save its details. This made the matter public in Peking, for these news dispatches to the Japanese papers were hurried to Peking and printed there. There was an immediate storm of protest in Peking.

The Peking Gazette, after reciting that the Japanese have no political or preferential rights in Shantung that will stand the scrutiny of international law, said:

"For the Americans to suffer the Japanese to intrude themselves in an undertaking which the former are eminently fitted—both in respect of ability and capital—to carry out, and which the Japanese are signally unfitted to meddle with, would not only be an act of weakness but a blunder and a disaster. It is possible that Mr. Willard Straight, who is reported to be negotiating with the Japanese on behalf of the American Group interested in the contract, may be a new convert to the dangerous policy of Japanese-American cooperation in China.

"If that be the case he is more likely to injure than protect American interests in this country. In seeking to ally themselves with the Americans in the economic field in China, the Japanese aim at fettering American freedom and the ultimate control of American enterprise and economic activity in China. We do not trust the Japanese, . . . and we do trust the Americans as we trust no other nation in treaty relation with us. . . . But we have to warn Mr. Willard Straight that the inevitable result of any attempt of Americans to coöperate with the Japanese in this country will be that they will be grouped in the same category with the Japanese."

That is plain enough; and that is the Chinese opinion and idea, as contrasted with the very apparent idea in New York that the Japanese must be coddled, a feeling upon which the Japanese, as was known and appreciated in China, had skillfully worked to force this coöperation, and for the very reasons set forth above. There was not much money involved, in terms of big money—a few million yen; but that made no difference. The Japanese were aiming at establishing the principle of it—aiming for the advertising that American coöperation would give them, and aiming thus to declare in on and fetter American enterprise; for if they could force themselves into the Grand Canal project they could force themselves in elsewhere, and would.

Doctor Reinsch Writes a Note

This Grand Canal matter was taken up with the Chinese by the representatives of the International Corporation in Peking. The official announcement was that the International Corporation was willing to allow the Japanese to buy two and a half million dollars of the six millions to be issued in gold bonds. These negotiations were not ended when I left China. However, as a side light on this coöperation policy, the Orient Mines Company, a big independent American corporation, which has ambitious iron-and-steel plans in China, immediately felt the effect upon the Chinese of this announced policy of coöperation. The attitude of the Chinese shifted overnight toward the men in charge of the affairs of the Orient Mines Company in China—friendship changed to suspicion.

Every person familiar with China understands the situation with regard to Southern Manchuria and Japan; how Japan dominates, controls and holds that section of China as, in fact, Japanese territory. However, this gave the American Minister in Peking a lever for prying out of the Japanese diplomatically the assertion that the Open Door is closed in Southern Manchuria; and he did it most effectively.

Doctor Reinsch wrote a most pleasant and polite note to Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in Peking. In that note Doctor Reinsch referred to the report concerning American and Japanese financial coöperation in the necessary development of China, and said that undoubtedly many places could be discovered where the Americans and the Japanese could work to mutual advantage. This coöperation, of course, was to be confined to no particular locality; but, inasmuch as the Americans and the Japanese have the good of all of China at heart, it undoubtedly would be agreeable to Japan, as he felt sure it would be to Americans, diligently to look about for places where that coöperation could be profitably and helpfully engaged in.

The American Minister understood that the Japanese have a project for railroad building in Southern Manchuria. Excellent! The Americans, he felt sure, would be glad to coöperate with Japan in the financing and building of those Southern Manchurian roads. And the American Minister believed that Baron Hayashi would agree that here was a point as advantageous for American and Japanese coöperation as the Grand Canal improvement project. The American Minister waited, with pleased expectancy, Baron Hayashi's indorsement of this proposition.

Baron Hayashi's Answer

It took Baron Hayashi several days to answer that note; but when he did answer it he was most polite also. He said that he, both individually and as the representative of the Imperial Japanese Government, agreed most heartily, both in general and in detail, with the policy of American and Japanese coöperation in the peaceful development of China; and he felt that, working together, the two nations could do much, with the Grand Canal, say.

However, he noted the American Minister's reference to coöperation with the Japanese in the projected work on the Southern Manchurian railroad and he regretted to observe that the American Minister labored under a misunderstanding as to matters Manchurian. Japan, he said, has special, preferential position and interests in Southern Manchuria, long established; and American coöperation is not necessary there. Besides, the improvements contemplated were small, amounting to only some five million yen; and, therefore, were fully within the scope of Japan. And he had the honor to be, and so on.

Well, there it was, and there it is. Japan seeks to coöperate with the United States only in such places in China as Japan does not dominate at the present time. Japan brooks no coöperation or interference in places where Japan has nailed herself down, but will coöperate in places picked out by Japan—and not by America—where Japan thinks Japan can be advantaged in her plans by such coöperation, and American profits and influence diminished.

Moreover, the Americans exploiting this plan did not fully appreciate what Baron Shibusawa said in the matter. Shibusawa said that America has unlimited capital, while "Japan has the men—men able, trained and capable of holding the positions of managers, engineers and foremen, who are versed in the ways of the Chinese and understand their traditions and prejudices. They can be hired much more readily and at much less expense than Americans." Further, the baron remarked, almost casually, that without coöperation "our activities in the Chinese market might lead to hostile competition, mutual distrust and bitter animosity, which might be mutually disastrous."

That is the Japanese gist of it. America is to be permitted, by the grace of Japan, to invest her capital in China; but America must let Japan choose the avenues of investment and share in avenues already chosen, and the work is to be done by the Japanese. As an attaché of the Japanese Legation in Peking put it: "We Japanese have the brains and you Americans have the money."

What Japan aims at, of course, is to get the managing directorship of American investment, and Japan will thus take a long

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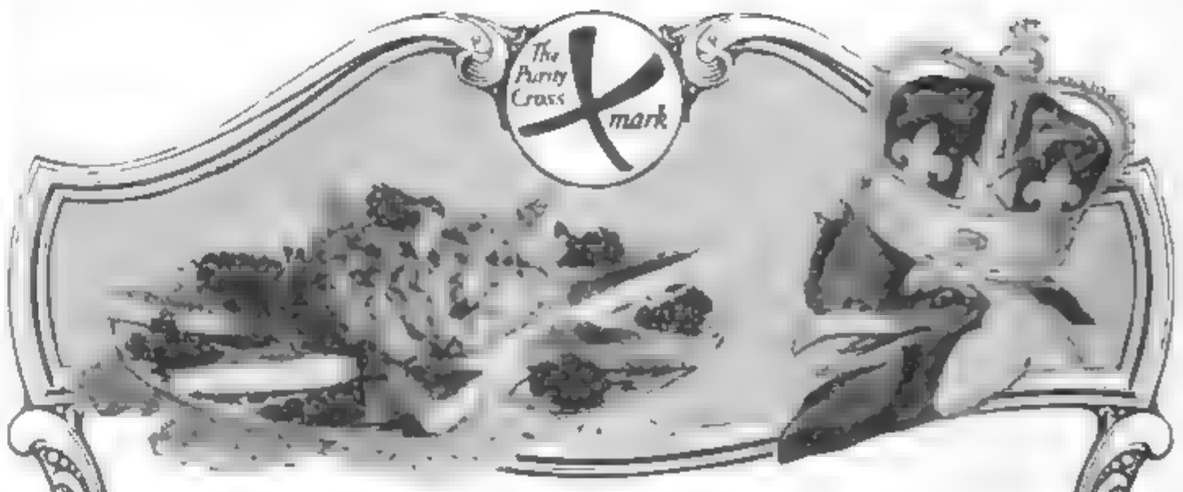

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Our master Chef has his pick of the finest young farm poultry, his selection of fresh mushrooms, will [illegible] from the Purity Cross Model Dairy.

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If not at dealers, single tins will be sent at above prices, or send us $1.45 or $2.85 for half dozen respective sizes, delivery prepaid, provided you mention your best grocer. (In Canada, $2.00 and $3.75, half dozen.) Write, mentioning your grocer's name, for booklet, "How and When," suggesting forty-one dainty ways to serve.

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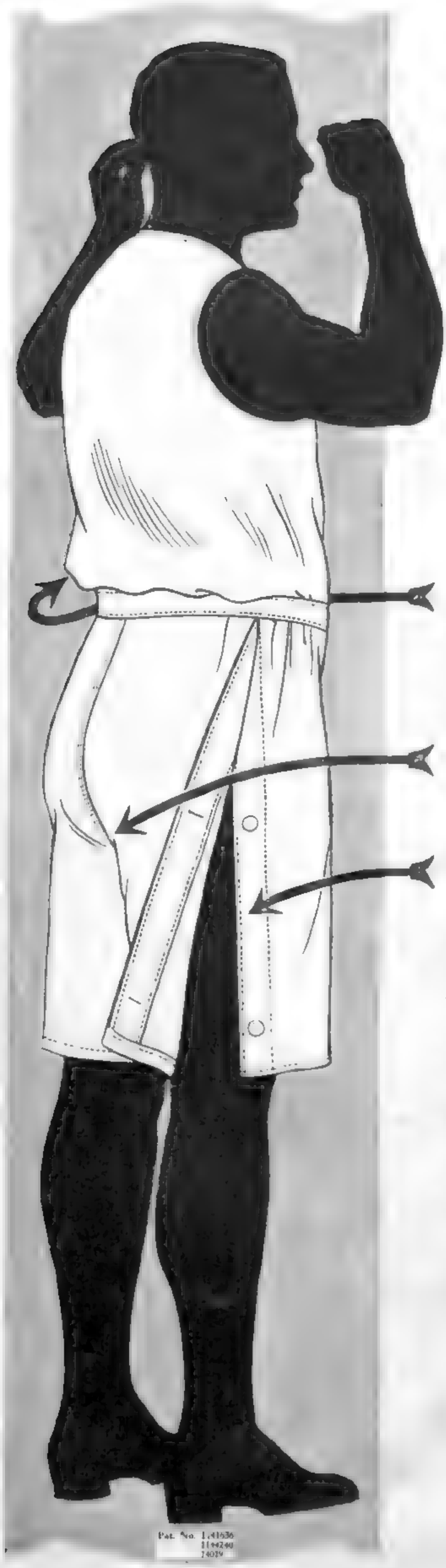

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Here's an undergarment that, by reason of study and application of brains and experience, offers you the combination of *perfect bodily freedom*, a *greater* degree of *cool comfort* and an *assured fit* regardless of your stature, such as you have never before experienced!

And here are the *practical*, *common sense reasons* for this strong claim—that you can easily prove for yourself.

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Natural Blouse: Note the fullness above the waistband. The band fits the waist like the band of your trousers. From the waistband up the suit is full, free, loose. As you stoop, stretch or sit down, the blouse adjusts itself allowing entire freedom of movement—no strain anywhere. There is no hot, thick elastic seam in the back to lose its stretch. The blouse *rocks on the body* as the body moves, providing the ease and comfort of a good old rocking chair!

Closed Seat and Crotch: *Closed* like your trousers and providing similar freedom and comfort. No drop-seat to sag, no split-seat to lose its button or bind.

Side Leg Opening: Note the wide opening on the *outer* side of one leg. Only two buttons within *easy sight, and bearing no strain*—that won't rip off. This opening allows a broad, wide sweep that extends clearly across the back—*with perfect ease.*

New Method of Construction: Athletic underwear used to be so constructed as to be simply a *covering* for your body—little attempt made in the direction of *fit.* All Rockinchair garments are cut over individual patterns the same as used in making clothing and in the same models, to *fit* men of different build: Regular, Short Stout and Long Slim—assuring you not only *comfort* but a *sightly* garment that *fits* your body.

And Materials: Another *big* thing. You can get Rockinchair in a really attractive, light, airy cotton fabric at $1 per suit, or a beautiful, pure silk at $6—or a choice of silk-and-cotton and other cool, serviceable materials at prices in between. All are carefully *tailored*, which places this class of underwear on a plane not known before the introduction of Rockinchair *six years ago.* Sold in union suits and separate garments.

Try a suit, stoop over and stretch, sit down in it! *Test* it—and if you don't feel that it's just about perfect, your dealer will re-exchange the price for the suit.

If your dealer hasn't it, we'll send you Booklet of Styles from which to order

Henderson & Ervin

Norwalk, Conn.

New York, 846 B'dway. Chicago, 424 S. 5th Ave.

ROCKINCHAIR TRADE MARK REGISTERED

(Continued from Page 53)

step toward the establishment of her claim that she is the supreme power in China. Further, just what coöperation with Japan means commercially is instanced by the experience the British had with the Japanese Southern Manchurian Railroad, which has been Japan's great instrument for establishing her control in that section of China.

The Japanese secured a large subscription to that railroad in England and sold a great number of debenture bonds. The English investors had and have no voice in the conduct of the Southern Manchurian Railroad; and by means of that railroad, and the preferential transportation it affords the Japanese, British trade in Southern Manchuria, to say nothing of American trade, has been destroyed. A comparison of customs receipts will show this.

British coöperation with Japan in Southern Manchuria resulted in the complete loss of British trade, and no British money will ever again be found in company with Japanese money, in China or elsewhere, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese are allies of Great Britain. The British have learned their lesson. Apparently the Americans are now preparing to go to the same school, not realizing the fact that any coöperation with the Japanese in China, or elsewhere, means coöperation, so far as the Japanese are concerned, with the Japanese Government, and all that it implies.

If any American interested in this phase of the situation desires explicit information concerning the chances there are for American business and American investment in Southern Manchuria, under present conditions and as controlled by the Japanese, I advise that American to send or go to the American State Department in Washington and acquaint himself with the Popper case, in Mukden.

I have not the space to give the details of the Japanese treatment of this American business man, which is typical of their treatment of all but Japanese in Southern Manchuria; but the details of that case are interesting and illuminative of Japanese procedure there, and will bear out all I say concerning the closed, locked, barred and bolted door in Manchuria, or in any other place in China, or elsewhere, where the Japanese claim or exert "special preferential political rights."

Five-Power Finances

There was another illuminating financial development. Last fall the Chinese Minister of Finance approached the Five-Power Group—Japan, England, Russia, France and Germany—for a loan for administrative purposes. The four Allied Powers refused to negotiate, with Germany included in the group. The Chinese contended that they could not agree to this, as the letter and spirit of their agreement with the Five-Power Group made it imperative to negotiate with the five nations included, and not with any less number. If, the Chinese contended, the Five-Power Group has been reduced, by any circumstance to which China was not a party, to four Powers, then it has ceased to exist. China refused to negotiate on the basis of a reconstituted Four-Power Group.

At this juncture the Chinese Minister in Washington, with the aid and sanction of the American State Department, got in touch with a group of financiers in Chicago, representing largely if not entirely the Commercial Continental Bank, and arranged a preliminary contract for a loan of thirty million dollars, of which five millions was to be immediately available. This was characterized as an industrial loan to avoid conflict, for the time, with the right to make administrative loans held exclusively by the former Five-Power Group.

Japan immediately, but informally, protested that the Chinese had asked the Five-Power Group for a loan and had no right to negotiate elsewhere. The Chinese replied that China had asked the group, as originally constituted, and as constituted then, so far as China was concerned, to make the loan; and that, furthermore, this was an industrial, and not an administrative loan. Japan urged Russia, England and France to protest formally against this loan.

Those countries had informally told the Chinese Government that a request had been made to the group for a loan, and that, therefore, this Chicago loan must not be undertaken. But, at the same time, England, France and Russia, also informally, informed the American authorities in Peking and Washington that they made their informal protest to the Chinese solely because their ally, Japan, had urged it; and that in reality England, France and Russia were much pleased over the prospects of China getting a loan from America, and were in favor of it.

The Washington Government was active in this Chicago loan matter, and instructed the American Minister in Peking to recognize the Open-Door policy absolutely, and to pay no attention to any protest that might be registered against the loan, and to inform China that this was the attitude of the American Government.

On the afternoon of Saturday, January thirteenth, Mr. Odigara, the Japanese financial representative in the Five-Power Group, went to the Chinese Minister of Finance and told him there was no chance of the Four-Power Group—eliminating Germany—making a loan to China at that time; but that he was instructed and prepared to say to the Chinese Minister of Finance that Japan individually would loan to China ten million yen, spot cash, with no other security than the surplus of the salt-gabelle revenues, and on favorable terms, provided and on the express condition that China should immediately drop all negotiations for the Chicago loan and take no American money.

Doctor Ch'en, the Chinese Minister of Finance, demurred. He said he could not do that; and besides, ten million yen was not enough. He said China needed twenty million yen, and must eventually have thirty or forty million yen. Wherefore Mr. Odigara told Doctor Ch'en that it would be all right. Japan would give China the ten million yen, spot cash; and in a few months, possibly only two or three, the Four-Power Group would be in a position to advance all necessary money to China. Get that part of it straight. The Four-Power Group would advance all the necessary money in a short time.

Why Japan Wants to Help

That is the reason for the immediate pressure by Japan to get America to come into the group. Japan would advance money if the Chinese would drop American negotiations; but, failing that, Japan would try to get America back into the group. In either case Japan would diminish and impede, if not stop entirely, all individual American investment, all investment purely American and not associated or combined with equal direction by other nations especially. And that is the reason for Japan's eagerness to coöperate on the Grand Canal and elsewhere.

Japan desires to impede as much as possible individual American action and investment in China. Japan knows that her Chinese policies will suffer if America invests in and develops China independently. Japan knows that a China developed by America will not be a China which Japan can control; and the absolute control of China is the Japanese ultimate in world politics at the present time. Once that control is gained, Japan will have further ultimates.

The character of the Japanese opposition to this Chicago loan, and to other American projects in China, was abundantly proved when Doctor Reinsch made formal inquiries of the ministers of England, Russia and France, and asked them whether those Powers were opposed to this loan. They all said their governments were not opposed to it, but welcomed it; and that they had informally protested because urged to do so by Japan, their ally.

These various developments created a situation in Peking wherein the American Minister felt that it was proper to ask China what the Chinese Government intended to do about undoubted American rights in Manchuria. The question was diplomatically reopened, with the idea of showing by our sympathy for Russia in the situation in Manchuria that Russia was being forced into by Japan owing to Russia's necessities of war, and by doing this to limit, if possible, further Russian and Japanese collusion in Manchuria; with the idea of making it plain to the Chinese, and all others, that the Open-Door policy relates as specifically to an Open Door in Manchuria and Mongolia as it does to any other portion of China; with the idea of again expressing the conviction that, if the suddenly expressed and apparently fervent desire of Japan for coöperation with the United States in the development of China is genuine, it would be well to take advantage of

Concluded on Page 57

The MAN who has no musical talent.

TRY the Manualo and find out for yourself what heartfelt joy there is in playing it. Wherever you live, you can do this. In almost every city and town there is a representative of the House of Baldwin. If, by any chance, there is no representative in your vicinity, send to our nearest sales division for name of our nearest representative, details of special Manualo offer and copy of the interesting illustrated book, "The A B C of the Manualo".

Built into four standard pianos at four prices:
The Baldwin Manualo
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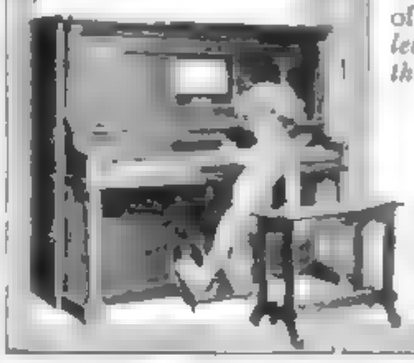

From the time in his youth when he took lessons for six months in an unsuccessful effort to master the "Honey Bees Waltz," he has been classed by himself and his friends as one who never would be able to play. Yet he loves music and regrets that he is denied the pleasure of performing upon some musical instrument. He has the *desire* for musical expression but Nature neglected to give him the *talent* for *satisfying* it. What he and all others like him need is

The Manualo

The Player-Piano that is All but Human
The Instrument You Were Born to Play

Only this mere *desire* for musical expression is required to make the Manualo play in the way to satisfy that desire as fully as if the performer were playing expertly by hand. The Manualo responds to musical desire as completely and instantaneously as a piano responds to talented fingers because it is controlled from the pedals, the place where one naturally tries to put one's feeling into the music.

You simply sit at the Manualo and pedal instinctively. The mere subconscious wish for any musical effect produces that effect. No talent, no training, no knowledge of music is necessary. *Just want to play and the Manualo lets you with all the delightful satisfaction of one who has the talent to play without limitation by hand.*

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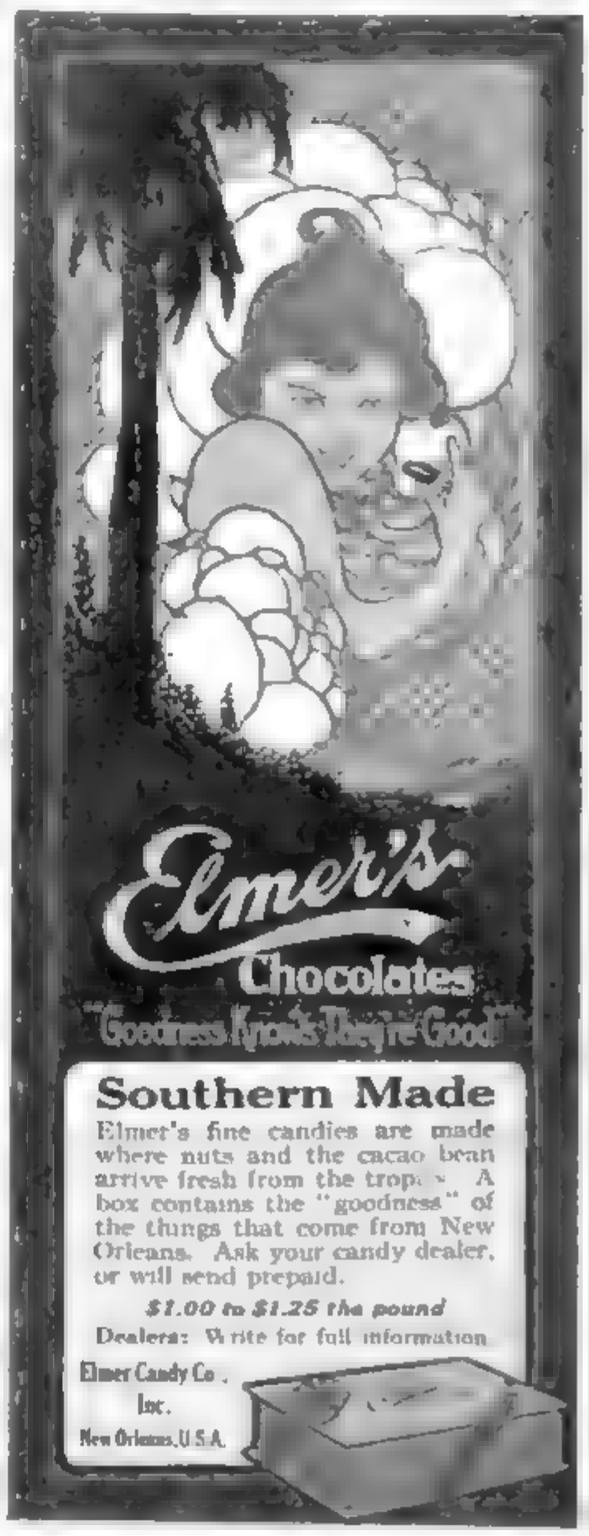

Southern Made

Elmer's fine candies are made where nuts and the cacao bean arrive fresh from the tropics. A box contains the "goodness" of the things that come from New Orleans. Ask your candy dealer, or will send prepaid.

$1.00 to $1.25 the pound

Dealers: Write for full information

Elmer Candy Co., Inc.
New Orleans, U.S.A.

What Profession Pays Best?

Surely not teaching. Nor preaching. Not the law or medicine either.

Maybe you'd say banking paid best, or manufacturing. But we choose

SALESMANSHIP!

Sales are the pulse of any business. The successful company recognizes where its profits come from; it rewards its salesmen.

And high on the list of money-makers among salesmen, you'll find CURTIS salesmen – the men who represent The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman.

What do they earn? Look at these figures:

Courtright Hawley, N. D.	$5,000 00
E. W. Coble, Pa.	3,500 00
R. W. Burchard, N. J.	2,750 00
Roy Clark, Wash.	2,500 00
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Now—we need more Hawleys and Cobles and Burchards. If you have even an hour of spare time each day, we need you, and will pay you liberally. In odd moments you can try out the Curtis money-making plan for yourself. We'll help you make good. Just address

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The Curtis Publishing Company
789 Independence Square, Philadelphia

The most responsible brake lining job in the world

What was selected by experts to fill it and why—

More responsibility is placed on the brake lining of the Fifth Avenue (New York) Busses than on the brake lining of any other vehicles in the world!

They carried 16,000,000 persons in safety and comfort through the densest traffic in the world last year.

Fully loaded, with 44 passengers, a driver and a conductor, these busses weigh eight tons.

They stop at nearly every street corner. They make many thousand stops every day. These stops must be smooth and easy, without the suggestion of a jar. And they are.

Think what depends on the efficiency of the brake lining on these huge busses—the lives of 44,000 passengers every day; the lives of several million motorists and pedestrians who use the same streets.

What brake lining is selected for this great task—the most responsible brake lining job in the world? It is Thermoid Brake Lining.

President Richard W. Meade of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which operates the Fifth Avenue Busses, says: "The smooth and easy stopping which is characteristic of our busses is brought about by the use of Thermoid Brake Lining."

Thermoid Brake Lining on Bus No. 252 gave 19,376 miles of service. The Fifth Avenue Coach Company says, "We consider these results extremely satisfactory." This is typical of Thermoid service.

Why *experts* select Thermoid Brake Lining

Leading car makers and their engineers select Thermoid Brake Lining because they find by scientific tests that it gives consistently efficient SERVICE. They find its "coefficient of friction" is ideal for a brake lining.

This means its entire construction is such that brakes equipped with Thermoid Brake Lining cannot grab or slip, no matter how thin Thermoid becomes throughout long usage.

Used by best cars and axles

Some of the cars that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Pierce-Arrow	*Cole*	*Sun*
Studebaker	*King*	*Ames*
Chalmers	*Davis*	*Moon*
Peerless	*Briscoe*	*Pilot*
Marmon	*Hudson*	*Empire*
Apperson	*Cadillac*	*Union Truck*
Autocar	*National*	*Denby Truck*
Premier	*Stephens*	*Fulton Truck*
Auburn	*Kline Kar*	*Gersix Truck*
Haynes	*Patterson*	*Republic Truck*
Kissel	*Pathfinder*	*Bessemer Truck*
White	*Atlas Truck*	*Sayers & Scovill*
Metz	*Denmo Truck*	*Columbia Truck*
Service Truck	*Rauch & Lang*	*Bethlehem Truck*
Hudford Unit	*Superior Truck*	*Lippard-Stewart Truck*
Lexington-Howard		*Moreland Truck*

Some of the axles that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Timken-Detroit		*Sheldon*	*Empire*
Columbia		*Torbensen*	*Hess*
Pera	*Russel*	*Celfor*	*American*

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. It has over 40% more material, by actual weight, than any woven brake lining

This means longer service—best service. Thermoid is over 40% heavier than any woven brake lining, not hydraulic compressed, on the market. That is why it is better fitted to stand the responsibilities placed on it.

2. It is Grapnalized

Thermoid Brake Lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized—or can be. That is why ordinary brake lining will not, and cannot, give the length of life and service that Thermoid Brake Lining does give.

3. It is hydraulic compressed

Powerful hydraulic presses compress Thermoid into a solid mass. This makes it far tougher and stronger than ordinary linings. It makes the wearing surface ideal for braking; it can't grab and it can't slip. The "coefficient of friction" is just right.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages and dealers will be glad to supply you.

Remember, your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure your brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our guarantee

Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL. It is positively guaranteed to out-wear and give better satisfaction than any other brake lining.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: TRENTON, N. J.

Branches:			
Indianapolis	New York	Chicago	San Francisco
Pittsburgh	Boston	Los Angeles	Philadelphia
		London	Paris

Makers of "Thermoid Tires" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

(Concluded from Page 55)

this situation by allowing Americans to cooperate in the several thousand miles of railroad contracts and other industrial and mining concessions now held exclusively by Japan in Manchuria.

All these and some other phases of minor importance were brought forward in order to keep it fresh in the mind of Japan that we, as Americans, intend to run our own show in China—if we do; a question the future will answer.

Furthermore, a suggestion was diplomatically made to Baron Hayashi that there was much suspicion of the ulterior motives of Japan in China; not, of course, in the minds of the American Government—far be it from that—but generally, here and there and elsewhere. Would it not be wise, the baron was asked, if the United States and Japan, at this auspicious time, were to make a joint declaration reaffirming absolute loyalty to the policy of the Open Door? If, in the opinion of the Japanese, it would be well to have other nations interested reaffirm this policy, that would be agreeable to the United States.

This suggestion was made to Baron Hayashi at the time Motono was returning to Japan from his former post of Ambassador to Russia, to become Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Terauchi Cabinet. As Motono would pass through Mukden on his way to Tokio, Baron Hayashi would meet him in Mukden; and it was well to have the matter fresh in the mind of Motono. Some time later it was announced that the discussion of this matter had been transferred to Tokio. The American Ambassador there, Mr. Guthrie, has since died.

The Purchase of Macao

There are two things that will prove the sincerity of Japan in all this Chinese business: The first is this reaffirmation of the Open-Door policy, in terms of its original enunciation, with conduct in China in accord. The second is the consent, by the Japanese, to American coöperation in Japanese enterprises in Southern Manchuria and in Eastern Inner Mongolia. If Japan does these two things then some measure of the official announcements in Tokio concerning China may be considered to have a basis in actuality. Otherwise Japan must be judged by her acts in China. It will be interesting to note whether one or both, or neither, is done.

Meantime the cable brings the news, on Portuguese authority, that Japan has bought the Portuguese possession of Macao. Macao is an island, at the mouth of the Canton River, near Hong-Kong; and it is of great strategic importance—a Helgoland or a Gibraltar. It lies across from Formosa, which is Japanese, and to the south; and can be used as a naval base for operations against any Power that eventually threatens the domination of China by Japan. Japan now practically has the Chinese Province of Fu-kien, which is directly across from Formosa. The sale of Macao has not been confirmed as I write; but if it is confirmed it will be only another evidence of Japan's determination to place herself in the dominant position in and about China.

It is idle to assume that the exposed plan of the Germans to unite Germany and Japan against the United States has no foundation other than the desire of the German Foreign Minister, Zimmermann. There is some strong pro-German feeling in Japan, and it is largely the German pattern after which the Japanese nation is fashioned, and the Japanese Army as well. It is no mere conjecture that German intrigue in Japanese politics is stronger than the diplomacy of the rest of Europe and of America.

A Europe dominated by Germany was the Kaiser's dream, exactly as an East dominated by Japan is the hope and vision and ambition of Japan. As I have said, Japanese hatred of England and the English is widespread and bitter. A disappointed German people after this war may well turn to the Far East for renewed power.

Laying aside this suggestion for future discussion and amplification in its Russian bearings, as well as recent demonstrated Japanese activities in Mexico, it is to be reiterated that the only yellow peril is the peril of the union of the yellow races under the domination of Japan. The history of the world gives evidences of higher civilizations wrecked by brute force.

World politics is not a matter of days, but of years. And if the United States remains insensible of this inevitable Eastern situation that Japan intends to bring about, the United States will be recreant in her duties to the civilization of the world; for the United States can prevent it, and prevent it by the absolute, unswerving maintenance of the Open Door in China.

A Sound Eastern Policy

If the United States, by firmly maintaining the right of American investment in China, gives the American business man the unhampered opportunity for the investment of his money in China—not as a lender, as he would be forced to be under Japanese domination, if he could get in at all, but as a maker of money—and protects that right, the United States will go far in maintaining the future peace of the world.

The American investment work in China that is needed at the outset is not individual investment, but great corporation or associated investment by organizations especially built to undertake the work. These must pioneer, build the many thousands of required miles of railroads, open the markets, supply the elemental needs, and do the preliminary work of developing China and making China available for the business adventure of the individual or the smaller investor.

Having a system of distribution, of communication, of initial constructive work, the American business man can go in, if the American Government will support and protect the investment and development pioneers, as well as the following individual and smaller investors, and supply China with every means of better living in the way of public utilities, manufactured products of all kinds, food, clothing—everything that our hundred million people need, that our hundred million people use and consume. China has the mineral, the agricultural and the other resources. The market is there, to be made and profited by.

China's government must be reformed; but the civilized nations of the West must do the reforming.

The Greatest Weapon

THE forty-centimeter gun
That hurls, six leagues, against the foe
A missile weighing just a ton
Deals not the most effective blow.
We thought so several years ago;
But time has taught us better now.
In laying adversaries low
War's greatest weapon is the plow.

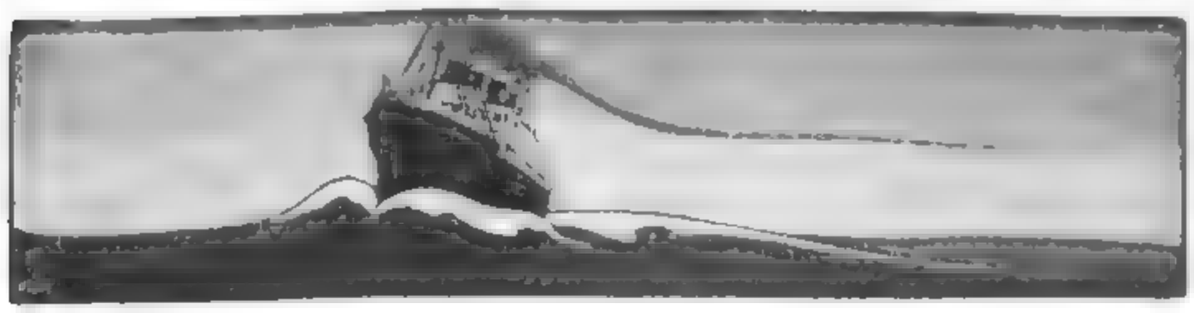
Success in war depends, my son,
On making corn and wheat to grow;
And victory will by him be won
Who hoes the most successful row.
On those who plant and till and sow,
And feed the swine and milk the cow,
We must our medals now bestow—
War's greatest weapon is the plow.

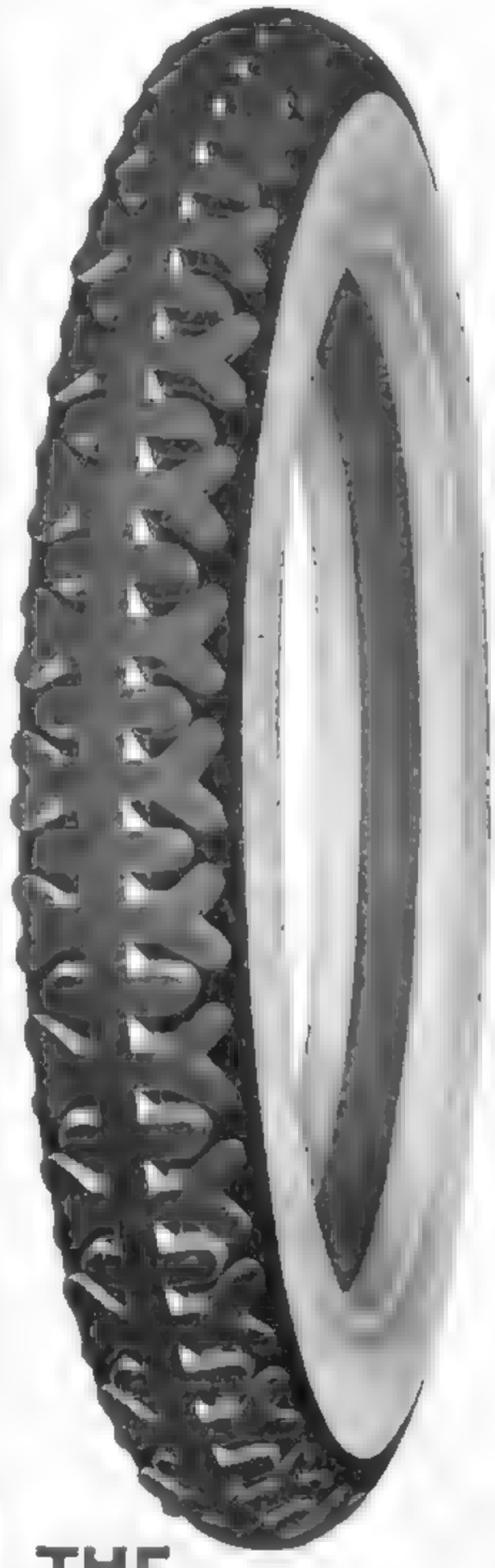
That army quickly is undone
Within whose rear stalks, to and fro,
Grim Famine, fiercer than a Hun,
With all his myrmidons of woe,
Who neither ruth nor quarter show.
Because it saves from these, we vow
Our highest praise to it we owe—
War's greatest weapon is the plow.

L'Envoi.

Captain, I must report that so
I find the facts; no matter how
The tides of battle ebb or flow,
War's greatest weapon is the plow.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter.





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THE GENERAL TIRE

Its service begins below the surface and does not end at the surface—it is built to be soundly good all the way through.

We are enthusiasts on the subject of thoroughness—detailed conscientiousness in manufacture. We are building our business, not on speedy salesmanship, nor on adjustment promises, but solely on sound tires. Every General Tire is our accredited representative—a salesman sent out to take orders for other General Tires. It must satisfy *us* before it goes on the road as our representative.

That is why General Tire users put absolute dependence on their Generals—they put them on the car and forget worry. And *that* is why General Tire distributors and dealers have named it the tire that does not need its guarantee.

Sound principles—sound materials—sound construction—a sound success. When you ride on General Tires you ride on these fundamentals.

More for your mental satisfaction than because it will be needed for an adjustment, The General Tire is guaranteed for 5,000 miles. Service is never less—always more.

The General Tire is sold for a very moderate price.
Look up The General Tire dealer in your city.

THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Points of Superiority

The "Drop Seat"—the "Comfort First" feature

The absolute Closed Crotch—always—no matter what the position or posture

Only one single thickness of cloth—no "lapovers", no "folds"—consequently no "sagging" or "bunching" and no discomfort.

Elastic back—no strain on buttons.

For Comfort—Insist on the "Imperial Drop Seat" when you buy your Summer Union Suits. It is just as comfortable—just as necessary in the loose fitting Athletic (woven fabric) Suit as it is in the Knitted garment. Both styles with the "Imperial Drop Seat".

Ask your Dealer—he knows

THE IMPERIAL UNDERWEAR CO.
PIQUA, OHIO

HOOVER OF BELGIUM

(Continued from Page 14)

ready to transport the supplies from there into Belgium. Others were already buying food.

Hoover's way is to do things first and ask permission later. He and his associates had only five hundred thousand dollars promised from the English Government. But, with this in sight, they arranged to place orders every week for two million dollars' worth of food! They purchased food, got it to the docks, chartered vessels and loaded them. Then, when the hatches were all closed, Hoover sought permission to make shipment. He went before the proper official.

"Unless I get four shiploads of food to Belgium before the end of the week those people will starve," he said.

The high official deeply regretted his inability to aid him. The food could not be purchased; the railroads were choked with munitions of war; the ships were all under government orders. Hoover heard him to the end.

"I have attended to all that," he said. "The ships are loaded and ready. All I need now is clearance papers."

The official stared at him.

"Young man," he said, "there have been men sent to the Tower for less than you have done here! If it were anyone else, or for any other cause, I hate to think what might happen!"

The ships sailed a few hours later. So the work of the C. R. B. began.

"We had thought initially," Hoover said, "that so terrible a situation could exist only for days; that we must find a few millions of dollars. But within a month we realized that we were confronted with a task not merely over days but months, and an expenditure far beyond the dreams of any relief hitherto known."

Feeding the Hungry

He appealed to the French and English Governments for immense appropriations; and meantime, in tactful coöperation with native leaders over in Belgium and Northern France, Hoover and his American friends began to bring order out of chaos. The generous men who intended to help only for days or weeks stayed on for years. Hoover's spirit held them there. The number of these volunteers swelled to fifty thousand. Some two hundred were Americans; the rest were French and Belgians. Thousands labored day and night, and practically all served without pay. The overhead charges of the commission have been six-tenths of one per cent; for there was a great cause and a great leader here. And week by week and month by month there grew up a vast intricate organization, with some four thousand committees all over the world raising money and purchasing supplies, and in Belgium and Northern France a carefully worked-out system of over four thousand other committees, large and small, resting at the bottom upon a group in every commune, with a small warehouse from which food and clothing were issued upon ration cards.

There were soup kitchens, baby canteens where four hundred thousand babies got special food. In addition one million two hundred thousand school-children got a special meal each day to help check the rapid and ominous spread of tuberculosis among them. This meal cost a million and a quarter dollars a month; but, even so, it did not go far. The public health had to be carefully watched. There had to be rigid control of the distribution of all supplies, both native and imported. Justice must be done to all. Fertilizers and seeds must be found. By the decrease of these and of livestock the native supplies now swiftly declined. The problem grew harder every month. Always more money must be secured; always new remedies must be found.

Nor was it only a problem of feeding. One-half of the Belgians were out of work; and there were the regular paupers—the blind, the orphans and the helpless. Three million five hundred thousand people in Belgium and two million more in Northern France were wholly destitute. They must be clothed with millions of garments, warmed by thousands of tons of coal; and those who were homeless must be housed. New committees constantly had to be formed. In the presence of diminished shipping the inward flow of food must increase. It must be done cheaply and without fail. And, in order to save every possible dollar, only those kinds of food must be bought that would give the greatest nourishment This they learned from expert dietitians.

But, as to purchasing supplies, there were big men on the C. R. B. who needed no expert advice. They knew all the tricks of the business. When the price of beans began to rise they bought one thousand tons of beans and threw them back in one lot on the market. Down went prices. They bought in small lots. Slowly again the price began rising; but once more the terrific impact of one thousand tons of beans was felt. Again the price dropped, and again their agents bought beans in small lots.

So again and again did that same thousand tons of beans hammer down prices and save the day. The same was true wherever they went. In food and in shoes and clothing, repeatedly through expert advice of business men as shrewd as themselves, they went into the market and bought at cost, and often below it.

They employed some seventy cargo ships flying the flag of the C. R. B. They used hundreds of tugs and canal boats and railroad cars. They operated not only warehouses but large mills and factories. And they distributed every month two hundred and twenty million pounds of bread, twenty million pounds of bacon and lard, five million tins of condensed milk, beans, corn, coffee, sugar, and thousands of tons of other supplies. Each month their dependents consumed the wheat product of nearly two hundred thousand acres. The commission expended fourteen million dollars every month, and made every dollar count. Hoover was in full action now.

But, despite all these resources and these Herculean efforts, "We were haunted in every dark hour," he says, "by the grim tragedy of possible failure; for we never saw a time when our finances were certain for sixty days ahead, or a time when our contracts did not exceed our assets from five million to twenty million dollars." They went begging to the world; and, at first, the response was promising.

"In a moment of desperation," he writes, "I assessed the miners of Australia, where I had had a connection for years. I told them what they ought to give, and I received in two months seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Belgium from a country already combed to the bottom for relief and distress work. We appealed to the miners of Johannesburg, and the laborers in the mines gave ten per cent of their wages; and the owners duplicated the amount."

The Old Ladies' Gift

So it was in other parts of the world. There were responses large and small. A letter from two old ladies in England inclosed twelve silver buttons, which they had cut from their best gowns. They said it was all they had to give. Hoover replied, I was told by a friend, to this effect:

"*Dear Ladies:* It is not necessary yet to permit such sacrifice as yours. Your action has led one of us here to contribute ten pounds to the Belgian cause. So what you have done was not in vain. I return your buttons—all except one, which, if you will allow me, I shall keep as a reminder that there are people like you in the world."

But there were not enough people like that, it seemed. And for its work the C. R. B. has been driven to count more and more on the French and British Governments. Of the two hundred and fifty million dollars spent in the work more than four-fifths has come from them or from their banks, and has been debited to the Belgian nation, or to the communes and municipalities in Northern France that have received its benefits.

Hoover soon won such implicit trust from the French and British Governments that they asked for no accounting. They put their money in his hands and simply told him to go ahead.

But Hoover did not do business that way. Before many months he had organized an immense and tortuous system of bureaus of accounting, audit, statistics and inspection, covering the whole range of their work, from New York and Buenos Aires to the last village in Northern France.

(Concluded on Page 61)

Marshall Cushion Comfort Springs

Now being built into the upholstery of 350,000 cars ranging in price from $700 to $12,000

OU are entitled to the greatest luxury that has ever been introduced into motor car construction. Today more than 65 automobile manufacturers and body builders have adopted Marshall Cushion Comfort Springs for their upholstery as equipment for more than 350,000 cars.

This means that America's greatest engineers have approved the Marshall principle after the most exhaustive tests. The following are conclusive reasons for the superiority of Marshallized upholstery:

Six Marshall springs now replace one ordinary stiff spring, every cushion becoming a nest of hundreds of springs.

Marshallized upholstery absorbs jolts and jars not taken up by car springs. No need now to brace yourself against road shocks.

Marshallized upholstery is durable. It retains its original position during the life of your car, and will not sag nor spread.

Marshallized upholstery conforms to your body, which is always anchored snugly. Bouncing and sliding are eliminated.

Marshallized upholstery has all the comforts of a luxurious easy chair.

Every car equipped with Marshall Cushion Comfort Springs carries with it a Marshall certificate of genuineness. Look for this certificate when you buy your car.

Write for our de luxe book.

Marshall Ventilated Mattress
FOR COMFORT

Marshall Ventilated Mattress Co.
Chicago; Other Factories in Waukegan, Ill.;
London, England; and Toronto, Canada

Marshall Cushion Comfort Springs
FOR FURNITURE

Willys Knight

Carbon

"One Motor's Meat is Another's Poison"

Every motor must "digest" its quota of carbon—or be "operated" upon.

And all over the land the repair shops are constantly cluttered with cars requiring the carbon "operation."

Their motors cannot digest the "poison" and after progressive carbon indigestion they limp to repair shops for carbon cleaning and valve grinding.

But this same carbon that is "poison" for every other type of motor is nourishment for the Willys-Knight.

It constantly rebuilds the motor's vitality, first improving it to maximum efficiency then sustaining it at that point.

Many a Willys-Knight motor has outrun the life-span of the other types without mechanical attention—and continues to deliver at top efficiency with its accustomed quietness.

If everyone knew what the 12,000 purchasers of last season's Willys-Knight output have learned, no automobile factory yet built would be big enough to supply the demand.

Ask the Willys-Overland dealer to introduce you to someone who drives a Willys-Knight. Then find out what he thinks of his car.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio
Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Automobiles

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Eight Seven Passenger Touring 125-inch Wheelbase $1950

Four Seven Passenger Touring 121-inch Wheelbase $1395

Four Sedan $1950 Four Limousine $1950
Four Coupé $1650

f. o. b. Toledo

All prices subject to change without notice

(Concluded from Page 58)

"The monument of our efficiency," he said, "lies in the fact that the bread sold in Belgium to those who can pay has always been from fifteen to twenty per cent cheaper than in New York City."

From such a record Hoover's fame spread over Europe far and wide. All the governments of the Allies were soon seeking his counsel in regard to the pressing food problems they had at home. And in Germany, when Herr Batocki was made the food dictator there, he was prompt in asking Hoover's advice.

Hoover's relation with Germany made the most difficult part of his task. In the life he has led for nearly three years, in London and in Paris, in Holland and in Belgium, foremost among the chaos of tasks was the anxiety of dealing each day with an occupying army, with arbitrary methods and everchanging rules and laws. He had to negotiate and maintain international agreements for the protection of foods and ships; for guaranties that his supplies should not be consumed by the invaders. It required tact and dogged persistence.

At first, the Germans could not understand him. He did not fit into their scheme of things. His *Kultur* was not the same, and he had no *Schrecklichkeit* at all—except his Yankee stubbornness. At last, however, they trusted him. They could not let the Belgians die, and here was relief work free of charge.

His businesslike ways appealed to them. Individual German officers became his warm friends and gave him support; and their government gradually came into line. He still had his troubles, but overcame them. When one of his ships was torpedoed Hoover took a trip to Berlin, where he was solemnly assured that it would never happen again.

"Your excellency," he said to the German, "there was a man once who was annoyed by a snarling dog. He went to see the owner and asked him to muzzle the dog. 'There is no need of that,' said the owner; 'the dog will never bite you.' 'Maybe,' said the man. 'You know the dog will not bite me. I know the dog will not bite me. But does the dog know?'"

"Pardon me one moment, Herr Hoover. I will telephone at once to the dog."

Hoover's parable got action.

That was over two years ago, and there came a respite from submarines. There were other troubles, but he stood his ground. He tried to talk to the German officials as though he had behind him an America ready to rise to a man. But the Germans refused to believe it.

They knew that, in spite of all the appeals Hoover had made to this country, we had contributed to his cause less than four per cent of the total amount. And this notwithstanding the fact that his commission had spent more than one hundred and fifty million dollars here in the purchase of supplies! Our profit out of the Belgian relief had been thirty million dollars at least. We had given nine million dollars in return. And Hoover felt this deeply.

"Time and time again," he has stated, "when the door of Belgium threatened to close we defended its portals by the assertion that this was an American enterprise, and that the sensibilities of the American people would be wounded beyond measure—would be outraged—if its work were interfered with."

But the Germans scoffed at this idea. In one crisis with a high official, when Hoover had made a veiled threat of this kind, the official responded as follows:

"Mr. Hoover, I will grant your request—not on account of your country, but on account of you and your friends, a small group of eccentric gentlemen who happen to be of American birth. You have worked miracles here in Belgium and the world will not forget you. But don't speak to me of America; for it is not behind you. Your country cares for nothing on earth but money, war profits—only that!"

In sizing up other countries, however, Germany has not been strong. And as the causes have piled up and the great issue has grown clear—democracy or tyranny—the nation despised by the German official has at last roused to the summons and taken, with its free allies, the great road that leads to a liberal world.

And so Hoover has been called back home to lead us in that part of our task which is perhaps most pressing now. He is coming to the aid of our Department of Agriculture with the most careful and comprehensive knowledge of all such problems as we must solve, gathered not only from his own work but from all that he has observed of similar vast operations in the countries of the Allies.

Moreover, before coming home he took nearly a month for consultation with members of the British, French and Italian Ministries, and for an accurate survey of the food and shipping situation. And the groundwork has been laid for interallied coöperation in handling and transporting the vast food supplies required from us.

As to the great cause at stake, and to the Germany he has known, Hoover has had this to say:

"For two and a half years we have been obliged to remain silent witnesses of the character of the forces dominating this war. But we are now at liberty to say that, though we break with great regret our association with many German individuals, yet it is our conviction, born of our intimate experience and contact, that there is no hope for democracy or liberalism, and consequently for the real peace and safety of our country, unless the system which brought the world into this unfathomable misery is stamped out, once and for all."

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Wildest Angling in the World

THE rainbows, it should be remembered, are not the only fish that inhabit waters of the Soo. It has not been unusual to catch a two-pound or a three-pound brook trout from time to time here or there about the locks or dikes at the Soo. Below the rapids, time out of mind, great lake trout have lain in the deep water. Sometimes an angler will go out after these also. Doctor Christofferson, for instance, on June 2, 1915, killed a twenty-one-pound lake trout on a bucktail spoon. In 1913 Judge Runnells killed a twenty-pound-three-ounce lake trout in the same locality; on what lure I do not know.

Anglers tell me that on the rocky shores of little islands below the city of Sault Sainte Marie the fly-fishing for black bass is excellent; and I should think spoon casting would be very deadly, little as one cares for that when the fly is at all feasible.

Still farther down the river, toward Lake Huron, there is an excellent angling ground for muskellunge. In August, 1916, I saw a forty-pound muskellunge, which came from that country. In the same taxidermist's shop I saw another forty-pound muskellunge, which came from Brevort Lake, south of Sault Sainte Marie. Within a few hours of the Soo I found splendid fly-fishing for black bass in a Canadian lake, as well as some of the finest trout fishing I ever saw. It may be taken as simple truth that Sault Sainte Marie is a natural place for fish stories. It has been a natural place for fish from the earliest memory of man. This rainbow-trout development is merely the latest thing in its centuries-old story.

You do not see any railroad or steamship folders with any of those accursed pictures: photographs of men holding up long strings of fish—bass, trout, pike, and the like. The truth is, no such takes are made at Sault Sainte Marie. It is not possible for the average angler to go out there and catch a long string of fish to display before the camera. Rainbow angling is all that angling is at its very best—an art, a science, a gamble, all in one.

For instance, I have a friend, a Southerner, who for many years has been going up to the Soo each summer for this sport with the rainbows. I don't think he has ever caught a dozen rainbows in one season, though he fished pretty much every day for them. Perhaps a season may pass when he has taken nothing heavier than three or four pounds—he had not done so this year at last accounts. But the point is, he came back with fish stories. He had his sporting chance with the big ones, though thus far

(Continued on Page 64)

"Here's My Idea of a Towel"

"I used to be prejudiced against paper towels, but since I've used ScotTissue Towels I know what a *real* towel is."

That's the story we hear almost every day. ScotTissue Towels are more than pieces of white paper cut to towel size. They are made of a specially manufactured paper texture—real towels that give real towel service.

The quickly absorbent body of ScotTissue Towels gathers up every drop of moisture the minute it touches your skin. The soft, pleasant "feel" of ScotTissue Towels is mighty comfortable and refreshing to your hands and face.

And, in addition to this absolute satisfaction, ScotTissue Towels mean perfect sanitation. Only the finest pulp goes into their manufacture. Only the purest, filtered water is used. ScotTissue Towels are made under perfect conditions and come to you in perfect condition—pure white, clean, folded, ready for use.

Every ScotTissue Towel bears the special ScotTissue trade mark. Always look for it. It's your guarantee of protection and satisfaction.

For all public and semi-public wash-rooms ScotTissue is the logical, practical and most satisfactory Towel Service both for the user and the owner. Heads of stores, office buildings, hotels, theatres, restaurants, factories, offices, schools and institutions should investigate ScotTissue and send for further interesting and valuable information.

Scott Paper Company

Originators of the Paper Towel

Manufacturers of ScotTissue Towels and Toilet Paper

723 Glenwood Avenue, Philadelphia

113 E. Austin Avenue CHICAGO — 356 Market Street SAN FRANCISCO — 30 Church Street NEW YORK

Address nearest office

ScotTissue Towels

It's So Much Be
Fisk Tires with

THE actual non-skid tread of Fisk Tires gives the assurance of safety, the protection and mileage strength you want and need. Fisk Non-Skids and Fisk Tire Service form a logical, practical and sensible combination of value that cannot be beaten.

This remarkable tire service includes inspection—

dismounting—

testing the air pressure—

and assembling.

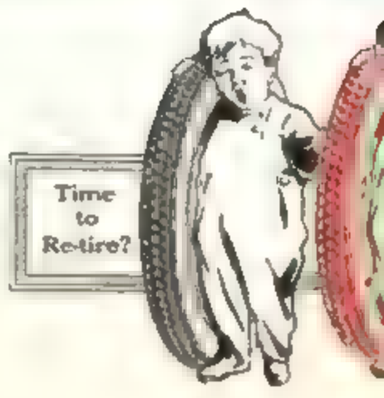
IT has been proven definitely that Fisk Tire Service increases tire mileage and reduces tire expense. The biggest average mileage is shown through those Fisk Branches where the most service is rendered. This is according to actual records and is of the utmost significance to car owners.

The Fisk Branch System

Every motor car center is provided with Fisk Service facilities. Look up street address of nearest Fisk Branch in your telephone directory.

Fisk Branches in the following Cities:

Aberdeen, S. D.	Bismarck, N. D.	Chicago, Ill. (4)	Denver, Colo.	Fargo, N. D.	Hastings, Neb.	Louisville, Ky.
Albany, N. Y.	Boston, Mass.	Chicopee Falls, Mass.	Des Moines, Ia.	Fort Wayne, Ind	Hollywood, Cal	Lowell, Mass.
Allentown, Pa.	Bridgeport, Conn.	Cincinnati, Ohio	Detroit, Mich	Fresno, Cal	Indianapolis, Ind	Lynn, Mass
Atlanta, Ga	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Cleveland, Ohio	Duluth, Minn.	Galesburg, Ill	Kansas City, Kan.	Madison, Wis.
Atlantic, Iowa	Buffalo, N. Y.	Columbia, S. C.	Eau Claire, Wis.	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Kansas City, Mo.	Marinette, Wis
Baltimore, Md.	Butte, Mont.	Columbus, Ohio	Elmira, N. Y.	Great Falls, Mont.	La Crosse, Wis.	Mason City, Iowa
Billings, Mont.	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Council Bluffs, Iowa	El Paso, Texas	Greenville, S. C.	Lima, Ohio	Memphis, Tenn
Binghamton, N. Y.	Charlotte, N. C.	Davenport, Iowa	Erie, Pa.	Harrisburg, Pa.	Lincoln, Neb.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Birmingham, Ala	Chattanooga, Tenn.	Dayton, Ohio	Evansville, Ind	Hartford, Conn	Los Angeles, Cal	Minneapolis, Minn



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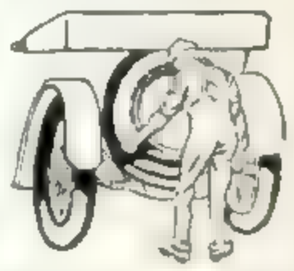
EVERY employee of the more than 125 Fisk Branches is especially trained in the ideals of Fisk Service. You are assured not only of the most intelligent care of your tires, but eager, courteous attention—this we insist upon. It is the fundamental principle of the Fisk Policy.

We also test your wheels for alignment—



mount your extras on wheel or rim—

give you helpful touring advice as well as instruction in the care of your tires—

and all this service is actually Free—without obligation.

Covers the Entire Country

Get acquainted with Fisk Methods—Fisk Service—Fisk Value—and the saving coming with the added mileage of Fisk Tires.

Fisk Branches in the following Cities:

Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
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Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Oshkosh, Wis.
Pasadena, Cal.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Me.
Portland, Ore.
Providence, R. I.
Quincy, Ill.
Raleigh, N. C.
Rapid City, S. D.
Reading, Pa.
Reno, Nev.
Richmond, Va.
Riverside, Cal.
Roanoke, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Sacramento, Cal.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo. (4)
St. Paul, Minn.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Diego, Cal.
San Francisco, Cal.
San Jose, Cal.
Scranton, Pa.
Seattle, Wash.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Tacoma, Wash.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Utica, N. Y.
Washington, D. C.
Waterbury, Conn.
Waterloo, Iowa
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kans.
Worcester, Mass.
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THERE isn't anything else in the country like Fisk Service. It is the only countrywide organization where complete and uniform free service is rendered. In order to give the greatest possible tire satisfaction to every tire user the Policy of Fisk Free Service includes all car owners.

LIFE SAVERS
THE HOLESOME CANDY MINT
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
A DAINTY CONFECTION
"EVEN the hole tastes good to me," laughs the man who always has a roll of Life Savers with him. He means he doesn't like mints without holes in them—they aren't Life Savers.
Look for the hole in Life Savers—always. It is the guarantee of the genuine. And nothing made of sugar is half so sweet and flavorsome as genuine Life Savers—or so full of snap and sparkle.
Try them today—they're wholly delightful.
Four flavors: Pep-o-mint Cl-o-ve
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MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY, New York
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5¢
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

(Continued from Page 61)

the big fellows of the rapids, for the most part, have had the best of it with the anglers.

It was in August, 1916, when I thought I would stroll up to the Soo myself to learn what lay under all this talk of big fish, which from time to time has been coming down for the last ten years. It was then that I ran across the real story of the rainbow in these northern waters, one which I think is very much worth chronicling. As for my own success, I had almost forgotten about it. Confined to only two nights' angling, I did not raise a rainbow at all; and the best I could do was two brook trout, each of a little over one and a quarter pounds.

Perhaps such a record may be your own if you're confined to a hurried trip there; but, even so, you will not regret the experience, and you will forget the failure, because certainly you will have been angling in the most extraordinary environment of which I have any knowledge. And you certainly will be in touch with the most extraordinary game that, in my belief, any part of this continent can produce. The big brook trout of the Rangeley Lakes, for instance—eight, ten, even twelve pounds—are not to be mentioned in the same breath with these fighting rainbows in the white water of the Soo.

It was not my own personal intention to get fast to any big rainbow up there and not put him in the game sack; so I took along a salmon rod, with a full equipment of salmon reel, line, leaders and flies. After taking a look at the country, however, I decided not to undertake the use of the salmon rod at all, as I do not believe it is necessary. The local anglers, for the most part, have been making their records with light fly rods of late—five-ounce or six-ounce rods; and they are now beginning to use the fly almost exclusively, thanks to the development of sport in America. This is sporting equipment, and it seemed to me that the salmon rod in these surroundings would be almost as unfair as the bait rod itself; so I resorted to the most powerful trout rod I had—done by a good maker of America; ten feet and six ounces.

None the less I went prepared for heavy business. I never tried the small trout flies, number eight and number six, which seem to be locally popular; and, as I had my own notion about the loss of so many fish owing to the breaking of tackle, I mounted a leader of the very best salmon gut. I tried salmon flies—Silver Doctor, Jack Scott, and so on—but in my brief time did not happen to raise anything to them. So I undertook to introduce the bucktail fly, of my own devising, which of late has been making so much angling history in the Middle West. It was on this fly that I killed the two brook trout.

Fly Fishing More General

As other anglers during that same week began to use the bucktail, results of varying nature began to turn out. At the end of a few days almost all the local men had bucktails in their hats when they went out after rainbows, and I believe that the bucktail cult was pretty firmly established after one week's trial at the Soo. I believe, also, that it will have the ultimate result of displacing the Devon minnow, the wooden minnow, and the many ganged hooks, with spinning devices, which heretofore have been used by so many of the anglers in that locality. From year to year the class of the angling at this point is bound to improve. It will be no long time before this will be one of the greatest of our sporting propositions, and the bait rod will be frowned on, no doubt.

I am especially rejoiced to see the general use of the fly coming in at this point, because bait and fly are two things that do not go well together. If a man casts one of these spinning contrivances for an hour or so in the pool where the rainbows are lying, he is sure to put down the fish so that they will not come to the fly. If, on the contrary, he is only ruffling the surface of the pool with a well-handled fly, the trout themselves are not so apt to be put down for so long a time, if, indeed, they notice the fly at all. And there are places along the rapids fit to be called pools.

Heretofore the local anglers, who have been killing most of the big fish, have stuck to the small flies commonly used for brook trout—number eight, or, at most, number six—and usually they have fished in the old-fashioned way, with three flies on the cast. The Parmachene Belle seems to be popular there, as it is in Canada and the Northeast. One or two good fish were killed with the Silver Doctor; so that fly was having a little run at the time I was there. Montreal was another fly somewhat affected, though I have never found the Montreal of much value in the lower peninsula of Michigan or in Wisconsin. The truth is, as I fancy, that almost any fly would have served equally well in the style of fishing pursued.

It has been practically all-night fishing, and, for the most part, when there was a heavy hatch of small shad fly on the water. At the time of my visit the shad fly was in full bloom; and I must say it was a revelation to me. I never saw so much insect life anywhere in the world, or dreamed that it could exist. There were simply millions of these flies at every point along the banks, though there is not a bit of marsh within miles of that locality and the bottom and banks are solid rock. It is no doubt true that this tremendous supply of insect food in midsummer or late summer has much to do with the bringing up of the fish along these rocky shores.

For my own part, I did not in the least fancy the prospect of hooking a big fish on a number-eight fly in water such as that. Moreover, I learned some time ago that, one day with another, a big fish is more apt to strike a big fly. So, without any reference to the traditions of the past or the practices of the present, I set about seeing what could be done in the production of a fly that would do business with the big rainbows at the Soo. In this I was ably seconded by my friend from Arkansas, the patient angler who has for ten years been doing all he could to suppress the knowledge of this angling at the Soo; and, also, I regret to state, has been guilty of using the bait casting rod and gang baits.

Pete's Bucktail Dream

The scene of our fly-tying operations was at the back of Pete Vigeant's shop. Pete, as he is always known, is called one of the luckiest anglers of the Soo. His luck—like the luck of many another successful man—consists largely in keeping everlastingly at it. Pete is a business man in the second place, and a rainbow angler in the first place, all summer long. He works in the daytime; but after business hours he goes out and fishes—not one night, but every night. Sometimes he gets a little sleep before he goes to work at his place the next day; but many and many a night he has fished straight through, and rarely does he go home before midnight. He nearly always will have company along the dikes—perhaps half a dozen or a dozen rods; for it goes without saying that angling such as this is not to be monopolized by a few.

Sometimes Pete or Doctor Christofferson will go home at midnight with a string of only one or two small fish—three or four pounds being there regarded as small. Pete on several nights did no better than four pounds; but every night he had three or four strikes, whereas many others got no strikes at all. His secret, as I fancy it, is that old one of simply keeping the line wet.

But Pete had caught nothing over four and three-quarter pounds, and he was disgusted at losing fish that he started or fastened, only to see them fade away. Doctor Christofferson, custodian of the rainbow archives, also was having a run of hard luck; he got nothing over six pounds the week I was there. So the time was ripe for mutiny. We plotted treason, stratagems and spoils in the rear of Pete Vigeant's shop, one of the constituents of our plans being a couple of deertails, which after some difficulty we dug up.

We fabricated bucktails, as it seemed to us then, impossibly large, using some bronze hooks of large trout size that I had brought with me. Pete soon caught the trick; in fact, later I found him doing business by retailing bucktails at a quarter a throw, with plenty of takers! Presently, with a grin, he held up to our gaze a creation of his own—a bucktail with two sets of wings, a hair-and-tinsel body, and a pair of glass eyes, which he had produced from somewhere in his taxidermist's supplies. I suppose no such thing ever was called a fly.

"I'm going to call this Pete's Dream," said he; but nobody at the time ever thought he would have nerve enough to mount it as a fly in actual fishing.

We went out, four in number, one night for be it remembered that night is regarded as the only time in which the rainbows at the Soo will strike. It was late summer;

the best time for this angling would seem to be the last two weeks of August, the season closing on September first. In the latter part of the month the small shad flies usually have somewhat disappeared and the fish are more willing to take a larger lure.

You can, if you like, begin to fish directly on the park front, below the gate of the first lock. There are three-pound and four-pound brook trout here, as you may see when food is thrown in at certain propitious moments of the day. We, however, made our way out across the whole system of locks, our objective being the rapids proper, beyond the last lock, now in course of construction. It is perhaps a mile from the water front out to the ultimate angling point, which lies at the summit of the last dike and just below the International Bridge. There are a dozen or more other approved points scattered here and there along the rocky shores—in the forebays, at the ends of the dikes, along the sides of the dikes where there are pools, and so on.

Pete's favorite pool, however—sometimes also called the Christofferson Pool—lies at the head of the last dike. On one side of the dike is the raging rapid head, where rainbows lie. A few feet back of it, on the American side, runs the deep and more placid current passing into the last lock. It is here that the speckled trout lie, apparently glad to get away from the fast water, or perhaps from their fast neighbors, the giant rainbows.

That night there were five good speckled trout taken on that side of the dike, while upon the rapids I do not think there were as many rainbows raised by all the anglers combined. We scattered here and there in the dark. Sometimes one would see the flash of a pocket lamp as an angler passed here or there along the rocky shores, the summit of the dikes being perhaps fifteen feet above the water on each side.

Pete stayed out late that night, but came in toward morning with a couple of small rainbows to his credit. A week or so before he had killed one over seven pounds in weight. On this particular evening nothing big was doing. Passing down in the dark from the head of the last dike, we heard a voice calling, and found that one angler, Doctor Borgmeyer, had taken, on a number-eight fly, a fine rainbow, which later proved to weigh four and three-quarter pounds. We were obliged to chronicle disappointment for the most part, so far as our own hardy band was concerned; and the bucktail seemed not yet to have come into its own, having to its credit only a strike or so, possibly of rainbow, and the two small brook trout that fell to my own rod.

We went out again the next night, two of us going to the same position at the upper end of the last lock, just above the railroad bridge. Here there was a fine eddy and a deep pool, where I knew that if one hooked a rainbow it could be fought with fairly good prospect of success. When dusk came a few fish began to rise, but we could not fasten one, though I tried for perhaps an hour, with Pete sitting on the bank and coaching me.

Pete's Prophecy

"It was right over there that I raised the big fellow," said he. "They lie right in the shallow water, close to where the break over the rocks comes; and they won't feed until after dark. Keep on trying and you'll get one, sure."

Indeed, Pete proved the truth of this prophecy that very night, for he raised three rainbows and killed one. This latter one he caught lower down the dike, in what is known as Jack's Pool. As we were passing we heard him call to us.

"I've got one on," said he. "Come on down!"

We scrambled down the bank; and there was Pete, at the water's edge, his rod bent up into a big arc, playing a fish that evidently was lying out at the edge of the white water, just beyond the little narrow pool, which at best is not a pool at all, but only thirty or forty yards of relatively quiet water.

"I've been playing him three-quarters of an hour," said he to me. "Don't you want to finish him?"

I put my hand under the rod only long enough to feel the sullen tug of the fish; but we all insisted that Pete should finish his own job. He did so, and we found the fish not to be very large—about three pounds, as I remember its weight.

In the dark, however—while Pete and myself were casting away at the big upper pool—a breathless messenger came up, hurrying along the last dike.

"Come on down!" said he. "Doctor Christofferson sent for you. He has struck them big. He was playing a good fish when I left him."

So I followed this messenger down the last dike, across all the bridges that lie on the tops of the lock gates, and far down the rock heap and the railroad track that runs down between the rapids and one of the channels below the power house. It was rough going; but we had a lantern, and so made it at last, after a journey of more than three-quarters of a mile. I found myself then located at the lower extremity, where the rock dike tapers down. On the left ran a raging flood of white water, apparently four feet higher than the water on the inside, which lay black and placid under the stars and under the gleaming electric lights of the city, just beyond.

"Where is your fish, doctor?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "I lost him after all. I didn't want to muss up the fishing just below, where a lot of good ones are rising. I wanted you to have the first chance at them. So I hauled my fish out of it. Maybe I played him too hard; anyhow, I lost him up here after playing him a few minutes."

Such is the self-sacrifice of a real angler. It was too bad that by the time I arrived there the rainbows, which had been feeding in the quiet water on the inside, had all gone down. I cast faithfully for quite a while, but could not raise one. Then we went back, scattering at the various fishing points along the dikes, and I scored an entire blank that evening. Pete's rainbow was the only one our party took, for my Southern friend, though casting faithfully, was pursued by the demon of ill luck that has followed him all this season.

The Gigantic Locks

My companions were very much chagrined that I was not able to strike a good rainbow. As for myself, there were times when honestly I almost forgot about the rainbows. I never in my life was in such an angling situation; nor do I think its equal is to be seen in all the world.

Here was a very heart, a ganglion, a focus of a great and intensified civilization. These tremendous locks, the largest in all our land, were even then working automatically, quietly lifting and lowering the vast freighting vessels that were passing up and down the ancient waterway—vessels six hundred feet long, their vague outlines picked out in the blackness of the night here and there by electric lights, passing slowly, stately and dignified, through the gloom. Upon the other side, a biscuit toss away from where I stood at one time, ran the flung white of the racing rapids, their roar incessant in one's ears—an awesome and terrifying thing.

Below, brilliantly outlined against the lesser lights of the city's electric system, which made brilliant dots here and there in the night, rose the heaven-searching shafts that came from the workrooms of the great carbide factory, taking its power from these harnessed rapids and turning it into other energy—heat, power, light.

Across the river, bursting up now and then into flames through the heavy palls of smoke, which offered backing for the steadier lights, rose the sheets of flame from the great steel works on the Canadian side. A vague and vast rumble came thence once in a while. Sometimes the wild shriek of the siren signal on the bridge would shatter the night. Just beyond, back of the little rows of tents of the soldiers, who camp there night and day, these great mills were working every hour out of the twenty-four, turning out munitions for the European war—using the power of these rapids for the manufacture of engines for destruction of human life. Above lay the silent and star-flecked sky. Yonder rose the brilliant tower lights, picking out the outlines of the great system of locks.

Above all came the rumble of the power house itself, turning all this tremendous, this immeasurable force into the uses of mankind. And yonder, just beyond the power house, as I knew, ran that fascinating, broad black sheet of falling water, which did not look like water, to terminate at the edge of the shielding apron in its vast white roll of vapor—half air, half water, all power—a sight that impressed me more than the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara ever did.

So here, in these extraordinary surroundings—the ghostly shadows on one side, the

(Concluded on Page 69)

PAINT is to wood what armor-plate is to a battleship. Paint resists weather and decay just as armor resists shot and shell.

Good paint is made from a combination of metals, just as good armor-plate is. Steel alone will not make good armor. You must add nickel. A combination of lead and zinc makes the best paint.

New Jersey Zinc in paint

makes paint stronger, tougher, more elastic, and more durable. Zinc and lead combined sink into the wood deeper than lead alone. Zinc produces a paint film that will not crack, crumble, peel or blister. Zinc improves the appearance of paint and gives it a finer, smoother finish. Zinc, in a word, makes paint last longer and look better while it lasts.

This is the way to make sure of getting enough Zinc in your paint:—

If you are going to use a prepared paint, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc Paints.*

If you want your painter to mix his own paints, send for our list of reliable *Manufacturers of Good Zinc-in-Oil.*

If you want to know the best zinc mixture for any ordinary painting job, send for our indexed booklet, *Zinc-in-Paint.* It is full of helpful information that will interest any property owner. All are yours for the asking.

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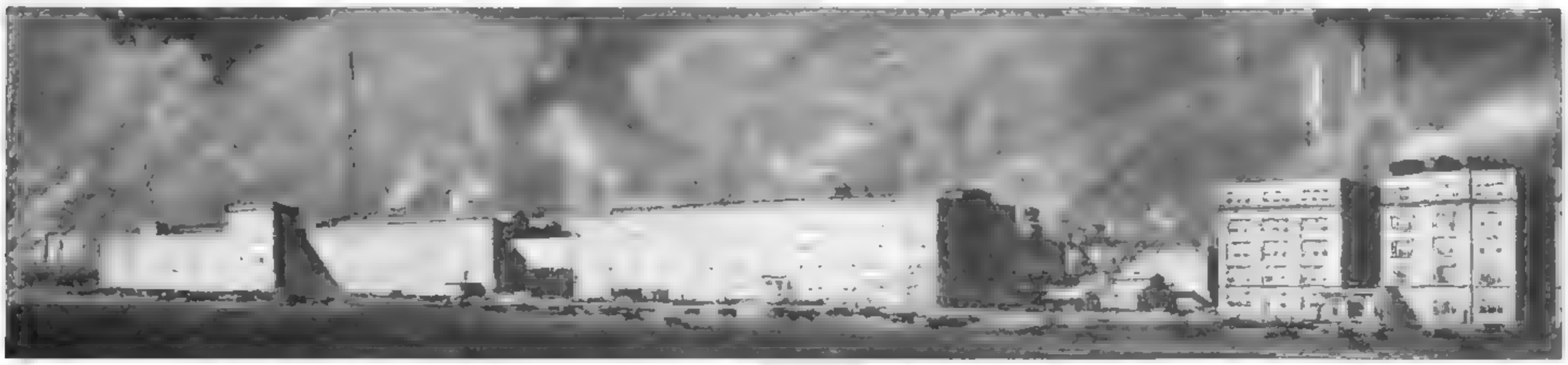

"—SO LONG AS THIS

STAND with us at the window, here in our office in Akron, and look out upon that restless forest of concrete and steel which is our property and our pride.

View with us its magnificent reaches, east and west and south, swarming the valley and climbing the ancient slopes: storey upon storey up-piled against seemingly insatiable demand; plumed with the smoke of belching chimneys; quivering under the audible aura of immense industry.

Feel with us the uplifting thrill of thankfulness, and of solemn reverence in the spectacle and its meaning—the heart leaps at the picture and the thought.

* * *

This is our almighty hour.

From those infant continents of floor space sheltered beneath the roofs in your sight, from the labor of the thousands of craftsmen, engineers and artisans at work there, from the titanic machines thundering endlessly hour upon hour, came in the last calendar year more pneumatic automobile tires than were produced in any other like institution upon the face of the earth.

More—in numbers and in value—more in the aggregate—more, than were brought forth by any other maker in the world.

* * *

It seems strange now, looking back on our beginnings, to have come so straight and swiftly to this eminence of production and of place.

We had no geniuses, as popularly conceived, among us; no impressive array of material or intellectual resource at the start; no pregnant opportunity that was not shared with all; no sudden plan for the sharp revolution of the tire business and its methods.

We were just a group of earnest men, intent and aspiring, who believed in the power and ultimate triumph of manufactured goodness, and in the unfailing disposition of the American people to reward that which is worthy.

We are such still.

The wish and purpose first impelling us, to build the best within our power, to correct and improve where that were possible, to make our name warrant of its own integrity and of that of the product bearing it, remains with us, and shall, so long as this business endures.

* * *

It seems strange also, now, to

GOODYEAR

AKRON

BUSINESS ENDURES"

have come so far, when arrival here was only incidental beside our chief aim.

From the early, meagre, verily precarious days, enlargement and volume never o'ershadowed or challenged, even, that keener and more intimate project, the endowment with lofty significance of the word Goodyear.

Nor do they now, nor will they ever—and it is from the sanctity of this pledge that we ask you always to consider us as striving in this spirit: to remark us not as an institution huge, impersonal and unresponsive; but as a working company of men sharply conscious of the trust within our keeping, and as of old, eager and hopeful that larger fields of usefulness and achievement shall be ours.

* * *

In the eyes of the world, perhaps, this might pardonably be a time for elation. To have been so overwhelmingly justified is well, and the parent of inspiriting reflections.

But in our brief kinship with world-wide tire supremacy, there has been less of elation than of profound solemnity.

For we do not for an instant mistake the causes of that common good will which has elevated us in this surpassing degree, and which looks to us to hold by the merit that won it, the high place given unto us.

And it is a sobering and a moving experience to face the enlarged responsibility of such a position, to feel that more than ever now we are beholden to those simple and sincere principles with which we started, and to their scrupulous application in all our works.

* * *

The spirit of those early principles stands guard over every operation and every department in these great factories.

It stirs in every workman in the Goodyear employ—alike in the jungles of the tropics, the cotton plantations of the South, the mills here at home, the sales depots among you—the pride in good work conscientiously performed.

All magnitude had been unmeaning, all growth had been in vain, were it to be abandoned now.

For we know it is only by this spirit which has so far upraised us, that this business will survive.

In that knowledge, our fixed concern shall be its preservation and its continuance.

In that knowledge, nothing shall ever leave these factories that does not dignify the name of Goodyear.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

UNION PACIFIC

WHEN the "marriage in the mountains" of the Pacific and the Atlantic was solemnized in 1869, a nation rejoiced.

On that memorable day the last spike—a golden one—was driven, uniting the two sections which spanned the Continent. New York and California met.

All over the country the telegraph recorded the tap—tap—tap of the sledges as they drove the spike. It was a national holiday of thanksgiving.

For the Union Pacific was a Federal project—designed by wise men to bind the Union together.

"Without such a road," said President Buchanan in 1857, "we cannot protect California and our Pacific possessions against invasion."

And Lincoln, the next president, saw the necessity for such security.

The Act of Congress creating the Union Pacific specified that "the government shall at all times have the preference in the use of it for transporting troops and munitions of war."

The Supreme Court has held that this road is a "military necessity * * * * * national undertaking for national purposes."

Time has dimmed the origin of this road. But the directors of the Union Pacific have never ceased to regard this great system as a *national institution*.

The Union Pacific has kept faith with the Nation by spending scores of millions for improvements, making this line not only fit for war, but *super-fit* for peace.

The Union Pacific is ready for its Country's call.

The people of the West will celebrate fittingly the 50th anniversary of the driving of the golden spike in the summer of 1919 in Ogden.

For information write to Gerrit Fort, Passenger Traffic Manager, Union Pacific System, Chicago

Driving the Golden Spike in 1869

(Concluded from Page 65)

ghastly flames on the other, with the roar of the wild rapids on one side and the grind of the harnessed power-making machinery close at hand—one was asked to angle and to ponder on questions of angling success. It is absurd to worry about what you put in your basket; here is something to put in your soul.

No; it is not a question of whether or not you catch rainbows on the Soo. Go there in the night and see for yourself—there is no such place in all the world for the fisherman to stand. I confess at times I forgot all about the fishing; and, in spite of the chagrin of my fellows, I went home that night entirely satisfied, though I had not had a rise from any fish whatever.

"Can't you stay over for just one more night?" asked the angling doctor. "We've got those big ones located in the quiet water down there—we'll get one sure to-morrow night."

I could not stay longer at that time; but the good doctor's prophecy was fulfilled—he struck and killed a six-pound rainbow trout at that very spot the very next night. I do not recall now what fly he used, but have a vague suspicion that it was the bucktail. Gradually by this time the local anglers were putting up larger flies, and there was a good percentage of the bucktail coming to be used, with varying reports as to its success.

The Bucktail in Action

Personally I was now obliged to go over into the Canadian Wilderness for a few days. There I got a chance to try out the bucktail on the native trout. They ate it as though they had been waiting for it all their lives, though I fished a stream which has rarely been visited by civilized anglers. These brook trout we took up to two pounds, but under circumstances relatively tame. The Indians of the camp had located a little pool where apparently all the brook trout in that river had congregated—the water was warm at the time, and the fish probably had gathered there over a spring, with a cold gravel bottom much to their liking.

There were perhaps a couple of hundred or more fine trout in this pool; but it was almost like shooting a buffalo through the bars of a fence—they were so hungry and unsophisticated. The two Indians took thirty-nine fish there in about thirty minutes on the first day they discovered the pool. A friend a few days later fished it, with fifteen trout to his credit. The next day I stopped at fourteen, though I think I could have caught fifty or a hundred had I liked. On the day following another friend brought home six, one of them nearly two pounds. By this time even these hungry trout were beginning to become sophisticated.

This latter friend pronounced the bucktail useless and fancied the Silver Doctor. On the day preceding I had tried the Silver Doctor without much success, and found the bucktail killing. That is the way it goes in any trout game—you never can tell what they are going to do or what they are going to want.

But when I returned to the Soo I found my friends excited over the increasing sport, which was getting better from night to night. Some nice fish were recorded and I was eagerly besought to come out and try my luck. This—alas!—was not to be. So, probably upon the very eve of success, I was obliged to leave and put further effort forward to a later day. I was well content, for better sport I never had anywhere in my life than I had there on those rapids—and I did not raise a single rainbow!

"They are here; you can depend on that," said all my friends.

The certainty that they were there, and that somebody, if not oneself, almost any time was going to fasten up to one of the big ones, gave interest enough to the game for any man.

But by the time of my second arrival at the Soo things had been happening in the record of the bucktail, which we had introduced there for the first time, so far as I know. After my return home I got a letter from my same unselfish friend, the angling doctor of the Soo, inclosing a Government map of the whole lock system, which enabled me to learn where I had been fishing.

"Well, sir," he added, "Pete Vigeant had a five-hours fight with an eight-and-a-quarter-pound rainbow this evening. It was hooked on that outrageous-looking fly he showed you. He struck it just below the International Bridge, and the fight was finished in the hole some three hundred feet above the light tower, away down the dike. He had a lot of spectators until twelve-forty-five A. M. The fish was finally landed without a net."

Following this terse statement, I got a newspaper account of this same Homeric fight of Pete and his big rainbow. The newspaper gives the weight of the fish, after it had been taken to the scales, as eight and one-quarter pounds; and adds that a regular gallery followed Pete up and down the bank during that long, long fight with the fish. It ascribes mixed emotions to Pete himself, because some of his friends, who built a fire and loafed along while the fight was going on, ate up all his lunch; so Pete got nothing but the fish! The report says the fight lasted five hours and thirty-five minutes—from seven-ten P. M. till twelve-forty-five A. M. of the following day.

Still another account comes of the killing of this fish, which I have no doubt was the record of the season of 1916 at the Soo. This comes from my Southern friend, who has been trying his luck with these fish for over a month; and it adds further information of interest regarding the development of the angling style we had introduced.

Though we had not time to fish as I passed through the Soo the second time, we had held yet another meeting back of Pete's shop in the interest of the bucktail. This time we bade farewell to all sorts of angling ethics and angling rationality.

"Get me some bass hooks, Pete," I said to him; "the biggest you have—1–0, 2–0, 3–0."

So Pete produced some long-shank snecks and some short-shank snecks in bass sizes—things that would be regarded as absolutely impossible in the making of a trout fly. On three of these hooks, the exact size of which I do not remember, but which certainly were in bass size, I tied a bunch of bucktail as long as my little finger. Some of the bodies I made out of hair. In others I put in a little tinsel with the hair. In yet another I put a piece of cork, surrounding that with hair and tinsel. In short, I went as close as I dared to the celebrated production that was called Pete's Dream.

Now here came the news of what Pete had done with "that outrageous fly of his"; and my friend's letter told what had happened with the three big flies I made for him just before I came away. He wrote:

Pete's Great Performance

"For a night or two after you left the moon was too bright for rainbow fishing; but last night Pete Vigeant went nearly up to the railway bridge; and right in the rapids he struck a fish at seven-thirty P. M. He landed him down at Jack's Hole at twelve thirty A. M. He caught that fish on that Pete's Dream Fly! Would you believe it?

"This fish fought constantly for five hours. It weighed eight and one-half pounds. Jerusalem! What a fish to be taken on a fly—and what a fly to take any fish! No salmon fishing compares with this.

"Yesterday morning I concluded to forget about night fishing and try the daylight. I went out at ten A. M. with the bucktails. I struck a big one just below Jack's Hole, above the tower, in the swift water. He took that last fly you made for me—leader and all—in a flash!

"I put on a double gut leader and one of the other flies you made, and went down within fifty yards of the log which lies out on the rocks at the edge of Jack's Hole; and there I struck still another heavy fish. Like the first one, he took the fly and leader off in one move—about twelve inches from the top. Bing! he went. He must have been pretty well hooked, because the leader seemed to bother him. In his mad flight he leaped clear over the log, and he had to jump at least three feet high to do that! I suppose he is out in the white water somewhere. You can imagine how I felt.

"But then I went on to the pool below the rock and into the swift water. I was then using the big fly you made, something like the one Pete showed you—we made that in the last bunch. Soon I struck another whale. Like the other, he went into the air when hooked; and when the strain came the hook broke off halfway in the shank! Well, my next big fellow was gone too—three in a row! I saw all three of these fish, and I should say each of them was six pounds or better.

"This morning I went over at five A. M.—cloudy and looked to be an ideal day. I fished Jack's Hole and all the water where I raised them the day before, but failed to start a fish of any kind. This daylight fishing of mine, however, is a surprise to all the gang here. It was a bucktail that raised them and hooked them. The leaders and hooks proved no good; so, no fish. My hoodoo still sticks to me." Later he writes: "I had a beautiful fight with a two-and-a-half-pound speckled and a four-pound rainbow the other day. Shad fly about gone, and the rainbows are lying deeper now."

From these simple accounts any reader who is an angler will get a very good idea of the class of these fish. They certainly are difficult to raise and difficult to stop. You may fish there a day or a week, or a month, and still have nothing that will serve your purposes if your idea of angling is to be photographed with a long string of fish. If, however, you want a touch of the wildest angling you ever had in all your life, no matter where you have fished, I should not wonder if sometime, in the dark, with the flame of electric lights all round you and the loom of the big boats passing you in the dark, you will find yourself fishing in a place where you will not care much whether or not you save a fish.

A Place of Power

There is no hard-and-fast rule, or set of rules, to be laid down for anyone intending to engage in this exciting sport at this extraordinary point—or, indeed, at any point. The six-ounce trout rod of a really good maker is heavy enough to stop the fish, or at least to stop some of the fish. One might need only forty yards of line, or he might need fifty or seventy-five.

Some anglers fish with three submerged flies. Others claim that to cast out and let the flies swing round on the surface is the best way. In my own belief it is not in the least necessary to use the small flies, or more than one fly at a time; indeed, I believe that, take it one day with another, the single fly will kill about as many fish as three flies. And it is certainly easier to handle, cleaner cut and more sportsmanlike in use, to my own fancy; though I certainly should not wish to appear as laying down the law for others.

The weak point in the rainbow game seems to be the leader; it is nearly always the leader that parts. There is simply no use in going out there with ordinary trout leaders of what is called medium gut. The strongest bass leaders will not be too strong. Even a double bass leader will not be too strong. If you can afford the best salmon gut—and if you can get it—that is what you ought to use. I have sometimes paid five dollars for a good salmon leader. It would be worth fifty dollars if it meant the difference between a saved fish and a lost one, if by chance one got hooked up with the old-timers in these waters.

As to the hooks, the game is still in process of evolution. So far as I know, I was the first one to use the bucktail flies there, and to insist that the very large flies would kill more trout than the small ones. I may or may not be right—my own experience was too limited to entitle me to the privilege of any pronouncement. I simply say that I should use a large fly—a very large one—if I were going back to fish for big rainbows.

After all, the main attraction of angling at the rapids of St. Mary's River is in the place itself. Power is all round you. The very place is elemental. Its atmosphere is a tremendous thing. The rapids themselves are still unfettered in part, still unconquerable as a whole, as they always have been. They come down, as they always have done, full of life, tingling with the very essence of the out-of-doors. The power of the blue sky is there; the power of the woods and of the waters and of the sun. Boil it down, concentrate it, turn it into electricity, transmute it, transfer it as you like; use it for the ends of man—use it for light or energy elsewhere—still, the elemental strength of the great river, the Great Lakes, the great woods, the great rocks, the great sky and the great sun remains throughout, after all, eternal and unchangeable.

That power in some way gets into the whole scene. It must, I sometimes think, also go into the species that live under those white waters—those bold creatures which have moved in there; which have endured, succeeded and prevailed.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles on rainbow trout.

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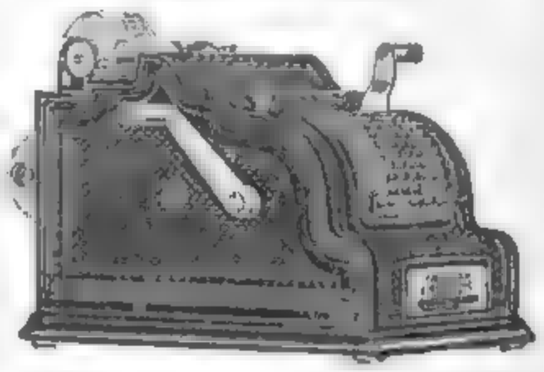

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This machine is a marvel of engineering skill and ingenuity.

The American 7-key principle of operation displaces with a few simple, rugged parts, whole sections of mechanism required in other styles of construction.

Thus, seven keys in the **American** do the work ordinarily performed by eighty-one.

Many similar economies in manufacture permit us to sell the **American Adder** for only $88 and yet include such *high-priced features* as a Visible Total, Visible Printing, Sub-Totals, and Totals printed in Red. And the adding capacity of the machine is large—999,999.99.

Simple and Efficient

In operation, the **American** is simplicity itself. The 7 keys are all under one hand, and anyone can quickly learn to operate it by merely following the simple printed instructions.

Concerns large and small throughout the country use the **American Adder.** A few days ago, we sold our sixty-thousandth machine. And in nearly thirty years of production of standard adding machines, no other make has ever approached this volume of sales in the same period of its history.

Money Cannot Buy Better Material

Every part of the **American Adding and Listing Machine,** excepting the moulded base, is made of *selected steel*—the same special stock that is used in all expensive adders, typewriters, etc. Money cannot buy better material.

Send This Coupon and Save Money

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Express one American Adder on terms as indicated by cross in square.

☐ Will pay $4.00 herewith—$7.00 per month, 12 months.

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Order cancellable in 15 days after delivery with return of any money paid without argument if machine is not entirely satisfactory.

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REDDEN TRUCK-MAKER

Plus a Ford New or Old

Licensed Under Cook Patents, Which Are Basic and Dominating

Merchants, manufacturers, farmers—you need this big, sturdy money-saver. It does four times the work of horses at one-half the cost of ordinary trucks.

THE Redden Truck-Maker converts your pleasure car chassis into an efficient, guaranteed 1-ton truck. It slides over and bolts through the Ford frame, reinforcing it and transferring the load to the truck frame, wheels and axle.

The Ford rear axle becomes a jackshaft. The powerful Ford motor, geared down, fits heavy duty perfectly. Front axle and parts have less strain than in pleasure car service. The truck wheels and axle carry 90 per cent of the load and a body with 9 or 10 feet of loading space.

Wherever a Redden Truck-Maker replaces horses it *stamps out hauling waste* and adds speed, range and efficiency to cartage service. The saving is particularly great at the present prices of hay and corn.

A Superior Attachment

The Redden Truck-Maker is the only attachment with a pressed steel frame which laps solidly over the Ford frame, reinforcing it throughout and avoiding all weaving and twisting of body.

It has larger wheels, larger tires, heavier springs and spring hangers, heavier axle, hub flanges, radius rods and sprockets—stronger at every single point where strain can come.

It is the only device with service brakes built for a truck. The Ford service brake on the transmission is intended only for light pleasure car use, so we have supplemented it with two large truck brakes on the jackshaft.

All three contacts work at once. Thus we treble the efficiency of the brake the drivers always use.

Many parts of the Redden Truck-Maker equal those used on trucks costing five times as much.

A comparative examination which you, as a truck buyer, owe yourself, will prove this.

Manufactured—Not Assembled

Strong financial interests connected with the Redden Motor Truck Company, Inc., operate rolling mills, forge, gear and axle plants—thus guaranteeing a dependable supply of scientifically selected materials and a uniformly high grade of workmanship.

The Redden Truck-Maker is essentially manufactured in these plants and not assembled.

All of the large profits which are paid to part-makers when an assembled truck is built are saved on the Redden Truck-Maker and put back into extra strength.

Basic Cook Patents Additional Assurance

The Redden Truck-Maker is manufactured under the Cook Patents, which are basic and dominant. Rights under the Cook Patents were acquired by the Redden Motor Truck Company, Inc., on a basis which makes supreme quality a contract obligation.

So when you buy the Redden Truck-Maker you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are not only getting a stronger and more serviceable truck-maker, but one which is authorized by U. S. letters patent.

Let the Redden Truck-Maker Save for You

Thousands of Redden Truck-Makers in use the world over prove that their extra quality is a great money saver.

Users claim they can't wear out. Upkeep and operation expense average half that of the ordinary ton truck.

The Redden Truck-Maker pays for itself, over and over again—several times a year.

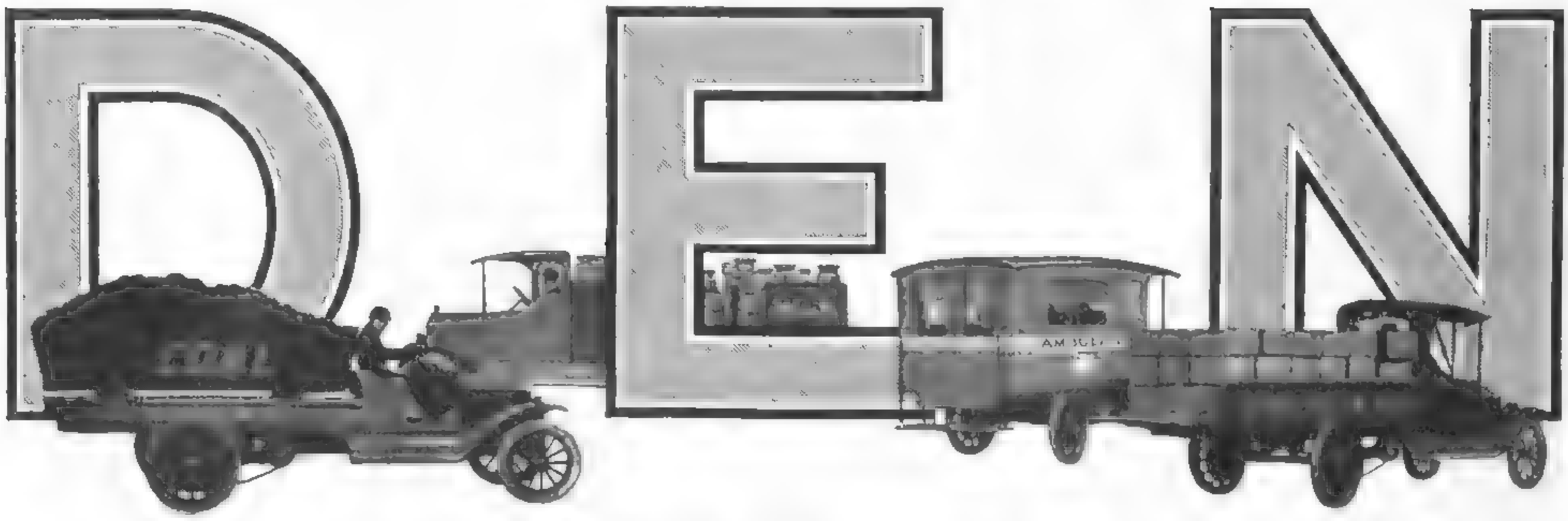
You should share in the cost-reducing efficiency of this modern method.

Figure your horse cost. Compare it with the cost of operating the Redden Truck-Maker and you will see how money can be saved. Buy the Redden Truck-Maker. Save money—first and last.

If no dealer has yet been appointed in your town to sell Redden Truck-Makers, write us direct.

Redden Motor Truck Co., Inc.

Factory: Jackson, Michigan
Sales Offices: 1442 Michigan Avenue, Chicago



Makes a Guaranteed

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Licensed Under Cook Patents, Which Are Basic and Dominating

F. O. B. FACTORY

Dealers, the truck-maker business is today's great money maker. The demand is tremendous and increasing. You owe it to yourself to investigate the Redden Truck-Maker.

WE want 1,000 dealers—automobile men, implement, wagon and hardware men.

We want to deal with live business men who grasp the commercial development of the day, the inevitable demand for lower cost of transportation, the scarcity and extravagance of horses, the plenitude of Fords and other cars, the economy of these cars made into trucks—the Redden way.

We Offer the Dealer a Wonderful Product

We offer the opportunity to share in a big business on a great article.

The Redden Truck-Maker, itself, provides you with a hundred selling arguments—and the eyes of the customer confirm every word you say.

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Backed by Large Resources

With motor trucks, more than any other type of vehicle, the resources of the maker are of vast importance.

We offer an attachment so good that it needs no guarantee—yet backed by our great financial responsibility.

By permission we refer you to these banks:

Liberty National Bank, New York.
Union National Bank, Jackson, Mich.
Fort Dearborn National Bank, Chicago.
Drovers' National Bank, Chicago.
First National Bank, Omaha, Neb.

Used in All Kinds of Business

If you become a Redden Truck-Maker dealer any man who uses horses or trucks now is a prospect for you. The smaller they are the more they need to save costs. The bigger they are the more they buy.

Don't think the big fellow is ashamed of low-cost equipment. The Great Western Oil Company, the General Electric Company, Armour & Company, Fairbanks-Morse and hundreds of others use and endorse Redden Truck-Makers.

These concerns study hauling methods from a ton-mile cost standpoint. They figure original cost, depreciation, repairs, gas, oil, tires and drivers' wages.

Then they buy the hauling equipment that does its work cheapest—all things considered.

That's why they are users of Redden Truck-Makers.

If You're the Man, Write or Wire

You will not lack for buyers—it's merely a question of letting it be known that you are the Redden dealer.

You will have to decide, of course, whether you are the man to sell Redden Truck-Makers in your territory—whether you wish to accept this opportunity.

We claim a pronounced mechanical reliability which would justify a far greater price.

We claim superior manufacturing resources and financial responsibility.

If our claims are true it is obvious you should be handling the Redden Truck-Maker. If our claims are not true we should be very foolish to state them here.

Investigate every word we say. Investigate our standing. Investigate our resources. Investigate the tremendous demand.

You owe this to yourself before you make any business connection.

You want the best possible proposition—you have got to have it to lead in your territory.

Write or wire today.

Redden Motor Truck Co., Inc.

Factory: Jackson, Michigan
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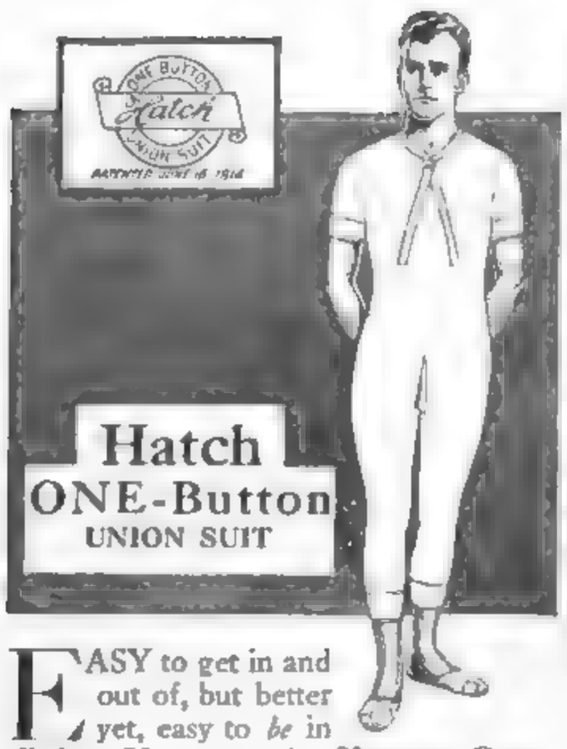

EASY to get in and out of, but better yet, easy to *be* in all day. You wear the HATCH ONE-BUTTON UNION SUIT from morning till night—working, playing, eating, going about from place to place. So its constant comfort, its splendid fit, is really as interesting and important to you as its convenience.

The fit assured by its design is a matter of comfort for hours. The ONE master button is a matter of convenience for a few seconds each morning and night. That's why we emphasize the comfort.

You can get these suits in knit goods or in the famous Keep Kool mesh at most good department stores and haberdashers', but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers at Albany, N. Y., and we will gladly supply you direct, delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Mail Orders Filled

WITH CARE; FRAGILE

By Ethel Train

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

"I'M GOING to ask Jim for five thousand dollars," said my sister.

I drew back in sheer astonishment.

"What for?" I gasped.

"For two dances and a tea to bring Betty out with," she returned. "He's got to do something for the child, you know."

"Do something for her?" I echoed, amazed. "Hasn't he always done everything for her—all her life? Could any father be more devoted?"

"Oh," she hastened to say, "I didn't mean that he hadn't made a companion of her, and all that. But she's entitled to more than that now. It's time for her to begin to enjoy the social advantages of her position. She ought to have the sort of good time that belongs to her age. She can only be young once!"

I let the platitude pass, wondering what Julia meant, exactly, by "position." If inherent, my position was as good as hers, since we were sisters; yet it had brought me no social advantages that I was aware of. If acquired by marriage, why go farther to reap the benefit of it? What better companionship was Betty entitled to than that of her own father? My brother-in-law was a propensity of mine.

He stopped in to see me one afternoon a few weeks later on his way uptown. His habitual half-teasing, half-affectionate, wholly charming boyishness of manner was in abeyance. He was grave and quiet. It struck me, for the first time, with a pang, that Jim was older.

"How's Betty?" I asked casually, counting on that name to restore his buoyancy. My effort failed.

"I haven't seen her for a week," he replied listlessly.

"She's not away, is she?" was my stupid demand.

He shook his head.

"Oh, no. She's in the house. We observe different hours—that's all. We don't meet."

"I'm furious," I muttered irrelevantly, "with Julia."

He made no reply.

"It's a break, I know," I said softly. "But don't worry, Jim. It won't be permanent. She'll come back."

A pause fell.

"Tell me how she spends her time," I invited, to break it.

"Well," he replied with an effort, "she's up half the night at these dances; and so, of course, she has to sleep until noon. You ought to see me tiptoeing past her door on my way downtown! The whole house is hushed so that she can have a chance to recuperate from enjoying herself. In the afternoon, if I happen to get away from the office early and come home, the place is full of 'men,' as she calls them, coming to tea with her. I generally run into two or three of them on the doorstep. They have correct clothes and manners to match. Though they are remarkably easy and offhand themselves, they fail to transmit their ease to me. They call me 'Sir,' and step back to let me pass. That's what they expect me to do—pass; go where I belong and leave them the field. They are never disappointed, I can assure you. I make a bolt up the stairs for the library."

"Haven't you any curiosity?" I smiled. "Don't you want to know what they talk about?"

"They don't talk," he affirmed. "They only make inarticulate noises of amusement. I can hear them through the door."

"It's a phase," I attempted to console him. "Betty won't be satisfied with them long. She'll get over them."

He shook his head.

"I don't know," he returned doubtfully. "Girls must have boys. That's nature."

"She's Up Half the Night at These Dances; and So, of Course, She Has to Sleep Until Noon"

"Boys, yes," I conceded; "but not necessarily those boys. Why, there must be any number of boys available—charming boys; even I can think of one or two."

"Not on Julia's lists!" he said.

I could hardly believe my ears.

"Do you mean to tell me you're going to sit still and let Betty be made a snob of?" I demanded indignantly.

"For the beginning of things," he replied thoughtfully, "you've always got to go back. Julia's been laying her foundations for years. She started almost as soon as Betty was out of the hands of her first teachers, Montessori-ites, kindergartners, and what not, whom it was a fad to place in control of the child, but who, in spite of that, got hold of the thing from the right end and labored to give her some light to live by. They might have achieved a result if, just as she was beginning to grasp the idea of unworldliness and unselfishness and human kindness, her mother hadn't stepped in and switched her off to a diametrically opposite set of standards. I remember that when she was about eleven she was given a 'list' of little girls, and told to choose from that a certain number to invite to her first theater party. When she protested that the name of Jane Smith, her very best friend at school, was not on it, her mother said that could not be helped; that no doubt Jane Smith was a very nice little girl, and that her parents were very nice as well; but that the Smiths and the Reamers did not happen to know the same people and were not likely to meet anywhere, and so on. Thus the seeds were sown. I can't prevent Betty's being made a snob of, for the simple reason that she is one already, though she doesn't recognize it yet, of course. She has her unconsciousness left. But only for the moment. Her first 'season' will kill that. It's meant to."

"Why don't you put it to Betty straight, as you have to me?" I asked. "Make her think it out!"

"Because Betty's in no mood for straight thinking just now," he answered; "or, indeed, for any thinking at all. She's too excited. Everything's being done for her. She's the center of the universe. She even had to have a new leopard-skin coat bought for her yesterday, though Julia herself's wearing furs that are ten years old. She insisted upon it that the child must look 'presentable.' The whole balance of her character is being upset. Everybody round her is exaggerating her ego. Would she be human if she didn't exaggerate it herself?"

After he had left me I sat looking into my fire for a long time. During the course of that preprandial period of reflection I reformed Society—with a capital S—and substituted for its habits and customs, habits and customs of my own devising. I, too, was exaggerating my ego, I suppose, in thus thinking to foist my ideas upon an unwilling minority.

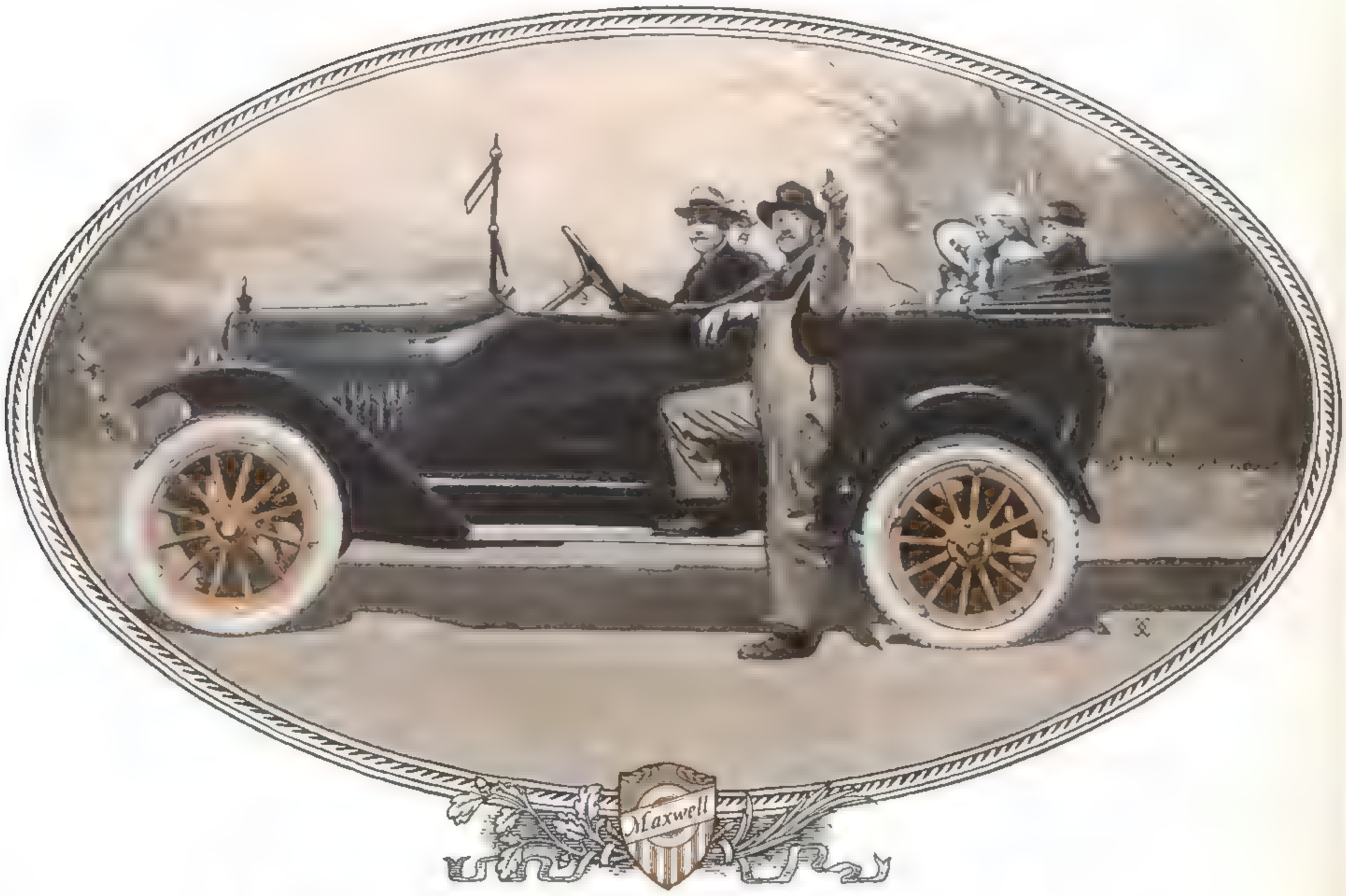
The next morning, it chancing to be Sunday, I unfolded my unwieldy newspaper and the Picture Section fluttered forth. I picked it up, and was hit in the face by an excellent photogravure reproduction of a recent photograph, not of a popular vaudeville actress, or of the latest movie star—but of my niece! I started, as though I had surprised Betty in the act of going somewhere where she ought not to be. So she was; into thousands of homes—uninvited, unwelcome, to be scrutinized, envied and, since the falsification of values is generally confined to the cities, not a little scorned. Instinctively I covered the face with my hands. I could not bear the unconscious appeal of the young eyes looking into mine. Such exploitation was none of Betty's choosing. She was in the hands of her manager—her mother.

The newspaper was still damp from the press. Privileged to sentimental feelings touching youth, I associated Betty's features with the odor of flowers, not of mustiness and printer's ink. I could not have believed it of Julia. In order to have arrived at this point she must first have divested herself of any feeling that Betty was her daughter and regarded her merely as a social asset. For Betty was a "success." She had already made a "hit." There was the admission of it under the picture: "Miss Elizabeth Reamer, one of the season's most popular débutantes."

I was to learn that newspaper notoriety was by no means the worst. More—much more—was to follow.

I saw but little of my relatives during the next few weeks. Poor Julia was so rushed and harassed I did not have the heart to reproach her for anything. While Betty frittered and frivoled, Julia worked. She lost weight and her skin became the color of

(Continued on Page 75)



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But it is the perfection of *one* model grounded like a rock on the known, proved, time-tried principles of automobile construction.

The Maxwell car *you* buy will run today, next month, next year, and the year after, till you have got out of it, with interest, every dollar you paid for it.

You know what a man looks like—his features, the color of his hair, the shape of his nose, and how tall he is,

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—others have driven them from 50,000 to 150,000 miles;

—which demonstrates Maxwell economy and endurance,

—which proves that it is the most inexpensive car to run,

—and that it is a many-season, not a one-season, car.

Give the nearest Maxwell Dealer a chance to let the car prove itself to you.

Roadster $650; Touring Car $665; Cabriolet $865; Town Car $915; Sedan $985, completely equipped, including electric starter and lights. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.
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Courtesy. In the introduction to the book of instruction for Pullman employes occurs the phrase: "The most important feature to be observed at all times is to satisfy and please passengers," and again "the reputation of the service depends as much upon the efficiency of employes as upon the facilities provided by the Company for the comfort of its patrons."

Such personal service cannot be instantly developed; it can be achieved only through years of experience and the close personal study of the wide range of requirements of twenty-six million passengers.

To retain in the Pullman service experienced car employes of high personal qualifications, pensions are provided for the years that follow their retirement from active service, provision is afforded for sick-relief assistance and increases in pay are given at regular intervals with respect to the number of years of continuous and satisfactory employment.

A further inducement in which civility and courtesy are counted of great importance, is the award of an extra month's pay each year for an unblemished record. As a result, a large percentage of Pullman conductors and porters are qualified by many years of experience to render passengers the highest type of personal service.

(Continued from Page 72)

parchment. One night at the theater I looked up, and there she was, above me, in a box, talking incessantly to the man beside her, laughing and jerking her shoulders about. I saw him draw back once or twice, and throughout the evening he wore a frown, as though the light hurt him. My sister was not a restful person at any time, but I had never seen her appear so strained. This would not do. I must go the next day and remonstrate with her. I found her in her sitting room, utterly limp—no trace about her of the hysterical animation of the evening before.

"There's no use talking," she interrupted my first sentence. "You know perfectly well I've got to go through with it, Jane. Don't suggest resting. I can't rest. I ——"

"That's nonsense!" I retorted firmly. "Why, you refer to a matter entirely unimportant as though it were a solemn responsibility!"

At this point Betty burst into the room. Her color was high, her eyes unnaturally brilliant.

"Oh, Aunt Jane!" she cried. "How lovely to see you! I can't stay a minute, because I'm off to Lucy Lippincott's for lunch, and I'm fearfully late as it is! You'll forgive me, won't you, if I run?"

She threw her arms round my neck and I clasped her slim little body.

"Some afternoon," I said quietly, "will you come in for a little chat and a cup of tea?"

"I'd love to!" was her facile response.

"Tuesday?"

"Oh, Aunt Jane! I'm so sorry! Tuesday I can't."

"Wednesday?"

"Wednesday I'm going to the Lodges."

"Any day this week?"

"Not this week. I'm so disappointed. Next week I could, I'm sure. I'll look it up in my engagement book and telephone you. Good-by!"

"What time will you be back, Betty?" her mother asked, and I detected a note of anxiety in her voice.

"About teatime, mother."

"Where are you going after lunch?"

"Oh, I don't know," she answered. "Somebody'll have some plan for the afternoon."

"Who's going to be there?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Not that Errol boy, Betty?"

Betty's cheeks flamed and her expression became veiled. I observed this with a sinking of the heart.

"I've just told you that I didn't know," she retorted. "Please let me go!" she ended fretfully.

She went, and we were left silent.

"She doesn't seem to have much information to give about her movements for the next few hours," I commented at length with significance.

To my surprise, Julia showed no resentment at my implication that Betty had not been frank with her.

"It's not easy to keep track of them," she rejoined with a sigh.

"You used to find it easy enough," I objected. "Why, until last summer I wondered how Betty was ever going to grow up, when she was not allowed to lift a finger for herself, or to think her own thoughts, or to take a step outside the house alone. How Jim used to groan over those governesses, that you were never without! He said they killed all conversation at the table and threatened to disrupt his family life."

"That was only his way of talking," she returned. Julia never believed that anyone was in earnest who expressed other views than her own. "All the girls are brought up that way, Jane, until they're eighteen. Then ——"

"Then they're given motor cars," I interrupted, "and allowed to go unquestioned wherever they please, and take whoever they like with them. I don't understand our allowing it."

"You can't be expected to," was her somewhat irritating rejoinder. "Not having any young people of your own to look out for, you're not in a position to know what is done!"

The discussion was hopeless. We were not getting anywhere. To make it concrete, I asked abruptly:

"Who is this Errol boy?"

The look of disquiet returned to her eyes.

"He's not particularly desirable, I'm afraid," she admitted.

"Then why do you allow Betty to be thrown with him?"

"Everybody accepts him," she replied; "even the Woolen-Joneses, who are quite old-fashioned and particular."

My eyes widened in astonishment. My sister had apparently lost all sense of proportion. In trifling matters she had Betty too much on her mind; in momentous ones, not half enough.

"Oh, Julia," I protested in despair, "how can you be so supine? Why don't you drop this detached attitude and realize that it's Betty you're using as a pawn to play the game with? Jim's little Betty!"

This last came out without my realizing that it was coming. It was worse than tactless. My sister was offended, naturally. It was only by beating a hasty retreat that I avoided becoming involved in one of the quarrels which—alas!—had all our lives been prone to occur between Julia and me. Even so, the interview left a coolness that persisted for several weeks.

During this interval Betty's engagements—as I had known they would—prevented our having that intimate chat over our tea; and as for Jim, exigent business kept him at the office each day until a late hour. He was playing up to the rôle of American husband and father with as much docility as though the part had been specially written for him to perform.

"If I Happen to Get Away From the Office Early and Come Home, the Place is Full of 'Men,' as She Calls Them, Coming to Tea With Her"

One afternoon in February I went to a matinée with a spinster friend. I declined her offer to take me home in her motor afterward, for I like to walk along Broadway with the after-theater crowd. A moving-picture show was just over and the spectators were pouring out on the sidewalk in front of the crowd from my theater, so that we had to slacken our pace. I was observing the rear elevation of one pedestrian and another in desultory fashion when my eye was caught by a gleam of dappled yellow. A girl and a young man were in front of me, and the girl had on a leopard-skin coat. I was familiar with the hang of that coat from those slender shoulders. The back was Betty's.

I caught my breath. I was sure that neither Jim nor Julia knew that Betty was on Broadway—with a boy! Especially that boy! I did not like his gait, or the way his Derby hat was jammed on, or the white look of his neck between hair and collar. He was inclining his head at the moment to say something to her; and she, looking up, smiled and nodded. No doubt he was suggesting that they should go somewhere together and have tea. I would nip this in the bud!

I hurried my steps, threading my way in and out among the leisurely walkers, and, overtaking the couple, called out "Betty!" breathlessly. Betty was startled and a shade of annoyance crossed her face. Then she pulled herself together and turned to me very prettily.

"Aunt Jane," she said with her most beguiling smile, "I've been wanting so much to have my friend Mr. Errol meet you."

"Why?" I wanted to retort grimly. Instead, I cordially grasped the "Errol boy's" rather flabby hand, and said: "You must both come and have tea with me."

This was no invitation. It was a hold-up. I knew it and Betty knew it. If the Errol boy didn't it was no fault of mine. He muttered something about an appointment, uttered a few perfunctory expressions of regret, and left us. Whereupon I carried off the maiden to my lair.

When I got her there I didn't eat her; but, instead, I put her in my biggest, best, shabbiest old chair, took off her hat, smoothed her hair with hovering fingers, and behaved generally less like a wolf than like a foolish, doting old hen.

Betty was too sweet-tempered to cherish pique or disappointment. She lay back with a contented sigh.

"This is nice!" she commented. "I'd forgotten how nice it was."

I did not know whether to be more pleased at seeing her taut young figure thus relaxed, or puzzled at her casual acceptance of the fact that I had surprised her in what, I was sure, was an unauthorized expedition. I made the tea in silence; and presently she said:

"Aunt Jane, you mustn't think anything of my going to the movies with Jack Errol this afternoon. It didn't mean a thing. Half the girls I know go larking round with boys."

"What about the other half?" I queried.

"Oh, those?" she smiled. "They're just old-fashioned."

I paused. The kettle was buzzing, the firelight flickering on Betty's

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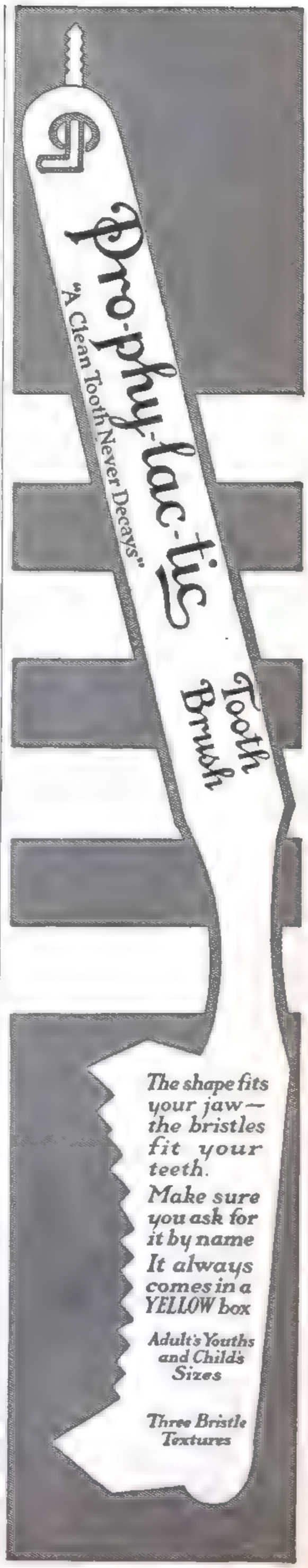
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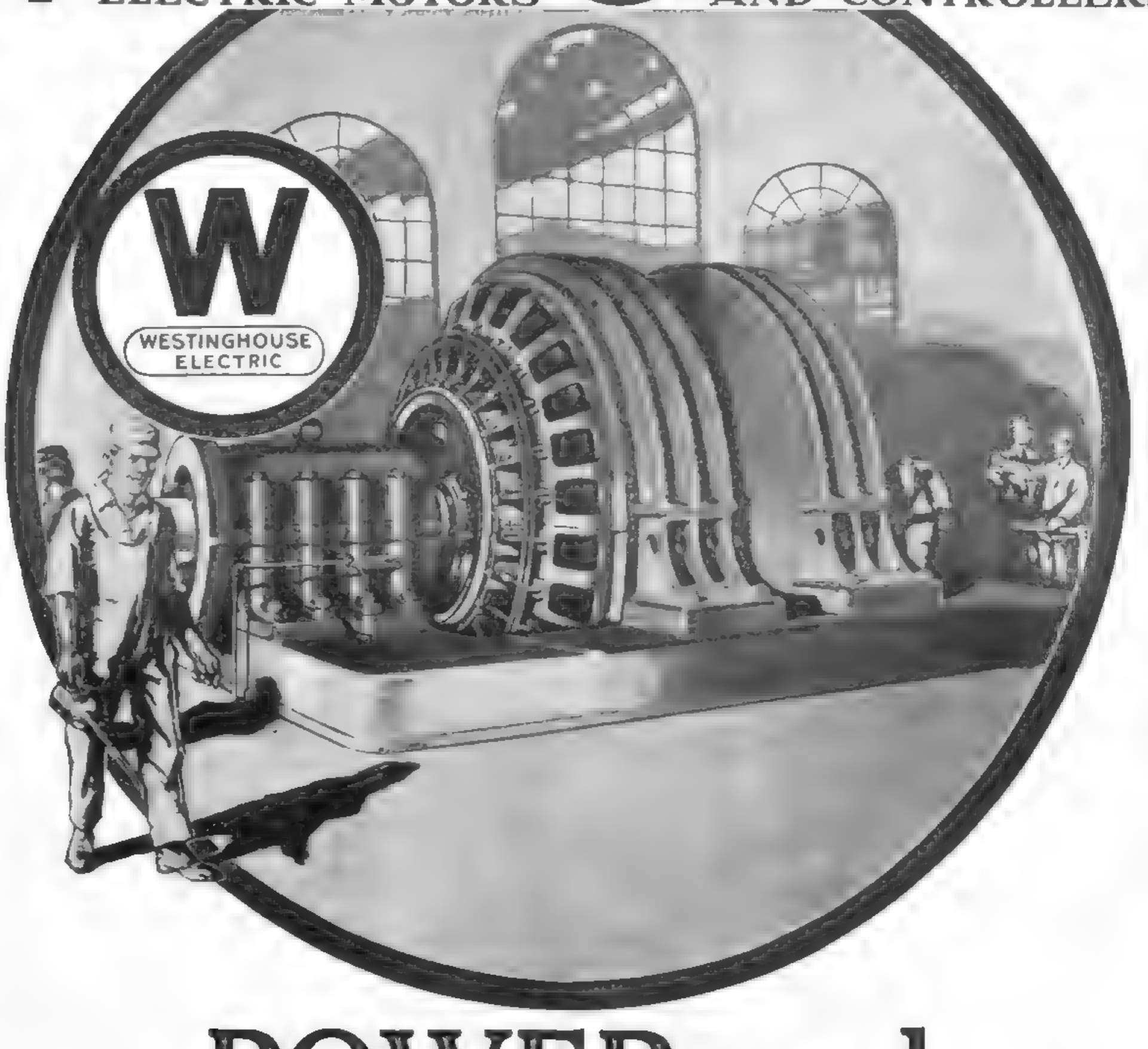

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Substations, Portable
Switchboards
Transformers
Turbo-Generators

For Industrial Uses

Motors and Controllers for every application, important among which are:
Machine shops, wood working plants, textile mills, steel mills, flour mills, cement mills, brick and clay plants, printing plants, irrigation, elevators and pumps
Locomotives
Telpherage Systems
Welding Outfits
Industrial Heating Devices
Chocolate-warmers, glue-pots and cookers, immersion-heaters, solder-pots, hat-making machinery, electric ovens.
Air Compressors

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEW PERFECTION
OIL COOK STOVE

TASTES BETTER *because* COOKED BETTER

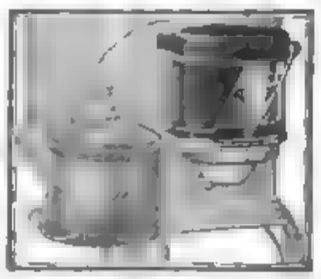
IT takes energy to cook food, but it ought to be heat energy—not your energy. The New Perfection makes all your meals delicious, without burning up your strength. The Long Blue Chimney burners provide perfect combustion and complete flame control—that's the reason. No impurities—no soot to blacken pots and pans—no odor to taint the most delicately flavored food. Turns all the oil into clean intense heat. Through the clear mica doors you can see where the flame is set, and there it stays.

No watching, no waiting. Easy to light. Cooks fast or slow as you like.

All New Perfection burners are made of brass. No inferior metal used in these vital burner parts.

Now in use in over 2,500,000 homes. Ask any good hardware or housefurnishing store or write to us for illustrated catalogue, showing many styles and sizes.

A new and exclusive feature—The Reversible Glass Reservoir (patented) makes the New Perfection more convenient than ever, (see small illustration). It is the greatest improvement since the Long Blue Chimney. Ask your dealer.



The New Perfection Kerosene Water Heater (illustrated above) provides an abundant supply of steaming hot water for laundry, kitchen or bath at low cost. Made in three burner and one burner sizes. Write for information, or ask any good dealer.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS COMPANY
Successors to THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY
7303 Platt Avenue Cleveland, Ohio
Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Company, Ltd., Sarnia, Ont.

"IT'S THE LONG BLUE CHIMNEY"

(Concluded from Page 75)

face. There was witchery in the child's profile, thus fitfully illumined. Fairy and eerie it was, and heart-breakingly sweet. This generation, I reflected, thinks of nothing but to see, hear or fashion some new thing. It has set about modernizing youth itself! Appalling presumption! And resulting in deplorable distortions. For the qualities of youth are as old as humanity, and each one of them was depicted in this firelit face. The tender immaturity; the potential flowering—I leaned over and took my niece's hand.

"Don't be too sweeping in your condemnation of what seems to you old-fashioned, Betty darling," I enjoined her. "After all, people did understand some things about girls, even before it began to be the fashion to bring them 'out' in New York."

She listened with deference, but my mild irony did not penetrate a brain fed of late exclusively upon the obvious.

"Oh, but they understand much better now than they ever did how to give girls a good time," she hastened to assure me. "And I think they understand it right here better than anywhere else. Don't you, Aunt Jane? I'm having a perfectly wonderful time this winter."

She sat up, in her eagerness, and once more her every muscle was tense with excitement. For the next half hour her chatter flowed in an unbroken stream. Every ball was "perfectly wonderful"; every theater party "simply great." The efforts to get ready for these festivities were "hectic"; the rushes for trains were "mad." These words and similar ones recurred constantly. For convenience and simplification, Betty had apparently dropped all but superlatives from her vocabulary. Not that it mattered. If she had been at college she would, in similar fashion, have referred to biological research as "Lab." Betty just bubbled, like the kettle. So far, so good. I must go deeper.

"Tell me something about this Mr. Errol," I invited when, at last, she paused for breath.

"Jack?" she laughed. "I'm afraid you didn't like him, Aunt Jane; and mother doesn't, either. But he's really—he's really, when you know him he's awfully good fun."

"What more is he?" I asked.

"I don't think I know quite what you mean," she replied.

Then, looking at the clock, she exclaimed at the lateness of the hour, said her mother would be frightened to death, got up, and declared that she really must be going.

"Do you care for him?" I asked as she hurried toward me to kiss me good-by.

Betty was startled.

"How do you mean—care?" she parried.

"I mean, care," I answered gravely, looking her in the eyes.

Hers dropped.

"Not—not like that," she answered.

"Have you been out with him before, Betty?"

"No, indeed!" she vociferated glibly. "This was the very first time. I really must go now, Aunt Jane."

I did not try to detain her. She had lied badly; but proficiency would come later. Her little foolishnesses did not matter. What mattered was that she could lie! Two minutes later Jim came in.

"Did you meet Betty?" I asked.

He nodded.

"No tea," he said shortly, and dropped into a chair.

When we had both sat for a moment looking into the fire he demanded bluntly:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

This was disconcerting, since he had not been present at the interview. Perhaps he did not mean what it seemed he meant.

"She's looking rather tired," I murmured.

He made only an impatient movement with his shoulders and turned toward me his white, miserable face. I remained silent. Since Betty was capable of lying, I could think of nothing to say to comfort her father.

"It hasn't taken long, has it?" he demanded. "She's all gone to rot!"

"Jim ——" I objected.

"I mean it!" he retorted. "It's not her mind I'm referring to—that would come right again with a stiff course of something or other after all this piffle; it's her ideals. Among them, they've played the devil with her ideals. She requires nothing of herself or of anybody else, except to be on the 'list.' Whoever's on the list is all right. She doesn't know a gentleman from a cad."

"The Errol boy!" I muttered, under my breath.

"It's unbelievable," he resumed, "how people grovel to get on those lists, instead of thanking their stars they've been overlooked! I wish you could have seen the letter Julia got the other day from a woman she'd met, going on her knees to her to get her daughter invited to a series of subscription dances for which Julia was a patroness. There are as many snobs outside as in. Betty hears of these things, of course, and feels that she is 'it.' She's as proud as Punch over something she didn't earn and to which she has no valid title.

"Does she contribute anything to any gathering? She's forgotten every little smattering of education she may have picked up. Yet she's sought after—flattered—fawned upon. No wonder it's gone to her head! That photograph in the Sunday Supplement began it. I knew she couldn't escape seeing it; so I handed it to her myself, with my heart in my mouth.

"At first, I was unspeakably relieved; for she blushed and shrugged and scowled, and gave every indication of disapproval—you know how they do it—even to throwing the paper down. But presently, when she thought I was reading, she took it up again and began to study it, her expression gradually changing. She was getting used to the idea. I'd hate to tell you how many things that began by going against the grain she has managed to get used to since."

He paused; and I saw that his eyes were resting reflectively upon a young blossoming apple tree, which I had bought in response to the spring stirrings the sight of it in a florist's window had roused in me.

"She's been put through a forcing process," he said—"just as that tree has. Only last night a woman her mother looks upon as a social arbiter took her and the rest of the crowd she runs with to the Walnut Arbor, on the Decade Roof. Seen the show? Well, don't! You wouldn't enjoy it. It would have made even Betty squirm—in December. Now she doesn't turn a hair."

A week later some sudden blight struck my poor little premature tree—furnace heat; injudicious watering; any one of a thousand things. The intricate, exquisitely subtle and delicate processes of unfolding stopped; the buds lost body and color; brittle as paper, the sad, shriveled ghosts dropped off, one by one.

Upon the same day the following item appeared at the head of the Social Notes in several of the leading newspapers:

"The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Reamer and Mr. John Errol. Both young people are members of prominent New York families. The marriage will take place in June. Miss Reamer is one of the most popular débutantes of the season."

The Movie Villain Seldom Smokes a Pipe

On the screen the young fellow or the old gentleman who fondles a meerschaum or caresses a blackened briar is set down by the onlookers as being one whose motives are pure.

Folks naturally associate kindly qualities with the pipe-smoker. It is assumed that he is honest and sympathetic. The more of a pipe-crank he is, the more genial and friendly he is likely to be.

It's our opinion that there are good grounds for this belief. Let it be said of any man "He smokes a pipe," and we begin to feel attracted toward him.

Surely this is not entirely because we make and sell Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Neither is it because we receive hundreds of pleasant letters from pipe-smokers expressing appreciation of Edgeworth.

So genuine is our respect for the true pipe-lover and his tastes that when we talk to him about our tobacco we feel a certain diffidence. We want him to try our tobacco—we want him to like it. We want to tell him that he *will* like it—but that will hardly do. What a regular pipe-smoker is going to like is so much a matter of his own personal taste that we can't pretend to know all about it.

So we rest Edgeworth on the smoker's judgment. He may have, as a gift from us, generous samples of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco in both forms in which it is made—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

We send these samples to any pipe-smoker upon request. The Plug Slice is made by pressing the leaves into a solid cake and cutting them in such neat thin slices that they do not appear to be separate slices at all.

These are rubbed up in the palms before being put into the pipe. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is exactly the same tobacco, but, as its name indicates, already rubbed up and ready for the pipe. Some like it sliced, some like it rubbed. We give you both to try.

If, when you ask for these samples, you mention the name of the tobacco dealer you most frequently patronize, your thoughtfulness will be appreciated.

The retail prices of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are 10c and 25c for pocket-size tins, 50c for large tin, $1.00 for humidor tin. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. It is on sale practically everywhere. Mailed prepaid where no dealer can supply.

If you will accept the proffer of the samples, write to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you have trouble carrying enough Edgeworth when you go away over Saturday and Sunday we think the 25c size "Week End Tins" will just fill your needs.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

EDGEWORTH
EXTRA HIGH GRADE
SMOKING TOBACCO

A WALL STREET PUZZLE

By Frank Goewey Jones

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

SOME day I'm going to spend a week and a dollar or two looking round in New York. I have a couple of friends there, living in Wall Street. Bull is the name of one; the other is Bear. I've never set eyes on either of them or been near their place. 'Tis a puzzle whenever I try to figure out which gave me the automobile for a remembrance. Two plus two should make four; but when I add up there always is one left over. Ye can't even depend on arithmetic in Wall Street.

My partner, Dan Lonergan, and me have kept a blacksmith shop here at Spinks' Corners twenty-three years, and done well. One Sunday forenoon last summer we was playing checkers on the anvil. I had beat Dan three or four times running, as usual. Then he shoved the men off the board into the box and banged the cover shut. For an hour he'd been wriggling, restless, as if his new red undershirt itched.

"'Tis no game for a man to play!" he spits at me, hot because I had licked him. "There's no excitement in it."

"No wonder there's none left after ye took so much out," I shoots back at him disgusted; for I was just beginning to enjoy playing. "How many times must I tell ye that ye'll never win at checkers whiles it makes ye b'iling mad to lose?"

"My mind was not on what I was doing," he apologized to himself for getting skunked the last game. "I was thinking of something else, Tim Haight."

When my partner calls me by all my name, dignified like that, 'tis a sure sign he's done something wrong and is about to confess. I remembered the symptoms from the day, two weeks before, when Dan admitted to me he was going to get married—him only forty-nine years old and no more fit to settle down than a will-o'-the-wisp with St. Vitus' dance! So I didn't wait this time for him to hem and haw.

"What donkey shenanigan have ye been up to now?" I asks him. "Or had ye the horse sense to jilt the widow and let her sue ye for ailing her affections? Ye need have no fear she can collect a cent damages. There's a dozen besides me will take oath in court she's in luck to lose such a husband as ye'd be to any woman."

I expected that would make him sore enough to fight. I jumped to my feet and squared off. There are things ye can't say to a friend without hurting his feelings, unless ye are chewing his ear when ye whisper them in. I wanted to stir Dan up to come at me with his fists. Then I meant to tell the scut what I thought of him for deserting me, after we'd ate and slept together as respectable bachelors near twenty-five years, to go off and live alone in the same house with a woman and two grown daughters. It wasn't decent of Dan.

And I'd have spoke my mind to him generous if he'd only gave me a chance. But since my partner had been in love he'd changed.

He had lost his old spunk. A fine show he'd stand, married to a widow! Instead of hitting me like a man, he began crawling behind himself as if he was just a husband already, lying to his wife about why he'd come home nine minutes late.

"I ain't worthy of Mrs. Moran, Tim," he peels off, meaching, the same as though he was skinning his own heart.

I was that dazed he could have blacked both my eyes without me seeing his hands move. Dan never before had spoke an opinion of himself that didn't flatter him. His way now, like a kicked dog wagging his tail, was more of a jolt to me than a wallop on the jaw. A man in love is a sickening sight. But I had hopes yet for my partner. I grabbed him by the shoulders and tried to shake the licked look off his face.

"True for ye, Dan! And ye'll not disgrace yourself worse by marrying her?" I begged him.

"I'll never draw a happy breath till I do," he soughs, the same as the bellows squshing out air to the forge.

I let loose of him and shoved him out of temptation's way. I'd have been ashamed afterward if I had pushed my fist into such a lump of mush.

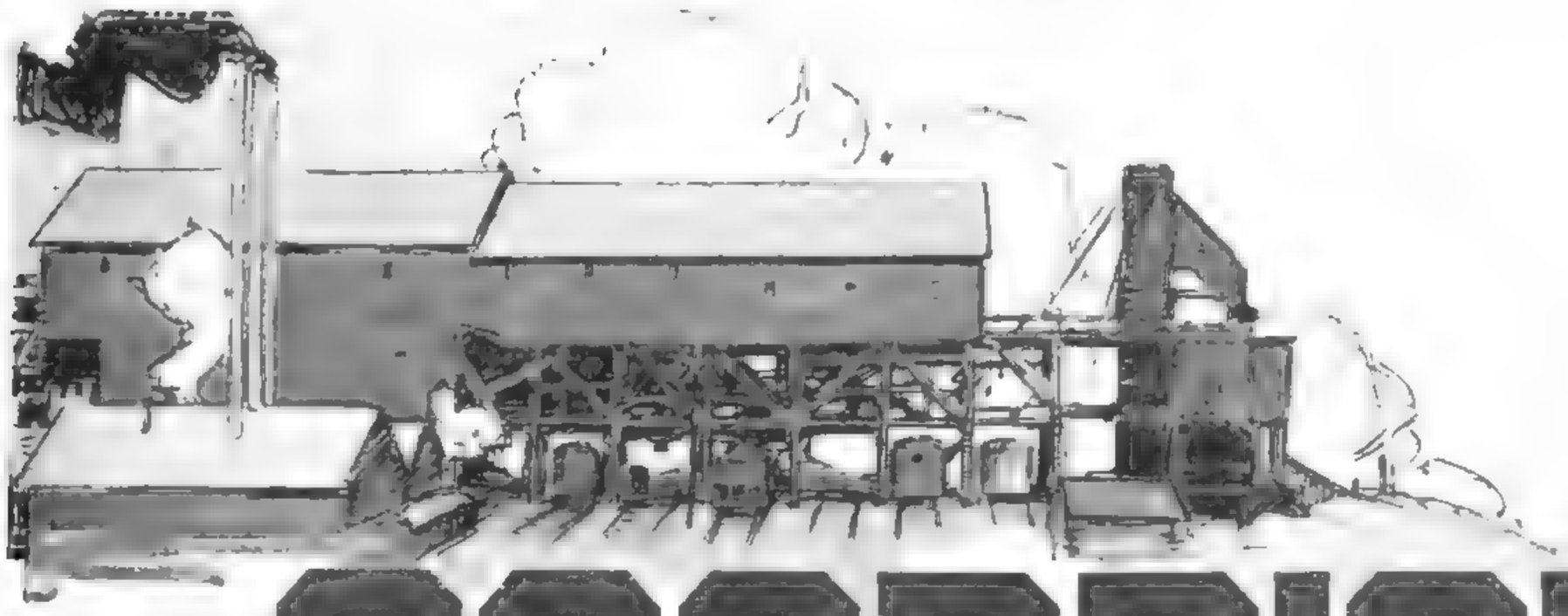
"Then ye are in a fix!" I snorts. "For 'tis certain ye'll be miserable entirely as a husband."

He gave me a look like a calf with sore eyes.

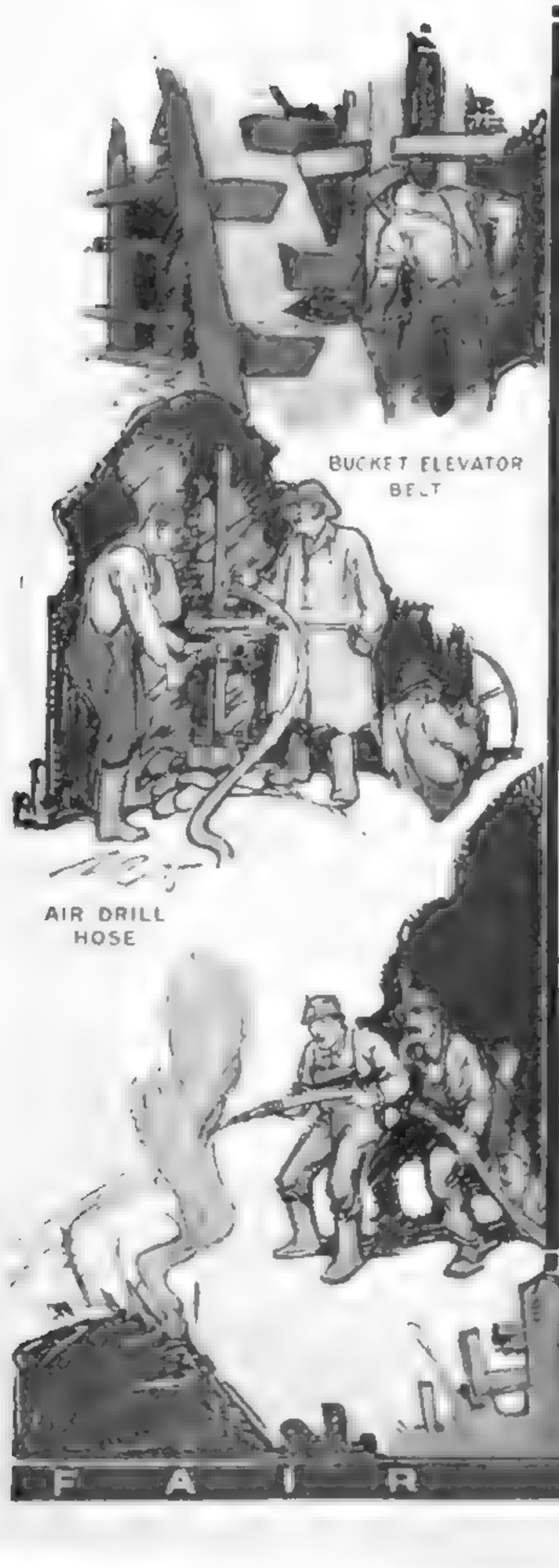
"All that ails ye, Tim," he says, "is ye are jealous. So I forgive ye. I feel homesick myself about leaving ye. I wish Mrs. Moran was twins! But ye shouldn't begrudge me a family of my own just because there's only one such woman in the world. Wish me well, Tim," says he, and stuck out his hand.

What else could I do but grip it? Sure, didn't I love Dan Lonergan like a brother? And I knew he'd spoke the truth. I was jealous of his widow, though I'd never realized it before. "Indeed—I do—wish ye well, Dan!" I had to swallow three times getting the words up.

(Continued on Page 82)



GOODRICH



GOODRICH REACHES UNDERGROUND

MAN is a *persistent* creature in his pursuit of what he is pleased to call WEALTH.

He goes for it to the uttermost ends of the world, and not content with *ransacking* the four corners of the earth, he *burrows* into it.

Yet wherever he goes, whatever his quest, GOODRICH RUBBER goes hand in hand with him, *not the least* when he honeycombs the hills with the dark vaults and hallways of his MINES.

On the slippery path of *winze* and *tunnel*, in dripping stope, face to face with the wall of the *drift*, GOODRICH RUBBER as the miner's faithful comrade, always there to shield his comfort, empower his hand, and speed the work.

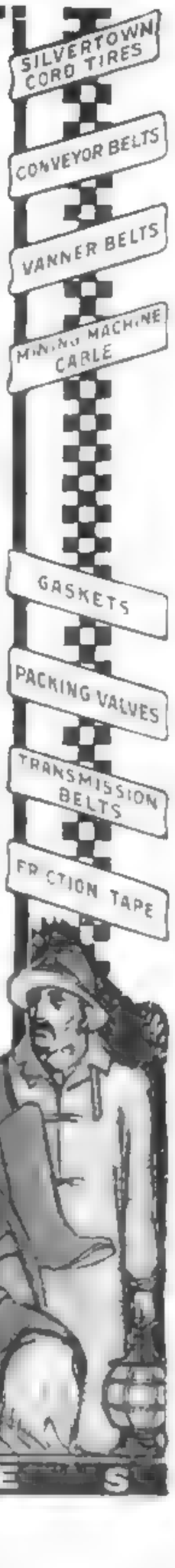
HALF a century ago mining was a pick and shovel and hand drill affair. The miner went down the shaft to scratch loose a few bits of high grade ore, or a few barrowfuls of coal

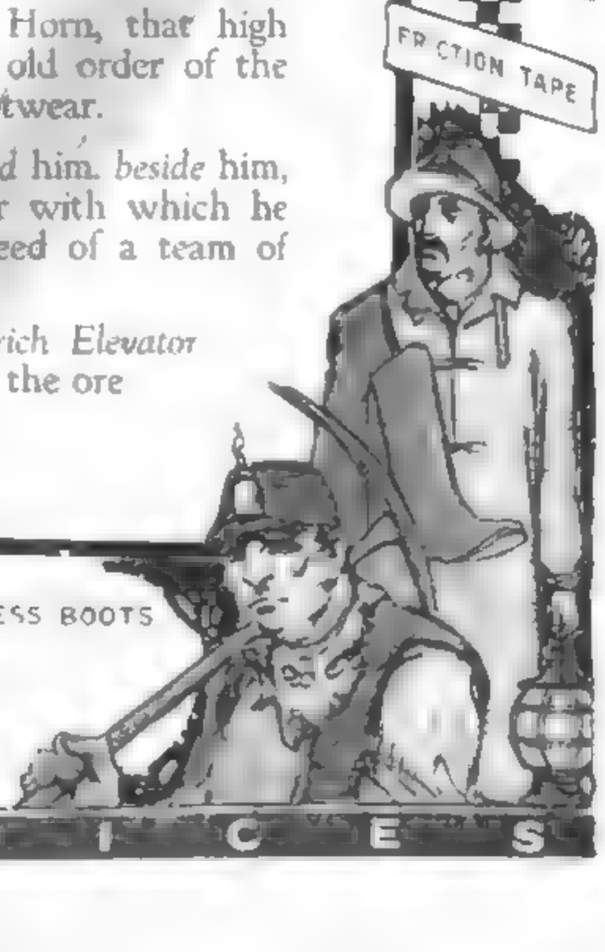
Today on account of the co-operation of Goodrich rubber, the miner brings forth *coal—ore—diamonds* by tons and hundreds of tons.

Shielded by a Goodrich *rubber coat* or *poncho* he goes to his post. *Hipress Boots* keep him dry shod as he stands in the muck and water. From Alaska to Patagonia, from Siberia to Cape Horn, that high pressure cure boot with which Goodrich upset the old order of the boot and shoe business, is the worker's idea of footwear.

With the miner on the job, Goodrich rubber is *behind* him, *beside* him, *everywhere*. Goodrich Air hose brings compressed air with which he drives his drill into hard rock at ten times the speed of a team of skilled "double jackers."

The blast shoots, tumbling tons of ore, and Goodrich *Elevator Belts* tram it to the top with a rapidity that relegates the ore bucket to the class of primitive methods.





FIRE HOSE

TRADE MARK

FAIR LIST PRICES

GOODRICH

SAFETY TREAD TIRES

OIL WELL BELTS

INNER TUBES

WATER HOSE

RUBBER MATTING

RUBBER COATS

INSULATED CABLE

TEXTAN SOLES

AND Goodrich actually keeps the wheels of the mine running; for WITHOUT the Goodrich *Oil-resisting* hose—a remarkable rubber product of the Goodrich laboratories which withstands the chemical action of oil—mining machinery would soon whirl itself to rack and ruin.

A *like* story of *vital dependence* on Goodrich rubber runs through the gas and petroleum fields.

Two Goodrich innovations alone—the Goodrich Standard Concentric Mining Machine Cable, originated by Goodrich in 1914 and Goodrich pipe line coupling, produced by the Goodrich laboratories in 1915—would have written Goodrich in *red letters* for oil well operators.

Goodrich's Concentric Cable with its rubber stock covering retired the ordinary braided cable covering to the limbo of things outgrown; and Goodrich pipe-line coupling averted a *crisis* in the transmission of natural gas.

It had been found that gas passing under high pressure through a pipe line, deposited at every sharp turn a gasoline condensate which soon rotted the pipe. Leaks were common and losses enormous.

AT the height of the trouble, the Goodrich laboratories came to the rescue with a rubber coupling that *defies* the *corrosion* of this gasoline condensate, and today Goodrich coupling permits a pipe line of eccentric curves around obstacles which a few years ago would have spelled "impossible."

The manufacturing institution that always adapts its product to *meet pressing* industrial needs is the ONE institution in its field EVERY SEPARATE INDUSTRY recognizes and respects as THE LEADER. Its TRADEMARK is a guiding star to ALL who produce

Because Goodrich turned its *experience, knowledge* and *skill* in rubber making to help solve the problems of mining—just as its Silvertown Cord and Black Safety Treads ever forward the advance of the automobile industry with the last word in *tires*—GOODRICH IS RUBBER to the UNDERGROUND WORLD.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON, OHIO

PIPE LINE RUBBER COUPLING

OIL RESISTING HOSE

OIL SUCTION HOSE

TRADE MARK

TRUCK TIRES

F A I R T R E A T M E N T

The Florsheim SHOE

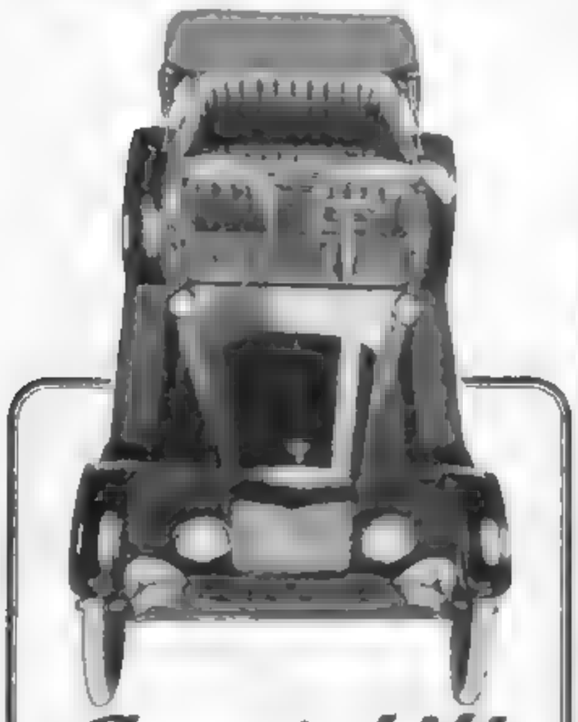
THE value of a quality trade-mark is realized in these days of high prices and varying quality. The same high standard as heretofore is maintained in The Florsheim Shoe.

$7 to $10

The Florsheim dealer is ready to show the season's assortment of styles. His name and booklet on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Glide—One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe



Ames-bilt
Four Passenger Cloverleaf

In appearance the Ford is sadly lacking. Hundreds who would otherwise buy Fords hesitate because of this.

[illegible] getting a new Ford, buy only the Chassis and [illegible] have a Ford dress it up with one of these [illegible] it look like a car costing many times the price of a Ford

Brief Specifications

Frame [illegible] Doors [illegible] Upholstering [illegible] Body [illegible] top, clear vision wind shield, [illegible] running boards, fenders and stirrups.

Order today. $315, complete, F. O. B. Owensboro

THE F. A. AMES COMPANY, Incorporated
0354 3rd Street, Owensboro, Ky.

$40 Motorcycle

We have the largest [illegible] of new and used mot[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] We exchange motorcycles. HARRY R. GEER CO., 860 McLaren Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

(Continued from Page 79)

"I knew ye would," he thanks me, wringing my fingers. "And 'tis sure I am ye'll help me out of a great throuble I'm in."

"Ye always can count on Tim Haight standing your friend whenever ye need him," I was chump enough to snivel. Tears was splattering on my Sunday suit.

"'Tis proud and glad I am to know ye feel that way," he goes on. "For I have no money to get married. There's a bit of a mortgage in the widow's cottage, and furniture and knick-knacks to buy. I want ye should lend me five hundred dollars."

Dan and me was equal partners in the blacksmith shop. He'd never saved a cent, whiles I laid by something every year. Dollars would jump out of his pocket into his hand to be spent as fast as he put them in his pants. In all the years we'd been together, though, this was the first time he'd asked me for a loan. If he'd wanted money for any other reason I'd have given him half of my pile willing. But it stuck in my craw to set him up as a married man after I'd been so bitter ferninst his leaving me for the widow. I didn't answer him right off, and he pulled his hand out of mine.

"I thought ye meant what ye said," he reproaches me.

Of course that made me sore in a second.

"I'm no welsher!" I roars at him. "Ye are welcome to the five hundred, and can go to the devil!"

Then we passed a few more compliments and I wrote out the check.

If there's anything I hate worse than another 'tis a dragged-out dying. It does the corpse no good to postprandial his funeral, and 'tis annoying to his friends to look glum so long about him. One of the few poems I ever could see sense to was wrote about "The whoop and racket when the hearse comes back" from the cemet'ry. I was half reconciled now to Dan's marrying, because the sooner he got it over with the quicker he'd be himself again round the shop. The spoony had got so he'd pat and stroke the hoof of a horse he was shoeing, as if it reminded him of the hand of the Widow Moran from the night before.

I expected that after he and his bride got back from the honeymoon he would get back his appetite for work. But three weeks went by after I gave him the money, and he was still single. What's worse, he'd quit talking about the wedding and turned as mysterious as a weasel hiding the shells of the eggs he's sucked. I had paid a big price for dead Mike Moran's shoes, and I was tired of waiting to see Dan Lonergan in them.

"What's come bechune ye and the widow?" I inquired of him blunt when I'd sat on my patience till a hole was wore in the seat.

"Why, nothing at all, Tim!" He pretended to act surprised.

"Then ye should get married before there's any talk!" I did my best to shame him. "'Tis not respectable to be spending half the night every evening at her house if your intentions are honest with the woman."

I could not insult the spalpeen.

"I'm not ready yet to get married," he answers me, mild as a nickel cigar.

"Do ye think ye'll make a handsomer bridegroom when ye are all bald?" I remarked. "What more have ye to do to get ready for marrying, since I put up the money?"

He fidgeted round while his conscience wrassled with the smooth tongue of him. Then, after I could see he'd got a cock-and-bull story all made up, he decided to confess the truth.

"Five hundred dollars was not enough, Tim."

"Not enough for a widow badlyencumbered?" I snorts. "Since when have second-hand brides with twin old-maid daughters gone up so?"

Sure Enough, There Was a Check and a Sheet of Typewriting

If Dan hadn't felt in his gizzard he'd been doing wrong he must have hit me then. But he swallowed what I said to him as if it was a quinine capsule he had bit in two. The face he made was like a bulldog's; yet it was only a sheep bleating when he spoke:

"Ye have no idea, Tim Haight, how much it costs to keep house nowadays. I've investigated. Everything is just twice as high as it used to be."

He looked at me strange, and I made a guess what he meant.

"Am I to understand, then, that the wife and ready-made family which ye'd counted on picking up in a job lot for five hundred dollars is going to cost a thousand?"

He nodded, eager.

"Then"—I squshes down my ultomato—"ye'll have to get along for the present with some cheaper, green bride instead of the widow; and accumulate your children on the installment plan. I'll not lend ye another cent to invest in matrimonial bonds."

"I haven't tried to borrow any more, have I?" He got sarcastic.

"For a good reason! Ye've started saving your breath, though ye never laid by what's more valuable."

"I have stretched the five hundred!" he retorts to that, high and mighty. "'Tis close to seven hundred now and getting more every day. I'll soon have the thousand—and no thanks to anybody but the Kaiser and my own looking ahead."

If the money had been elastic like his face, 'twould have been fifteen hundred at least that minute. Never did I see such a grin as he gave me whiles I stared at him.

"Ye lie, Dan Lonergan!" I said.

Now that he knew I felt friendly he took a letter out of his pocket and showed it to me. 'Twas from a fellow in Chicago who called himself a broker on his letterhead. He'd wrote Dan that "Your account, at the market, shows a net profit of $187.50." I studied the typewriting a while, but could make neither head nor tail of it.

"What does he mean by this he writes?" I asked my partner.

"'Tis very simple," he answers, because he couldn't explain much of it himself. "I've bought the margins off five hundred dollars' worth of stock, and it's gone up so I could sell it now for six hundred eighty-seven fifty."

"I see," I says. Now I began to understand. "But how do ye know, Dan, is this butcher honest?"

"What butcher?"

"Why, this Chicago fellow who's offering to sell your stock at his market. Will he give ye the right weights, are ye sure?"

I thought the fool would split his head laughing.

"Ye supposed—I'd bought—cattle?" he wheezed.

"What else? Was it hogs?"

"Stock of the Uncle Sam Steel Corporation! Ten points margin on fifty shares! It's gone up three and five-eighths in Wall Street. That makes me a hundred eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents."

I saw through it all then in the switch of a horse's tail, for I had learned about Wall Street in the Spinks Corners Gazette.

"Ye are expectulating with my five hundred dollars!" I accused Dan. "And ye call me a blockhead! Ye will go broke sure!" I shook the letter under his nose. "I've read all about such snides as him. They get rich off suckers the likes of ye. Ye take the first train to Chicago, and take your hammer along. If the fellow refuses at first to hand ye my five hundred, tap the anvil chorus on his head till the idea leaks in that ye ain't as big a fool as ye look."

He got mad then, in a ladylike way, without no violence.

"What the hell do ye mean by always saying your five hundred? Didn't ye lend it me?"

"To get married on—yes. Not to hand over to a Steel Corporation's omadhaun that runs a trap for go-brokers. Sure, the scut has the right name for his business on the letterhead. A broke-er he is!"

"Is my share of this blacksmith shop worth five hundred dollars?"

He turned the subject on me like a stream of cold water out of a hose. I cooled off in a second, for I saw what he intended.

"It is that, Dan," says I. "And more. I'm not worried about the money on my own account. But ye must not lose everything ye've got in the world down in Wall Street."

"I ain't losing, ye numskull! I'm near two hundred dollars ahead already. I could have the money to-morrow if I telegraphed this afternoon."

"Then do, Dan!" I begged. "The broker has made a mistake. Get the cash off him before he finds out what he's doing. Lonergan is a common name. He's got ye mixed with some friend of his. Ye might be lucky enough to get away with my the five hundred dollars anyhow."

He shook his head, stubborn as a mule. He pulled out another paper and handed it me.

"Here's a bill of sale I had Lawyer Burke make out to ye of my half of the shop!" he snaps off. "That secures ye for the loan. And now 'tis none of your business what I do with my own money. But I'll tell ye that I'll leave it in Wall Street till it grows to the thousand I'm determined to have to get married. I'll show ye who is the blockhead!"

With that, he jerks off his apron and starts to march out of the shop. I had to think fast.

"Dan!" I called to him. He turned round. Then I stuck the bill of sale in the forge and it began to burn. "Ye can't take my partner out that door! I'll lick ye within an inch of your life if ye try!"

I shoved out my hand to him and he jumped to grab it. So we said no more, but went on making horseshoes.

I was sure he was wrong about what he had done. Of course Dan would lose the five hundred dollars in the end. But I never nagged him to go to Chicago and take the money away from the broker. In the first place, I felt certain 'twould only stir him up again and do no good. Also, when the five hundred would be gone there'd be no more danger of his marrying the widow. She wouldn't have him, broke, for one thing. And he'd hardly spend a cent, I knew, wastrel though he is, until he had me all paid up what he'd borrowed.

So, since Dan said he wouldn't get married whiles he was short of a thousand dollars, and there was no doubt in my mind the bulls and bears soon would bust him instead, I thought "All's well that ends well." I regarded his expectulations as insurance against any great risk of him canoebializing with the Widow Moran among the snags of the river of doubtful bliss.

Dan Lonergan was never the sort of man to rub it in when he won out. He realized I thought him a chump to buy the edge off fifty shares of stock that he knew nothing about but the name. So while his margin profits was piling up, he kept mum as the Spinks they named the Corners after, because it's so quiet here. But Dan was always a devil of mischief inside, however sober and steady he looked. One day he went to the railroad like an oyster and came riding back to the shop in a automobile,

(Continued on Page 85)

"I Don't Know Whether or Not I Ought to Let You Do This, Mr. Haight. You Might Lose a Good Deal of Money"

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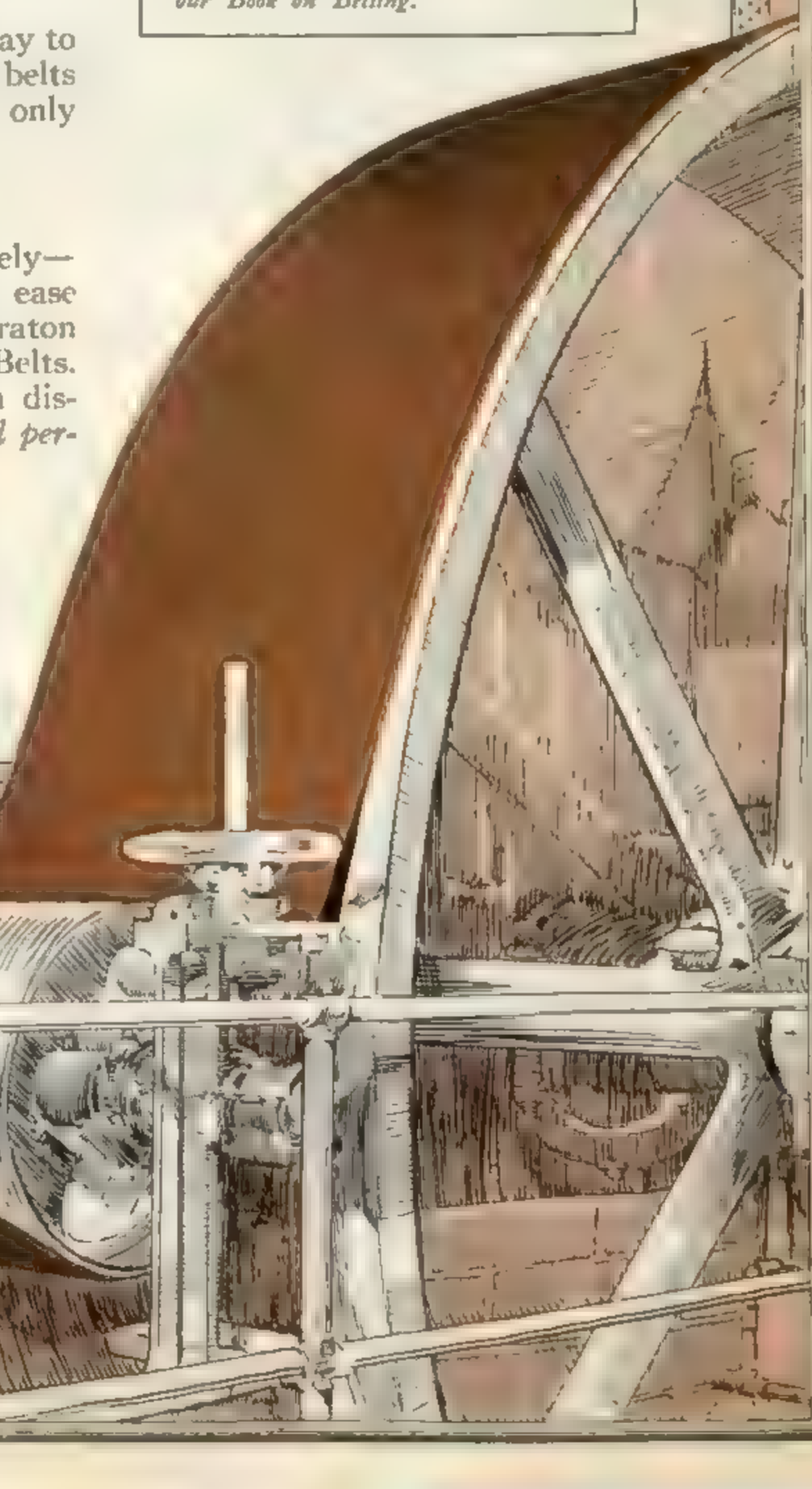

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44

Continued from Page 82

as stuck-up as a potato. He drove 'side of the door and called me:

"Tim! Step over and let's hear what ye think of my new runabout."

The eyes of me bulged at the shiny black little car, puffing away like a thoroughbred champing after a bit of exercise on the track. A beauty she was!

"Where did ye get it?" I asks. "I have not heard of any rich Lonergans dying lately and leaving their stables to ye."

"I made this automobile off Wall Street," he tells me, twinkling his eyes. "'Tis only part of my profits. Uncle Sam Steel has gone up nine points and a quarter. I'm over a hundred dollars ahead now, besides this runabout. Untie your apron, Tim, and slip on your coat. At noontime there'll be no horses come to the shop for shoes. I want to take ye riding with me the first one."

Mind, 'twas his old partner he'd showed off to first—not the widow! I was that flabbergasted I could hardly believe my own sight and hearing; yet I understood and appreciated Dan's affection. So I ran off to wash up. And what a ride we had! Skimming along the pike like we sat on the back of a swallow! Still, I never enjoyed a half hour less, in one way, fun as it was to go so fast and easy; for Dan talked now about his wedding, which he had not mentioned to me in a long while.

"A married man," says he, "should think of other things besides food and clothes. His wife deserves a bit of pleasure. So I bought the automobile. 'Twould be wrong of me to hold Mrs. Moran off, waiting, without giving her some enjoyment. While the five hundred dollars grows to a thousand I'll keep her happy riding about."

"But ye'd have close to a thousand now, according to your figuring," I reminded him, puzzled half out of my wits. "If ye hadn't bought the runabout ye needn't have waited any longer."

He turned in his seat and grinned, sheepishlike.

"I've always hankered after a little car of the sort of this, Tim. I thought I'd best buy it now, before there is a Mrs. Lonergan to forbid me spending the money on foolishness. True, I could get married with a thousand dollars. But then, I'd have to start saving ev'ry spare cent to pay ye back what I borrowed. There'd be no chance for a automobile. So I thought I'd put off the wedding a month or two until Uncle Sam Steel goes up ten points higher. What is six weeks or so more? I'll be married long enough after that."

Those last words made me hope he wasn't so anxious to quit being a bachelor, now his days was getting short. But I gave Dan no hint I had guessed how he was thinking.

"Suppose the stock should drop?" I remarked, dry. "Then what would ye do?"

"It won't," says he.

"Ye seem sure 'twill keep on climbing."

"I am," he says. "It's got the habit now. Every week I've owned a margin on that stock it has been going up about a notch and a half. I plan to set the wedding the first of month after next. I could be all fixed a few days sooner, but it would be handsome of Wall Street to present me with a Prince Albert suit to wear before the priest—besides the runabout and five hundred dollars."

After we got back to the shop from our ride I thought a lot of things the rest of that day. Come time to quit work, I had made up my mind what I'd do.

"Dan," I said to him offhand, "tomorrow is Tuesday, and not much blacksmithing to do, likely. I suppose ye'll want me to stand best man at your fine wedding, but I've no fit clothes for anything so grand. I think I'll spend a day in Chicago, now 'tis convenient, and order me a Prince Albert suit too."

The surprise of it seemed to strangle him for a minute before he could choke out a word.

"There—there's no hurry, Tim!" He gulped as if I had threatened him in some way.

"I might as well go to-morrow and get done with it," I answered. "Besides, I'll need to practice Sundays wearing a long-tailed coat like that, a few weeks before the wedding; or belike it might trip me up at the altar and muss your marriage."

So I went to Chicago. When I got off the train in the city I walked up to the first policeman I saw and showed him the name and address of the broker my partner was doing business with. I had wrote it on a card unbeknown to Dan the day he let me read the fellow's letter about Uncle Sam Steel stock.

"Where is that Rookery?" I asked the officer. "And what is it?"

"You cross the river on this bridge." He pointed east. "Go four blocks, to the corner of La Salle Street. 'Tis an office building. Your party is on the ground floor."

"Ye are Expectulating With My Five Hundred Dollars!" I Accused Dan. "Ye Will Go Broke Sure!"

The place was easy enough to find. I walked in, watchful. I was more suspicious of the broker after what the policeman told me. I had read stories in the Spinks Corners Gazette about the Wall Street skin games, where the lambs are coaxed in on the ground floor; then a trap is sprung under them, and the first thing they know they're in the shearing pen. But this place was like a bank. There was a officer in a blue suit, with brass buttons and all, standing in the middle of the floor. When I spotted the policeman there I knew the Rookery was not a robbers' roost. I went over and told him who I wanted to see.

He took me himself to the right door and I tiptoed into an elegant office. A boy asked my name and hustled to the next room with it. He came out quick and beckoned to me. I went, as he bid, into the other office. There was a chunky, jolly-looking man sitting ferninst a big red desk. He got up and shook hands as cordial as if we was old friends. 'Tis wonderful how anybody from the country passes for rich, nowadays when farm stuff is so high.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Haight," he introduces me to himself. "What can I do for you?"

"Are ye Mr. Thompson?" I asked him, for he was not the sort I'd expected to find.

"Yes."

"Then ye can do a lot for me, if ye will," says I. "I know by your eye ye are no crook, but an honest man."

He chuckled at that.

"You decide quick, Mr. Haight. So do I. I like you. Sit down." I took a chair close to his desk. "Now tell me what's on your mind," he invited, all genial.

I explained about my partner. Thompson sent a note by the boy to his bookkeeper to give him the figures of Dan's dealings. When the paper came back he looked it over. But he wouldn't show it to me, because he said he had no right to do that without Lonergan's consent. Which was square of Thompson and made me feel even more like trusting him.

"I've no wish to know any figures," I says. "I have a poor head for them. But 'tis my duty to stick my nose in Dan's affairs to save him from making more of a fool of himself than he is now. He knows hardly as much about stocks as I do, which is less than nothing at all. He has no right to expectulate, for he'll be disappointed in the end. He's bound to lose. Such as him always do, I've read many a time."

"I never knew it to fail," Thompson agreed with me. "Mr. Lonergan is a few dollars ahead so far; yet he will not keep it. He should stay out of Wall Street. But you never can drive his kind away when they're winning.

"There's only one time they ever learn—after they're broke."

"I think the same," says I. "But, if ye will help me, all the five hundred he borrowed off me need not be lost to the firm of Haight & Lonergan. And I'll pay ye well for your throuble."

"Explain what you mean," he says.

"When Dan loses the money he has, somebody else is bound to get it—ain't that so?"

"Certainly."

"Ye don't keep it yourself?"

"Only the few dollars of my broker's commission—a trifle."

"Then who does get it?"

"Some bear—whomever the trade is closed with."

"Listen to me!" I growled. "I'm that bear."

Thompson caught on in a flash. He laid back in his chair and roared. After a while he got his breath.

"Explain some more!" he snorts, grinning.

"Why, all Dan has done is bet five hundred dollars the stock will rise. I'll bet the same now it drops. Then whatever happens, him and me'll come out even when we average up as partners, won't we? You manage the deal. I have no idea how it needs to be done."

Thompson studied over that a minute. He hesitated, like he didn't see just what I meant. But when he spoke I saw it wasn't that he was trying to decide in his mind.

"I don't know whether or not I ought to let you do this, Mr. Haight. You might lose a good deal of money. But I'm practically sure the market will break badly

(Concluded on Page 88)

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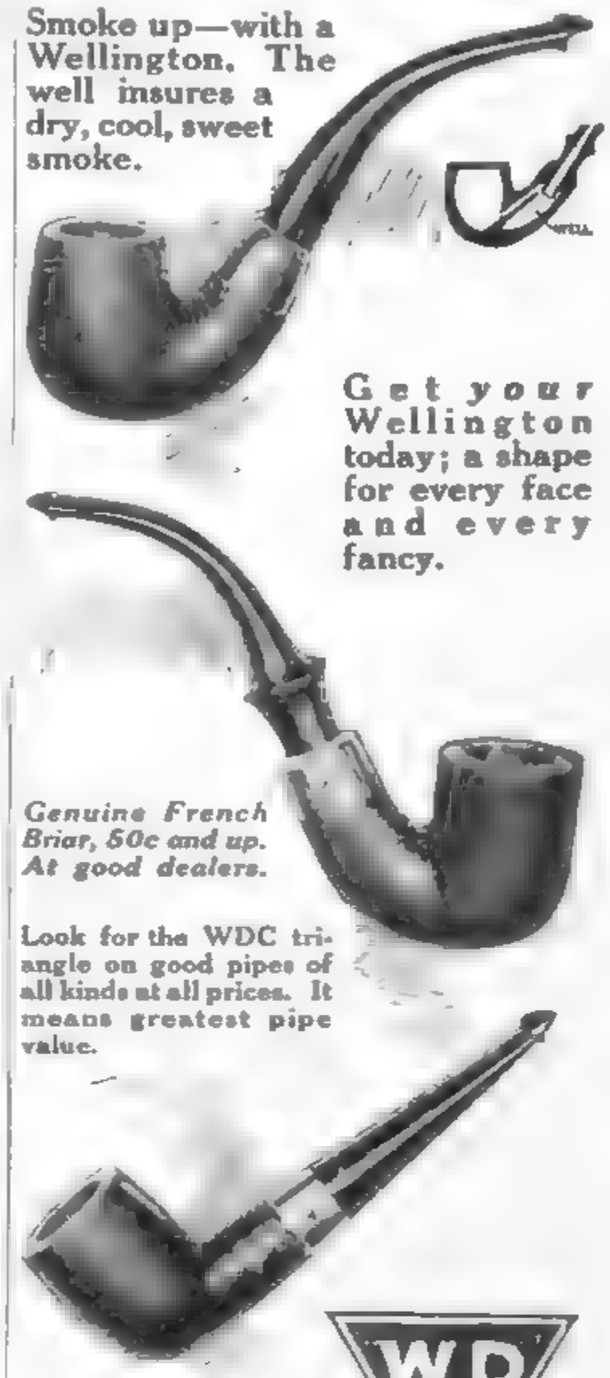

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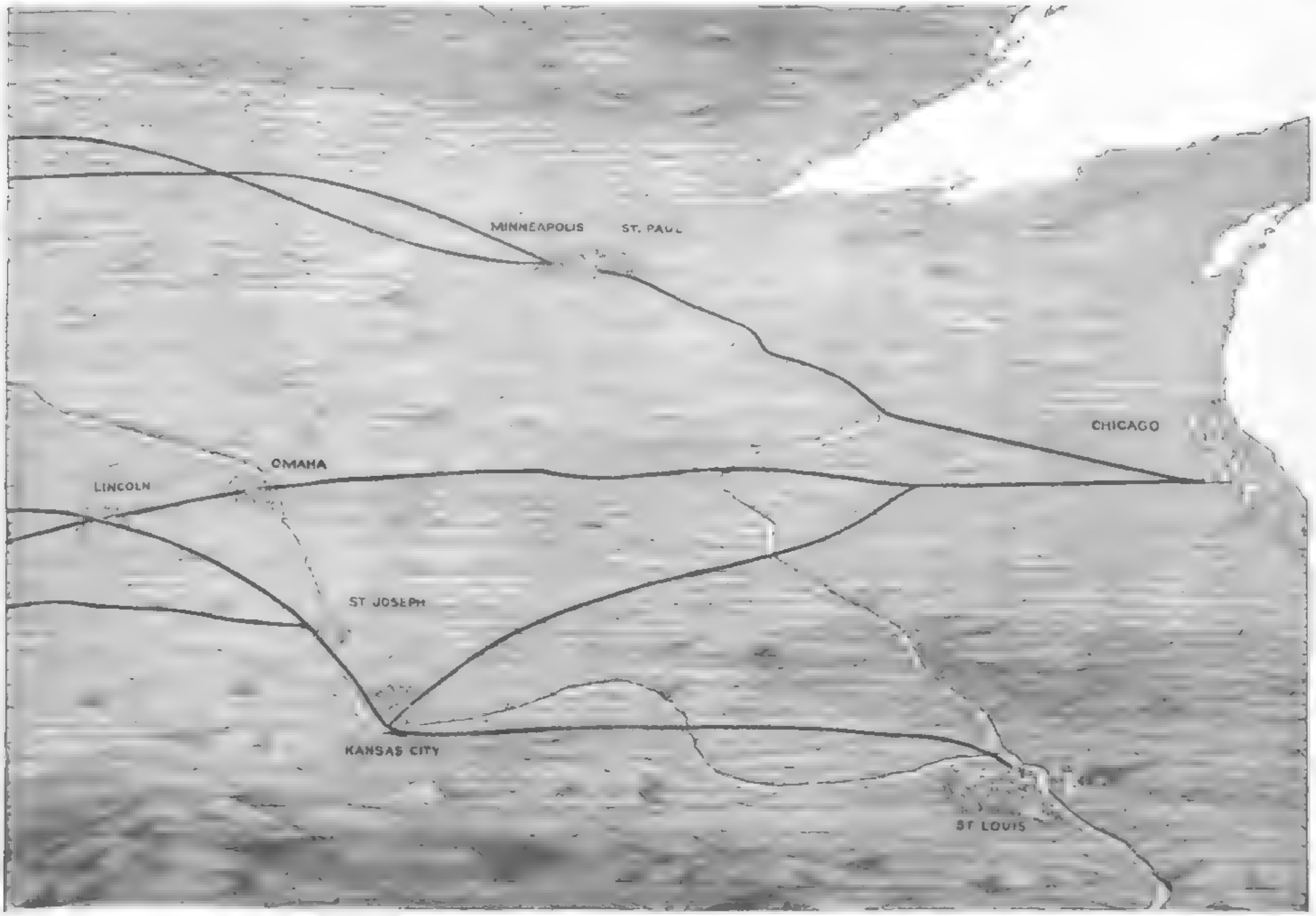

the three great parks

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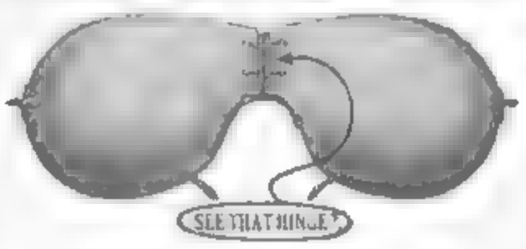

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(Concluded from Page 85)

one of these days. I think I'll risk it for you."

"'Tis obliged to ye I am," I thanked him. "Now I'll give ye my check. How much will I make it out for?"

He thought over that too.

"You don't want to be bothered about this again, do you?" he asked. "You wish me to handle all the details?"

"Sure!"

"Then draw your check for a thousand dollars. I probably won't need so much to margin your trade—Mr. Lonergan has a credit on my books at the present market of less than six hundred dollars; but it's better to be on the safe side."

"I don't want to take any advantage of Dan," I says. "It hardly seems right to bet more than he does. I've no wish to make money off him—ye mind?"

"I understand. We'll start now, and close your trade when he's wiped out. I'll sell fifty shares short for you to-day—the same amount I bought for him in the first place. I'm having you put up twenty points margin to begin with, just so I won't have to telegraph you for more money in case the stock should continue to advance for a while."

"I see," says I, though I didn't.

Then I wrote the check for a thousand. He had been figuring, too; and he filled in two printed slips.

"Your partner would be wiped out at 102⅛," Thompson tells me. "So I've made this order here to buy for your account fifty shares of Uncle Sam Steel at that price. You should sign this now as my authority to close your trade when the time comes. The second order is for me to sell short on your account fifty shares at the present market. Put your name to that also, and I'll execute this part of the trade at once."

"I am betting opposite to Dan all the way through?" I wanted to make sure.

"Yes."

So I signed both the two papers and he gave me a receipt for the thousand dollars.

"Is that all there is to it?" I inquired. It seemed so simple.

"Yes, Mr. Haight."

"Then I'll be going." I got out of my chair to shake hands. "I am much beholden to ye. When the deal is done and you and me settle up, don't forget I want to pay ye well for your trouble."

"Just the regular brokerage commissions," he answers. "I'm in debt to you for the pleasure of meeting and talking to you, which is worth more than the money to me."

Thompson is a Johnny Bull name; but I mistrust his mother was Irish, for he had the blarneying tongue.

When I came home to the Corners, Dan popped a question at me the first thing:

"Where is the Prince Albert suit?"

That made me jump, for I had forgot the clothes complete in Chicago. But I didn't let on to him how near he'd come to catching me unbewares. I winked my eye whiles I thought what excuse I'd make.

"Did ye s'pose I'd show it to the likes of ye?" I says. "And let ye copy it? I've no mind to have your wife mistake me for ye when I call some evening, and her throw the dishes and victuals in my face because ye are late to your supper. She'll not serve me so. I'll disguise any resemblance I have to being her husband."

Dan took on a greenish look as if he felt sick some way, and walked off. His thoughts was a good anecdote for what ailed him, so I let him have them. I misdoubt if he called at the widow's that night, though he got home late.

Time went on. Still, the wedding didn't come off. Dan watched the papers close for the markets. The postmaster told me Mrs. Moran had subscribed for the Chicago Tribune, so I knew she was keeping tabs on Uncle Sam too. The stock crept up like a thermometer on a hot morning, yet I never bothered my head about how long it might be before it would drop. I counted on Thompson to take care of the deal when the day happened. I knew what goes up must come down sooner or later. The Gazette said it was always so in Wall Street and printed charts like the teeth of an old saw to prove it. But my partner acted more and more worried.

One day I read that the Kaiser had fenced off a piece of the ocean ferninst England and stuck up "No Trespassing" signs under America's nose. Then a little later the President gave the German Ambassador his time and laid him off. The war talk was so exciting I forgot to watch the market reports in the back of the paper, which always was dull reading to me anyways. Therefore I was surprised when Dan came to me sudden with the news.

"Ye were right, Tim," he says, solemn. "That broker in Chicago sold me out. He admits it in his letter here. I have only eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents left of the five hundred dollars ye lent me, and all my profits is gone!"

'Twas hard for me to keep my face sober like it was a funeral. But by dropping my head I managed so that my partner didn't see my eyes grinning. I read the sheet of paper and handed it back, sober.

"Well, ye had the fun of expectulating while it lasted," I consoled him. "And ye'll take your loss like a man. But what will the widow say?"

His face seemed to twist into a knot, and he looked pale.

"Ye never can be sure about a woman!" he groans.

"'Twill be best to tell her now," I advised him. "She'll find out soon if ye don't."

"Yes. The worst will be no better for dreading it longer." And he started off. He stopped in the doorway. "Here's a letter came for you, too," he says. "I was that full of my throuble I near forgot to give it ye."

He handed me the envelope, which had no printing on the outside except my name typewrote. It was from Chicago by the postmark. I knew it came from Thompson, for I had sent him word on a postal card to mail me the money in a plain letter when Lonergan would be wiped out of his margins. As soon as Dan was safe away from the shop I opened the envelope. Sure enough, there was a check for $1587.50, and a sheet of typewriting with Thompson's name signed to the end of it:

DEAR MR. HAIGHT: Your experiment succeeded. I inclose statement and check. I hope Mr. Lonergan is cured of the Wall Street fever.

Sincerely, EDWARD J. THOMPSON.

I chuckled the while I was waiting for Dan to get back. He was not gone long. When he came in he was smiling and rubbing his hands.

"'Tis all right, Tim!" he calls to me.

My heart dropped through my stomach.

"Ye don't mean she'll marry ye anyways?" I gasped.

"Not her! She drove me out of the kitchen with a broom!" And, all happy, he showed me his knuckles skinned. "Everything is over bechune me and Mrs. Moran."

"Och, Dan! I'm that glad!" I grabbed his fist.

"So would I be, complete," he says, "if I had not lost your money. I have realized lately that I am not a marrying man, and the widow inherited a terrible bad temper from poor Mike Moran. But I was afraid I might have to go with her to the priest if that Uncle Sam stock had kept on climbing up. Now I'll save and pay ye back, ten dollars a week."

With that I pulled out my letter from Thompson and handed it to Dan.

"Ye did not lose my money," I breaks the surprise. "Read that!"

Then I told him all about how I had bet opposite him. He was so stunned he couldn't say a word, but just stared at the big check.

"So I got back the five hundred ye lost," I says. "As partners we came out even."

I stopped sudden, and my eyes stuck out a inch. "There's something wrong, Dan!"

"What is it?" he cried, scared.

"Eighty-seven-fifty is left over after I get all my money back!" I called his attention to the amount. "I put in only a thousand dollars and ye the five hundred I loaned ye. But the check is for $1587.50."

He couldn't believe it either till he looked hard at the figures. Then a thought jumped into his head. He dug into his pocket and pulled out the little check Thompson had sent him as the fag-end of his margins.

"I've got eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents more!" he gasps.

Then I remembered something else.

"And the automobile!" I reminds him.

We both was staggered for a minute and just gaped at each other.

"How can it be?" asked Dan.

I shook my head, bewildered entirely.

"But 'tis so! Here's the money and yon is the runabout."

He pointed. There was no denying the evidence; still, it did not seem it could be.

"Thompson must have made a mistake," he guesses.

"Not him!" says I. "He knew what he was doing. 'Tis us that do be mixed up someways. I mas. have figured wrong in the first place, to come out ahead."

Dan slapped his leg and his face brightened up.

"Did ye save your figures?" he shoots at me. "By accident ye have hit on a system for beating Wall Street! If ye kept track of the way ye did it ye can repeat the same thing over! Ye want a automobile yourself."

I looked at him then, disgusted.

"Dan Lonergan," I told him, "ye'll always be a jackass! Did I not remark a while ago that this was a partnership deal? Half yon automobile is mine now. I want no more. I can fill only one seat, fat as I am. And we'll split the extra money even to buy a pair of Prince Alberts and a plug hat apiece. Maybe, though, ye had better not pretty yourself up so much as me. The widow might hang on if she saw ye so grand."

He laughed hearty then.

"I'm shut of her, Tim. I took Lawyer Burke along for a witness that she herself broke the engagement over my knuckles." He caught hold of my hand quick. "Why, Tim, I've had so much luck this day I almost forgot to thank ye for saving me from making a fool of myself!"

"I did not," says I, grinning. "But with me along, and both of us up on the seat of our runabout in our new clothes of a Sunday, maybe nobody else will suspect ye for a while."

Insecure Knowledge

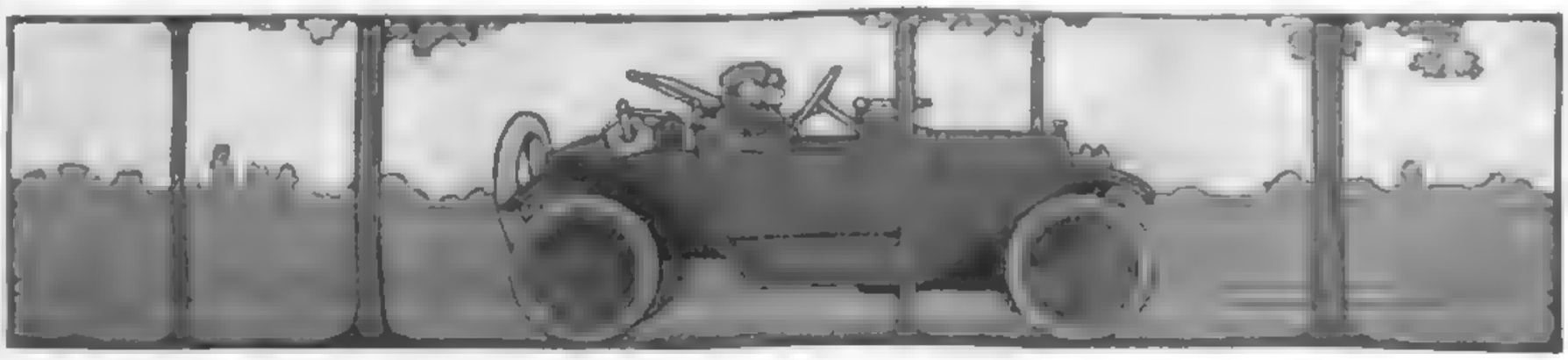
THE late Judge William Bishop, of Kentucky, was noted in his native state as much for his great kindness of heart as for his whimsical manner of speech. Following the rule prevalent in Kentucky, he was serving one day as head of a committee of lawyers engaged in examining into the qualifications of a candidate for admission as a member of the bar.

The applicant was a blacksmith by trade, who had decided that the law was an easier vocation than shoeing mules and mending trace chains. He had ambition, but he didn't have much else. Finally Judge Bishop said charitably:

"Dave, my son, I'm afraid you haven't qualified yourself very thoroughly in your groundwork for the profession you aspire to follow. Haven't you ever read any law books at all?"

"Well, Jedge," admitted the candidate, "I couldn't exactly say as I have." Here he brightened up. "But I have read a copy of the Kintucky statutes all the way through."

"Son, I'm afraid that won't help you to get a license, either," said the old judge. "The legislature is liable to meet and repeal everything you know."



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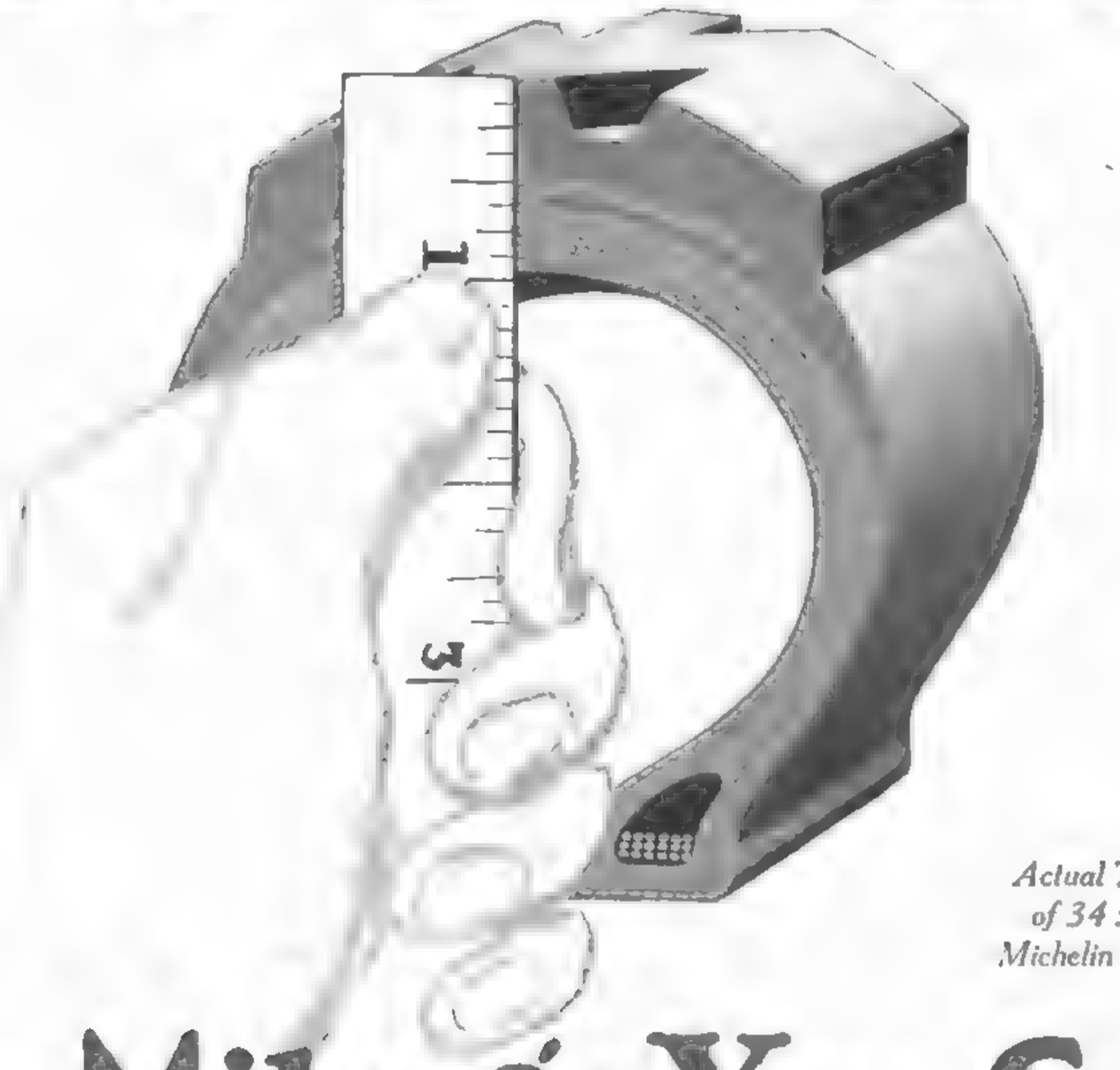

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Just ask your dealer to let you measure the thickness of a Michelin Universal in comparison with any other tire.

The extra thickness of the Michelin Tread—due to extra rubber and fabric—is bound to mean more mileage.

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Michelins give so much mileage that they'd be economical even if high priced. But they're *not* high priced.

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Free on Request: *Tire-Users' Handbook, fully illustrated and printed in colors. Fifty-six pages on tire economy, written in an easy, non-technical style.*

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1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful nutmeg or cinnamon, 3 eggs ½ cup Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, flour, and baking powder. Cream the butter and sugar together; add salt and spice, beaten eggs, and the Carnation Milk diluted with the water. Add enough flour to make a soft dough, sifting a teaspoonful of baking powder into every cup of flour that is used. Toss on floured board. Roll, cut and fry in deep fat until a delicate brown.

Remember—your grocer has it

Carnation Milk

The answer to the Pure Milk Question

WAR INVISIBLE

(Continued from Page 7)

Just now interest centers on our enemy; and the German subs that are now "straffing" in the Atlantic range in surface displacement from nine hundred tons, like the U-53, to the newest cruiser type of eighteen hundred tons. Operating from Helgoland as a base, they penetrate the new English mine fields, stick close to the Danish coast, giving the three-mile limit a jolt in passing, and go round the north coast of Scotland, en route to the scene of operations some one hundred miles south of the Irish coast.

Cruising a distance of thirteen hundred and fifty miles, the entire get-there-and-come-home run is a matter of twenty-seven hundred miles. Their tour of duty is, roughly, twenty-one days; and, running about twelve knots on the surface, they make both trips in nine days. This allows twelve days on the job of "hate." Returning to base, they remain in port for twelve days' rest, out of which the crew has ten days to pile ashore, visit home, or go to a hotel and sleep in a real bed. The cycle of operations is, in all, thirty-five days.

And these are the authentic facts. List, the keen American sailor lad who was for eleven days a "captive" on board the U-39, lived with me. He told the story of the whole works—of the life on board; of how eleven ships were sunk before his own eyes. He told it over the cross-stitch embroidery he was doing for his ma, in Portland.

Of the big subs the information is less authentic. But so-called "confidential" reports, and those from neutral countries, describe these big submarine cruisers as having heavily armored conning towers, mounting low-velocity five-inch guns, of enormous surface speed, and a submerged radius of two hundred and fifty miles. Add to this that the people of the Deutschland spun some tall yarns as to the size of these whales, and of Diesel engines of some forty-thousand horse power, and still bigger ones to come.

In size the large ones resemble this undersea liner. And, by the way, our British friends claim that the Deutschland is now secure alongside a dock in Scotland, with old Captain Koenig raising vegetables and thinking of the good old days, in a detention camp up north—all of which, of course, is strenuously denied by the Teutona.

Like a White Subway Car

The American Navy has no large submarines; but one of three fleet submarines, the Schley, ought to be launched and overboard by now. We invented the air plane; but air superiority belongs to France and England. Similarly, the genius of an American brought forth the practical means of subsea fighting; but we are the last to come out with an ocean-going type able to take the offensive, follow our fleet and bring war to the enemy's coast. As yet we cannot repeat the performances of the U-53.

We go to war with forty-three submarines in commission, divided between both coasts, Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines. Twenty-two of these are small, almost obsolete, and good for harbor defense only. Three are experimental and, by submarine officers, declared to be of little military value. The rest are of the short-range type and can operate at sea for ten days only. There are twenty-seven building, plus three that are of the fleet type, and thirty-one contracted for, with bids to be opened for thirty-eight more, the latter all of long range. These are official data from public documents available to anybody. But the narrow line between what is common knowledge and that which is termed confidential must be followed. In discussing subs the secrets of the other fellow are preferable.

Imagine a white-painted, elongated subway car, with the seats removed, bathed in electric light, filled with valves, controls, pumps, motors, machinery, and gadgets of all kinds, and you have the look of the insides of one of our submarines. If you didn't know the purpose of each part and what it meant, you would feel as if you had been dumped into some engine warehouse after a night with the boys, or were having a nightmare, with your head stuck into an auto engine.

There are fifteen hundred valves in the average sub; add to this that the two engines have, each, eight hundred parts. All of which will stop any desire for minute description. To simulate the noise of the engines, drop a small freight train, clattering down grade, into the whole, and you have the sight-and-sound sensation of being in a sub running on the surface. Take the same surroundings, but everything noiseless, the silent motors spinning; quiet, even-toned commands to the men whose eyes are glued to the dials and gauges as if hypnotized—and you get the elements of a subsurface run. Unless you look at the diving gauge or into the periscope, you would never know whether you are alongside the dock or a hundred feet below the surface. A pity; but there are no sensations, no thrills, and it is about as exciting as riding in the tube under North River—different, of course, in war.

Liken a sub to a cigar, but with the business end in the bow: the first compartment contains the torpedo outfit, with the four tubes from which compressed air ejects the torpedoes. From four to eight spare torpedoes line the sides or rest in chocks on the floor. Here, also, is the anchor winch, with the knife that cuts the cable should the anchor be fouled. Also an escape hatch. Underneath are the fuel-oil tanks, which supply the wherewithal for the surface propelling plant.

The Brain of the Submarine

You duck your head and enter the watertight door to the battery compartment, usually the loafing place of the crew, if there can be any loafing in subs. Here also are the electric stove, spud-locker, kitchen sink, and the housekeeping gear of submarining. Under the flooring is half of the batteries of some sixty to a hundred and twenty cells, which store the juice to drive the sub while submerged. In the new types only, the officers' staterooms come next—a bunk, a bureau and a desk—all to be mildewed and water-dripped from the condensation overhead.

Delicate machinery, huge valves, great big dials, clinometers, manifolds, steering wheel, gyroscopic compass, depth gauges, motor controllers, flooding valves, Kingston levers—all are part of the submarine's mechanical brain in the central operating compartment. To the layman, the printed photographs describe it better than pen can do. There is nothing nautical-looking in its operation; but it is a beehive of polished parts, each one controlling some function in the hands of the dungaree-clad men who silently and automatically serve as the human connecting link between the commanding officer and the ultimate goal, visualized in the warheads of the torpedoes forward.

Here you see the gunner's mates at the diving rudder. Before them a big gauge registers the diving depth. Two big brass wheels control the electric motors that work the horizontal rudders. Their job is to hold the sub at the prescribed depth and to keep her on an even keel, in the horizontal plane, to balance by means of the forward and aft pairs of rudders any tendency the sub might have to sheer out of course.

Alongside stands the fellow who controls the water and air manifolds of the ballast, trimming and auxiliary tanks, which, in bringing the boat to the surface, are emptied by compressed air at high pressure. Close to the manifolds is that ingenious little piece of mechanism which automatically "blows" the tanks, should the sub for some reason dive beyond the safe or prescribed depth. In the same compartment another man operates the levers of the Kingston valves, which during submergence flood the main ballast tanks.

Just as an empty bottle floats lower by pouring in water, so is the sub submerged. In the process it is as buoyant as a cork and is forced below the surface. Taking a certain weight of water on board in the trimming and main ballast tanks brings the boat to awash conditions, with only the conning tower visible. Then the motors are started and the auxiliary tanks filled; finally the diving tank. With decreasing buoyancy, like an aëroplane actuated by the horizontal rudders, the sub glides out of sight. Each pair forward or aft is used either to maintain or to change the depth. Directly the motors stop the sub rises and the depressing influence of the horizontal rudders

(Continued on Page 93)

Correct Footwear for Summer Frocks

Model No. 463—The "Shemoga." This pump of dull kid was designed to prove that the simplest things are often the smartest. A snug-fitting pump that will give perfect satisfaction to the wearer.

Model No. 464—The "Lucerne." "'Tis a wise woman who chooses a patent pump," is a well-known maxim for summer. This is one of the season's most charming patent models. "formed" over the instep to fit snugly.

Model No. 466—The "Musipi." White pumps may now be as dainty as any other kind and still keep their shape after cleaning. This one was designed to prove it. The "bow" ornament adds a distinctive touch.

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These and many other equally charming models are ready at the Red Cross dealer's in your town—each one with the wonderful "bends with your foot" comfort. Go and see them. Try them on. Red Cross Shoes are sold everywhere at popular prices, depending on styles and materials, each model the standard of value at its price.

Write for Footwear Style Guide

Sent without charge. It illustrates and describes the correct models for spring in all materials. With it we will send you the name of your nearest Red Cross dealer, or tell you how to order direct.

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A PLEDGE

And Its Fulfillment

TWO years ago The White Company announced its determination to adhere to the four-cylinder motor in its passenger car product. It then expressed a conviction that the simple, basic, "Four" possessed unlimited possibilities of high, flexible power, which rendered unnecessary and inadvisable the adoption of a multicylinder type.

To get the most out of fewest units instead of adding to them meant a *fundamental* rather than a *superficial* improvement, in keeping with White policy. It also avoided the complications of more machinery, and thus solved the problem, vital in high grade cars, of maintaining performance indefinitely at its best.

In a White Car dependability is an indispensable requisite. White owners demand and pay for luxurious, unfailing, motor conveyance. They would not value any degree of performance which was not an everyday experience, uninterrupted, undiminished, without a hitch. A simple, rugged engine is fundamental.

THE WHITE 16-VALVE-4

is the fulfillment of this pledge. It introduces an entirely new range of gas engine capability, and still there is no departure from the simplicity of four cylinder design. The new motor goes straight to the source of high, flexible, power: *Valve Capacity* sufficient to sustain high piston speed and maintain ample torque over the entire range of driving speeds. Its valve area is adequate to piston displacement, with valve openings sufficient to admit and exhaust full charges even at high speed when valves have a tendency to shut off gas.

POWER

High power in a gasoline motor depends upon full explosions in the cylinder and a complete exhaust of burned gases, at any piston speed. The necessary valve area may be obtained by either enlarging the valves or increasing their number. In racing cars the former method has been

A STATEMENT

from THE WHITE COMPANY *to* MOTOR CAR BUYERS

IN view of the [illegible] chasers, many are looking to the [illegible] an attitude toward the [illegible] price levels now being announced. We [illegible] to state our beliefs and purposes, which are based on fourteen successful years of experience

We believe the four-cylinder motor [illegible] the standard and ultimate type. We therefore consider [illegible] ing this type of motor which we have [illegible] ing, than to step abruptly into a [illegible] the entire [illegible] industry, and [illegible] upon [illegible]

With relation to price, the White policy will be as it always has been [illegible] to build cars to the White standard rather than to a standard that would make a cheap price possible. Materials and labor cost more now than ever before; consequently lower prices must and do indicate compromised quality.

We hold that a [illegible] duty to purchasers of White Cars to make a [illegible] with the vast amounts of [illegible] and [illegible] inspection and maintenance, a product of such quality and approved [illegible] that it will command high value at any time the owner may wish to dispose of it, to aim to build motor cars which the owners can truly regard as investments.

White policy will always be governed by consideration for the ultimate service-value of White Cars. We will not take part in the spectacular methods, adopted solely for sales stimulation, which prevail in the motor car market at the present time.

In short, the stability of policy which has always meant security to White owners will continue. We neither consider it good business [illegible] we find [illegible] are mistaken, the [illegible] which have been put back [illegible] us by making [illegible] changes in design and price.

THE WHITE COMPANY

White Advertisement Published in August, 1915

used. In touring cars large valves are undesirable; they are heavy, noisy, and liable to warp; in time they do not seat accurately. These disadvantages are overcome by using more valves of smaller size.

In the 16-Valve-4, valve area is obtained *directly* by doubling the number of valves in each cylinder instead of *indirectly* by increasing the number of cylinders. The two intake and two exhaust valves admit abundant gas and exhaust freely at high engine speed. Explosions are always powerful. Scavenging is clean swept.

FLEXIBILITY

Flexibility in any motor depends upon the development of abundant power at all engine speeds—resulting in lively performance at 3 or 60 miles per hour. The source of power is adequate *valve capacity* in proportion to cylinder displacement, whether secured by multicylinders or multivalves.

The smoothness of the power flow is accomplished in either type by a high speed motor with a low gear ratio, which keeps the fly-wheel turning briskly even when the car is moving slowly and avoids the necessity of frequently changing gears.

Overlapping piston strokes do not enter into it. They have no added effect in maintaining the flow of power. A rapidly turning fly-wheel, like any revolving wheel, requires fewer impulses at high speed—and power strokes more frequent than needed to stimulate momentum are superfluous.

SIMPLICITY

Increasing power and flexibility by adding cylinders was an undoubted advance in gas engine performance. Obtaining the same improvement in a simple four-cylinder motor is an advance in gas engine capability *infinitely more desirable.*

Simplicity in a reciprocating motor is vital. It means less parts to need adjustment and repairs, fewer cylinders to clean, less fuel, less oil and more assured performance. In accelerating there is less friction and inertia to overcome. In slowing down there are no overlapping power strokes to "drag" the engine.

The White 16-Valve-4 responds with unprecedented ease and buoyancy to the lightest touch of the accelerator. Like an athlete, it is stripped for action, with the fewest possible impediments upon it.

PERFORMANCE

Its power is extraordinary. The car glides smoothly, almost imperceptibly, from two to sixty miles per hour. On hills it will accelerate, slow down and spring into speed, without shifting a gear. This acceleration on grades is no more remarkable than its ability to climb slowly and steadily without a tremor.

And this performance is not an exceptional accomplishment, for which the motor must be perfectly attuned; it represents a high level of everyday performance, month in and month out, with no more care and adjustment than is needed in any four-cylinder motor.

Utmost Performance Is Safeguarded By Utmost Simplicity
In The White 16-Valve-4

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

(Continued from Page 90)

is neutralized. Later German submarines get under in less than a minute—in thirty-five seconds.

When submerging, trimming tanks, one in the extreme bow, one astern, permit the accurate leveling of the boat. As the weight of the fuel tanks decreases they are filled with water; compensating tanks adjust changes of trim consequent upon expenditure of torpedoes, ammunition, food and stores.

Modern submarines practically dive on an even keel, and can steer with comfort and safety at a depth of a hundred feet. Entirely submerged, navigating is done as by a surface vessel in a fog—by dead reckoning. The infallible gyro compass gives the course; revolutions of motors the distance; and the telephones indicate the presence of other ships.

Germany, leading in submarine development, has big, roomy conning towers. Right over the operating compartment is the conning tower; it is the place for the captain. With him is the helmsman, who steers the boat to right or left. The commander makes his observations through the number-one periscope. The other goes down to the central control, and is, in the German boats, used by the engineer who does the submerging.

When the submarine attacks, no periscope is to be seen. Time after time merchant skippers have reported that they saw the torpedo coming, but neither hide nor hair of the sub. The reason is that the German periscope is telescoping. After the torpedo is fired it is telescoped out of sight. A control fastened to the captain's elbow operates the motor that brings the scope above the sea level.

In approaching the victim only two or three observations are necessary to approximate the speed and course of the poor victim. During the first period of thirty seconds the U-boat checks up the speed and course of the enemy. The second operation lasts a minute while the submarine is pointed in the desired direction in order that the torpedo may be fired so as to make a hit. The periscope object glass is trained on the bow at a certain angle and the sub steered so as to bring the vertical line in the field of the periscope right on the middle of the enemy target. Upon which, the captain presses the firing key, pulls down his scope and waits for the hit.

Night Attacks

If nothing happens he tries again and lets go another. Running thirty-five knots it takes the German torpedo less than two minutes to reach an object two thousand yards distant. In that time a ship three hundred feet long, steaming at ten knots, will go ahead six ship lengths. Now a turning circle of such a ship is from six to eight ship lengths in diameter, and as it takes seven to eight minutes to make such a circle it shows that maneuvering does not spell safety. There is but one thing to do—steer right for the torpedo, thereby presenting a smaller head-on target, and trust to the Lord and the lifeboats.

Subs with telescoping periscopes can remain far enough beneath the surface to avoid being rammed except in the conning tower, a small target at best, by destroyers, tugs and patrol boats, yet stick up their scopes, aim and fire their torpedoes. The only damage a light-draft vessel can do is to break off or bend one periscope. Another is still in reserve.

Unless getting its victim in the path of the moon the submarine is, at night, as blind as a bat. The periscope absorbs too much light and the only known successful night attacks recorded are those on the British Battleship Formidable, the liner Laconia and the armed American Aztec. In these cases the Germans must have attacked from "awash," with conning tower and eyeports above the sea.

Herr Diesel made the greatest and most revolutionary invention in the modern annals of marine propulsion—the Diesel engine—using crude oil as fuel. His invention perfected the modern submarine. It is unpleasant to have to praise the wits of your enemies, but in submarine engines the Germans lead the world. We are just about catching up.

Blame our own stupidity. We make it a matter of dollars and cents; of the lowest bidder. We throw the burden of experimentation on the private builder. When a German invents anything the Kaiser nurses him along, pokes him in the ribs with a medal, and subsidizes him while perfecting the task. A first failure means little. So the result is that in submarine engineering the Germans are ahead; and the present mutterings in Parliament and the British Press criticizing the Admiralty's failure to cope with the U-boat piracy is the indirect result of the superiority of the German Diesel engine. The German sub can get on the job and back to port because the engines mote with every stroke. Endurance of their boats depends more upon the engines than upon the endurance of the personnel.

But after trials and tribulations, broken cylinder castings and burned wrist pins growing on the junk pile, we are at last getting a good submarine engine; and it looks as if our engine problems would be solved in the new engine. But it has been purely through the efforts of individuals, without subsidies or government help.

Resuming the tour of the submarine: Next to the central comes the engine room, where the cams of the clattering Diesels rise and drop above the whirling shafts at the will of the conning tower and bridge, and the air compressors chug in labor for the air tanks. Our new fleet submarine, the Schley, will be driven by four engines of one thousand horse power each, two on each shaft, giving a surface radius of action of seven thousand miles at ten knots, with a maximum speed of twenty knots.

Engines and Batteries

Oil engines require air, which can be had only on the surface when the boat is open to the atmosphere. The German type boasts of an ingenious arrangement whereby air is taken in through the sides of the conning tower, where a water seal prevents the flooding of the air duct. Hence, their boats can run on the engines in awash condition, the conning tower only being exposed. Submerging quickly, the engines can be stopped by turning one valve, air duct closed by another, conning tower hatch slammed down, water admitted to the diving tank—the whole operation completed in thirty seconds.

Submerged, electricity furnishes the driving power. Heavy, cumbersome, and not always safe or durable, lead storage batteries form an unsatisfactory method of producing underwater power. As yet there is nothing better. They are the bane of submarines and the brake on submerged speed. A young fortune is in store for the inventor who furnishes an efficient substitute.

But used-up batteries must be recharged; and charging batteries, running the motors as dynamos, is a tedious affair, taking from six to eight hours. A noisy operation, it would betray the presence of any submarine. Storage batteries can also be charged by coupling one engine to the motor, leaving the other to propel the boat.

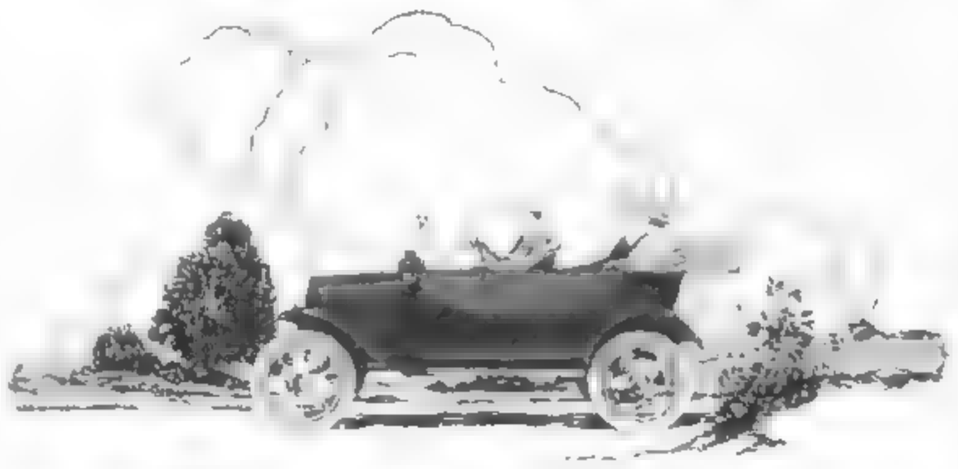
When discovered by patrol boats, a sub, after submerging, will want to stay under as long as possible, to escape detection. By means of a large battery of great capacity at low speed of discharge, later German submarines can stay down and travel nearly a hundred hours—four days. Though it is claimed that their motors develop from four hundred to six hundred horse power, high submerged speeds are not attempted. High speed exhausts the batteries quickly and no medium-size submarine can run submerged full speed for much more than an hour.

If the current is taken from the battery very slowly—that is, when the motors are driving the boat at a rate of two or three knots, the juice will last a long time. Therein lies the safety of the sub. The chasers—"sea skunks," in British Navy slang—lie about the surface like a lot of gunners in boats, with shotguns ready, awaiting the diver duck, or like the whaler in his whaleboat, waiting with a harpoon for the whale that will not come up.

Eyring, the second officer of the Deutschland, said that "eat, sleep, stand watch and get seasick" constituted a day's work at sea. In shallow water subs submerged at the depth of sixty feet roll as much as twenty degrees, and "pump" in a fore and aft motion, moving vertically twenty feet. This in the North Sea, gale torn.

"In a lumpy sea during one of our war games," declared Naval Constructor Land, "the conditions inside one sub were 'hoggish,' with from forty to ninety per cent of the crew seasick. Not that they couldn't do their work, but it materially interfered with their mental and mechanical efficiency. At the end of the eight days the effect was

Your Ford Car



Why it should be lubricated with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"

In lubricating Ford Cars, there are eight vital considerations. Each one must be met if the engine is to deliver its full power and be free from undue heat and wear.

These factors are:

(1) **Speed, Bore** and **Stroke.** Under the hood you have a small, high-speed engine. The Ford speed conditions demand oil of a different body from that demanded by low-speed conditions. The body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" meets this Ford need with scientific exactness.

(2) **Piston Clearance.** The Ford pistons are closely fitted. Each piston has two upper rings and one lower ring and an oil groove. The lower ring tends to prevent a surplus of oil working into the combustion chamber, while the oil groove insures proper lubrication of the wrist-pin. Engineering tests show that the body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" forms the correct film for the Ford piston clearance.

(3) **Lubricating System.** The oil is supplied to the forward end of the crank case and flows back to the fly-wheel compartment which acts as an oil reservoir, the lower portion of the fly-wheel being submerged below the oil level.

The fly-wheel in revolving, picks up the oil which is thrown by the centrifugal force of the revolving fly-wheel into the catch-basin, from where it is led by ¼" copper piping to the timing gears and then to the oil splash trough under the front cylinder.

From the front splash trough the oil overflows into the second splash trough; from the second splash trough into the third splash trough. From the third splash trough the oil returns to the oil reservoir in the fly-wheel compartment, whence it is again circulated.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has the scientifically correct body to properly distribute to all friction surfaces.

(4) **Cooling.** The Ford engine is water-cooled by the thermo-syphon system, and is equipped with two forward speeds. The continued use of low gear often causes over-heating. For full protection, oil should be used which distributes freely to the heated frictional surfaces, as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" does.

(5) **Ignition.** The Ford system of ignition is by low-tension magneto, located in the fly-wheel, employing a four-unit coil of the vibrator type. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" will burn cleanly from ignition points—a most important consideration.

(6) **Bearings.** The Ford bearings are of the two-bolt type, brass with Babbitt lining, closely fitted. The correct body of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enables it to properly reach all parts of the closely-fitted bearings.

(7) **Carbon Deposit.** To insure the least carbon under all conditions, an oil should be used whose only deposit will be of a dry, non-adhesive character—easily and naturally expelled through the exhaust. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", if the proper level is maintained, will deposit little, if any, carbon in a Ford engine.

(8) **Extreme Weather Conditions.** On hot Summer days you will sometimes see Fords running under over-heated conditions, often due to faulty lubrication. Ford owners, who use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" are free from this trouble, owing to the ability of the oil to absorb and radiate heat. On cold Winter days oil is required of a fluidity which enables it to meet low-temperature conditions and permit ease in starting the engine. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" completely fills these requirements.

We guarantee Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" to be fully up to the high standard demanded of all Gargoyle products. It easily reaches all friction surfaces and gives thorough protection after distribution.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If the dealer has not Gargoyle Mobiloil "E", kindly write our nearest branch, giving dealer's name and address.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

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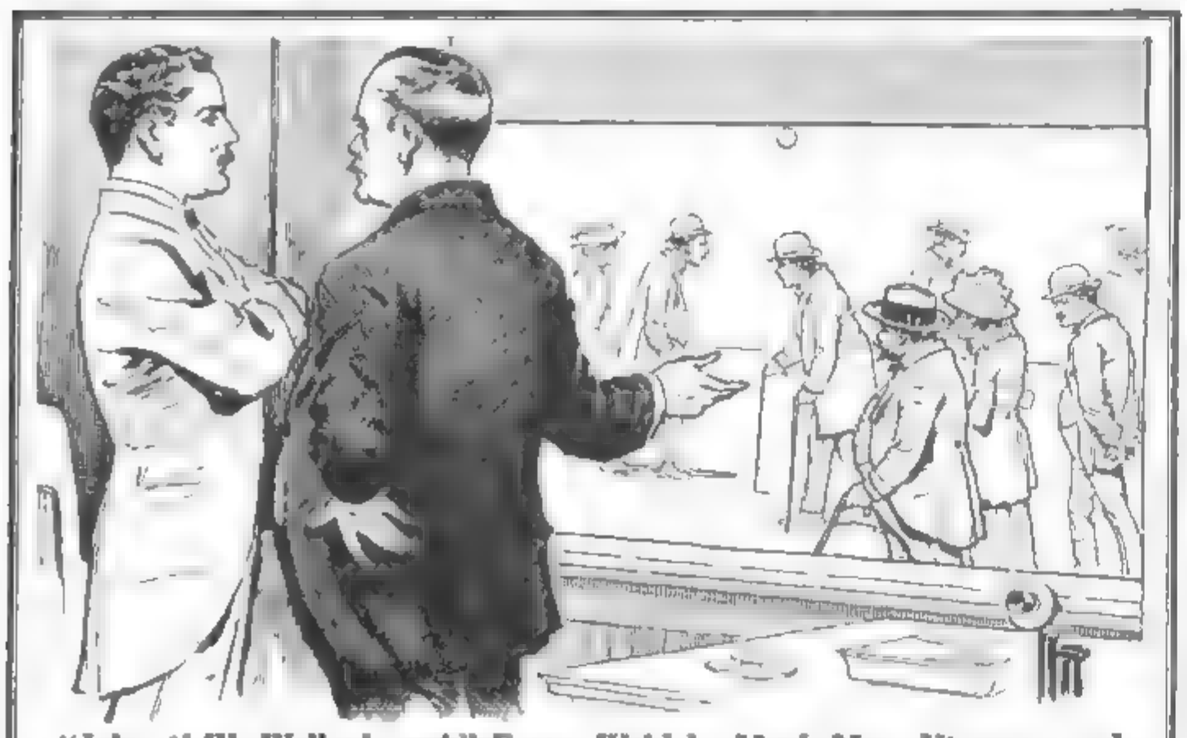


"John, if We Walked on All Fours, We'd be Much More Vigorous and Healthy. The Upright Position Places Too Much Strain on the Back"

25 pounds excess weight-strain on your abdominal muscles will sap up your vitality and health.

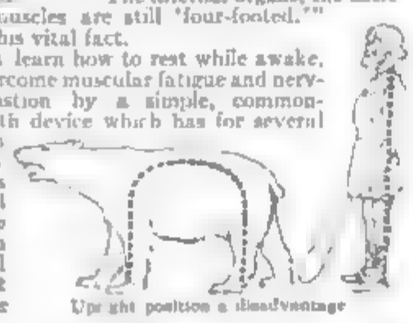
Nature never intended that the delicately constructed internal organs which lie in the abdominal and pelvic cavities should be so inefficiently supported by the spinal vertebræ and abdominal muscles.

Professor G. E. Partridge, Ph D., Lecturer in Clark University and author of "The Nervous Life," says:

"We need to recall that the upright position is a late acquirement in the race and indeed an anomaly in animal life. In many respects the body is but ill-suited to the upright position, whether standing or sitting, and some diseases can be traced to the mechanical disadvantages under which organs work in the upright. . . . The internal organs, the skeleton and muscles are still 'four-footed.'"

Consider this vital fact.

You can learn how to rest while awake, how to overcome muscular fatigue and nervous exhaustion by a simple, commonsense health device which has for several years been tested by thousands of users in all parts of the world with wonderful results. That device is the

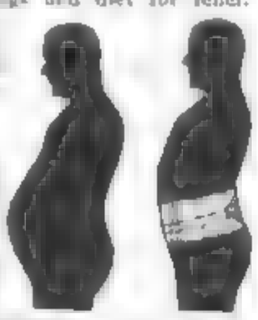


Upright position a disadvantage

WEIL ABDOMINAL BELT

"The Muscle that Never Tires"

It reinforces the abdominal muscles and supports the weight of the organs in a normal manner, taking the strain off the back and shoulders, and thus relieving nature of much needless work. It helps weak muscles to channel Know how to direct the flowing energy of perfect health. It helps physically well . . . , by using no drugs and diet for relief. . . . Wear it next to the skin and feel the . . . comfort and support. . . . place the left hand, with the fingers wide apart firmly on the lower abdomen and "lift" . . . right hand with fingers . . . small of the back. . . . Note the relief . . . comfort which passes through the sensitive, burdened . . . Surgeons and physicians have . . . recognized the benefits derived from manipulation and adjustment . . . in the . . . corset. . . . the more lifting of weight from the spine, back, abdomen and pelvis. The Weil Abdominal Belt is simple in construction, light and form-fitting. It aids Nature's muscles easily and without conscious effort, lifting the weight of the lower abdomen off the pelvis supporting the . . . and . . . them in their natural position . . . beneath the . . . of shirt and . . . Try the . . . and feel the . . . and . . . be . . . worked . . . and women at . . . Excellent . . . and . . . nothing else . . . and . . . known as a pannel . . . and correct. This one benefit alone commends the Belt to thousands of wearers though it is of itself the least of its merits.



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"If I could not procure another I would not part with . . . $ 50

. . . the first . . . night's sleep I have had in . . . years. . . .

. . . I thought I have ever owned. . . . the Weil Belt for men who . . . of a large . . . stomach. . . .

I . . . years younger and would not go a day without . . . .

. . . needs no comment on my improved carriage but . . . .

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We have the originals of these and many other equally strong testimonials on file.

SEND NO MONEY—

Examine and wear the Belt first. Test its claims in actual use. Merely fill in and mail the coupon on the left. The belt will be forwarded charges prepaid. You can wear it for five days. If at the end of that time you believe you are benefited and wish to keep it, send us $3.50. If not, mail the belt back; you are under no obligation. Make this test for your health's sake. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

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I agree to remit $3.50 or send . . . belt . . . days.

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THE WEIL ABDOMINAL BELT CO., 210 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND PEOPLE ENDORSE YOUR JUDGMENT

THAT is what happens when you buy a Mullins boat. There are 65,000 Mullins boats in use—everyone giving satisfaction. Whether you need a motor boat—or a rowboat or canoe, you can't go wrong when you buy a Mullins.

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Designed by America's leading naval architects, built in the world's largest boat factory. Mullins steel boats cannot leak, water log, dry out, warp or open at the seams—need no boat house and never require calking.

. . . motor boats are powered with 2 and 4-cycle engines, correctly installed and equipped with . . . water . . . They are light, graceful and speedy. Whether you wish to pole, row . . . in . . . or . . . deep or shallow water, you need a Mullins boat. Forty models now ready for delivery.

Write for big catalog of steel and wooden motor boats, runabouts and canoes—free.

THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY, 71 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

World's Largest Manufacturers of Steel and Wooden Pleasure Boats, and Builders of the Celebrated Mullins Outboard Special 14-Foot Steel Boat

"JOIN IN THE NATIONS MOST POPULAR SPORT—BOATING"

very marked." Men who would not get seasick in any other craft pass away in the small subs. Land's official report of the conditions in the K 2 tells the story. "Efficiency of personnel, fifty per cent; seasickness—crew, seventy-five per cent; officers, fifty; myself, one hundred. Numerous casualties occurred, due to carelessness or inefficiency of personnel, which were caused by seasickness and general conditions of habitability."

In summer like an oven, in winter like an ice box, the submerged conditions in a small submarine have the atmosphere of a cabin of a Channel steamer in a gale, only worse. An assortment of smells; battery fumes; eighteen men sleeping in three tiers over the forward battery compartment; twenty-three to twenty-five men breathing foul air, with only about forty-five cubic feet of air space to a man! Baron Forstner, commanding one of the German subs, records that the difference between real air and that of a submerged sub is the same as the difference between real butter and margarine. Quite the thing that even the Kaiser's naval men should think in food terms!

Young Carl List sketched the life.

Life Under Water

"You could smell the atmosphere, like in a close room—it made you sleepy. It was hard to keep awake and you wanted to drowse about; and it would hurt your feelings to think. But the worst was that you could not sleep—things happened. You dropped like dead on the deck and someone stepped on your insides as the gong sent all hands to their stations; sometimes two or three times a night. No one took off his clothes, except maybe to change them. No one washed.

"All hands—officers too—turned in like they were, just kicking off their sea boots before stretching out in their bunks. The oilers and machinists, they never took their leather suits off—all a mass of grease they were too. Most everything worn to shreds; nobody thought about looks.

"Coffee and stew made the main part of the grub—the first to keep you awake. From one of the sinking British ships we got some tea, and a Spaniard sold the officers wine and cherries. And once they bought butter and eggs from a Dutchman.

"With this hair-trigger existence there couldn't be any regular meals. The alarm might come at any time. Down would go the big collapsible mess tables, the supports kicked out by the men rising on the double quick, but silent. Bread, coffee, aluminum dishes—everything flew into the air. Stew spattered the bulkhead or your face—it was a gamble.

"In spite of the heat from the engines the air was damp. When U-39 was running below the surface the seams dripped constantly. And even when she was on the surface there was moisture like sweat trickling all over. No wet clothing could be brought inside—the orders were strict. Just so often the air was renewed; and if a man found his head buzzing he would ask permission to open the air valve in his compartment—a pipe running right through the whole length of the U-39—to get better air from the tanks. All the time when the U-boat was navigating above, the roar of the machinery and the pitch and roll kept your nerves strained. Under water there was no motion; everything was as steady as a rock—you wouldn't know you were moving. But on the surface in a bad blow she rolled."

Carbon dioxide is, in the rough, the chemical term for bad air. The air supply in our smaller boats will normally last nine hours. After sixteen hours' submergence breathing becomes labored; the carbon dioxide has increased five per cent. Because of battery gas, because of the fumes of the Diesels, which irritate the mucous membrane of nose, eyes and mouth, the bad air must be removed and new air let in.

It is again sad, but just, to record that in establishing a scientific air supply for subs the German leads. The Draeger Purifier, an air-cleansing system with potash as a base, is installed in each compartment of German submarines, and by the aid of special oxygen tanks their subs can remain submerged for ten days. The morale of the personnel might go to pieces before the air supply gives out.

Men in submarines must all be specialists. There are four important things to know besides the handling of the vessel itself—engines, motors, batteries and torpedoes. In our navy the enlisted men are always second-cruise men of mechanical ratings, with gunner's mates for torpedoes. And each American sub carries the master of plum duff and lobscouse—the ship's cook. Young officers are trained at the submarine base at New London. The school course is six months.

A long while ago submerged runs would be made with a sub manned entirely by school officers, and no enlisted men on board. Just as an ensign was casting loose the bow line, a fat gunner's mate puffed his way down the dock, shouting: "Hold on, there! I want to get my new pair of shoes." He had no confidence in an officers' crew; and his feeling was shared by those higher up, who abolished the practice, and now always have a certain number of enlisted and tried experts on board.

It is known that the Germans now manufacture submarines on a standardized scale; their shipyards turning out one every three days.

But what about the crews? Germany keeps a lot of men in training. The Germans have universal military service and a great many men in the civil population who understand Diesel engines and have worked in oil-engine shops, even in torpedo factories. Hence, they have little trouble in getting experts to run and repair their engines. Their trouble is in getting men who understand motors, batteries and radios. But many of these can come from the High Sea Fleet, tied up to the dock at Wilhelmshaven.

All German torpedoes are handled by an expert personnel ashore and given to the subs to shoot, just as projectiles are furnished to the guns. No work is required by the submarine crews in running or adjusting the torpedo to see that it is O. K.

Recruiting Crews

The Germans have worked out everything, so that the actual handling of subs in action is a dead-sure thing, practically fool-proof. Even printed directions were mounted over each valve and gear in the Deutschland. They are concentrating the accumulated talent of the country on a standardized type, all as alike as two peas. Our naval men believe the Germans can train new crews of artificers in two or three months.

For war purposes we also can train our own submarine crews with dispatch. A green lot of man-of-war's men from surface ships can be trained to operate a submarine within six months, provided they have to do no repairing. Officers in the same time.

A friend in the submarine "trade" asserts:

"Give me expert and keen men, an automatic type of boat which does not require keeping a lot of figures in your head or a notebook to adjust trim continuously, and by diving each day for several hours for a month I could produce a fairly well trained crew.

"The way to do is to put the crew in the boat they are to run when they are trained, and not train them in one type and order them to another. There is another point in Germany's favor—there is but one type. We have two types, not at all similar. Each one has been an experiment. Thank the Lord, we are on the road to designing our own standard type, our own standard engine, just as we designed and standardized our later battleships."

With a standard design of hull and engine, periscope and fittings, we could hand a submarine contract to any shipbuilder and the engine to any machinery manufacturer. For years everyone in the submarine outfit prayed for it. Before the Naval Committee, Admiral Grant lost his voice arguing for a seagoing submarine. Mr. Daniels said "Yes"; and it has been announced that the Navy is now preparing designs for large boats and engines.

War means every shipbuilder doing a hull, every machinery concern an engine, other firms the fittings, pumps, and so on. The Navy Department supplies the designs and runs the trials. It is quite possible that after a year our shipyards could turn out three submarines a week. With parts made outside, the navy yards could assemble engines and hulls built elsewhere.

The wisest thing the Secretary did was to advocate submarine building in the navy yards. It means the training of additional expert mechanics, able to repair any sub in need of repair; it means a new process of education.

"Then we'll turn 'em out like cash registers. We'll show 'em!"

"Now what did we quote those people?"

IS it recorded on a form—a regular form that contains all the needed information and is filed where you can instantly reach it?

Whether it is a quotation or an estimate, or any other kind of data that you want, is it systematically recorded in your office?

Valuable information should be kept on standard forms. A mere sheet of paper seldom gets filed, and even if filed, can rarely be found.

If your business doesn't have an adequate number of forms, records and data blanks, on colors that distinguish each one, it is probably because you have not discovered the quick, easy, economical way to buy useful business printing.

Here is the way. It's worth knowing.

Get acquainted with Hammermill Bond, which every printer already knows, then adopt it for all your office printing needs.

Hammermill Bond is obtainable everywhere in white and twelve colors in three finishes—Bond, Ripple and Linen.

It is stocked by our agents in all important business centers.

Because of its high quality and low price combined with its wide reputation, Hammermill Bond has gone far towards eliminating poor printing on paper bought not for quality but to use on a "competing bids" job.

The Hammermill Bond watermark in the paper you buy means that your printer has done your work on the paper that the wisest and biggest purchasing agents in America constantly specify.

When you write us for samples and information about Hammermill Bond, we do not send you just samples, but a specialized portfolio made up for your particular class of business and containing specimens directly applicable to your needs.

There is a Hammermill Portfolio for almost every general classification of business. They are so replete with suggestions that printers (who may have the full set on application) have found them useful in selling printing to customers who would gladly buy if someone could show them the things they recognized a need for.

Send for your portfolio.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"

One Week's Service Free

Let Sew E-Z Motor Work for You!

Day and Night It Helps You

YOU'VE never had such an eager, all 'round the home helper as the Sew E-Z Motor. Day and night it goes cheerfully about its business for you—quietly, without a murmur.

In the evening, with the fan attachment, it's the most energetic breeze-maker you ever saw. It brings inside the cooling breath of the great outdoors to comfort you and Kiddie. Eyes a-sparkle, face aglow; that tells she likes the sweet cool that Sew E-Z makes.

In the morning, the grinding and sharpening attachment puts razor-keen edges on the household knives, while the polisher and buffer attachment puts a mirror finish on all the silver.

Then after luncheon, it's really fun to make those cute, frilly frocks for Kiddie. Only a second is needed to remove the buffer and slip the Sew E-Z next to the hand wheel of your foot-pumping sewing machine, instantly changing it into a self-operating electric capable of any speed —a stitch at a time to eight hundred a minute—at your choice.

The motor is wonderfully simple and lasting; guaranteed, of course. Its positive economy makes it a great aid to household efficiency. It saves your health and strength, saves hours of scouring and rubbing, saves days of heat discomfort. It has proved its worth in over 125,000 homes.

This automatic, never-complaining servant—the Sew E-Z Motor—costs only $15.00; the fan attachment but $2.50; the grinder and polisher in combination, $1.50.

Telephone your dealer for a week's free service that will prove the value of Sew E-Z in your home. No cost; no obligation. At the end of the week buy it or send it back. If you don't know a dealer write us, and we will see that you get a week's free trial.

Hamilton-Beach Mfg. Co. 1520 Mate Street Racine, Wisconsin

SCENE TWO-FIFTY-TWO

(Continued from Page 12)

with him, and he comes up and rubs against my legs, just as friendly! He's never given anybody the least trouble."

"Knock wood!" exclaimed the girl. "Knock wood—quick!"

■

PETE, the big black-maned lion of the Mammoth Zoo, was an experienced and hardened motion-picture actor, a film star who never complained that the cutters and trimmers butchered his best scenes. He had appeared on miles of celluloid without knowing or caring what it was all about, and the only thing which he understood quite clearly was that prompt and unquestioning obedience saved a world of bother and annoyance.

His professional duties cut into his daily naps, and this was unpleasant, but there seemed to be no remedy and no recourse; so whenever a fat, wide-eyed, soft-voiced old gentleman came along and gently nudged him with the business end of an animal-fork, Pete rose, yawned prodigiously, and accepted the situation with sulky composure.

He did not care for the highly painted ladies and gentlemen with whom he was sometimes forced to associate, but this feeling seemed to be mutual, and thus, avoiding and avoided, he did the best he could and gave the matter as little thought as possible. This was easy of accomplishment, for Pete's brain was about the size of the ordinary baking-powder biscuit, and of as much importance in the general scheme of things.

Pete was entirely without initiative and enthusiasm, though in his early days before the lens he had possessed traces of these rare qualities. They had earned for him a cruelly battered nose and several sound wallopings with an animal-fork. The injury to his nose was caused by diving head on into a safety-door, through which an annoying actor had just made a hasty exit; and after this had happened twice Pete wisely concluded that film stars were not to be mauled or eaten, and that his own ideas were of no more value to him than are the ideas of the average extra man, whose every motion is dictated by the director. The only safe method, Pete decided, was to allow someone else to do all the thinking and the worrying, and to contribute to Art no more of his presence and personality than might be wrung from him by many tedious rehearsals.

For the fifteenth time Pete emerged from his screen of brush, and walked out upon the top of a property rock which had been carefully manufactured for the occasion. It seemed a long way down into the pit, and as there was nothing there which Pete wanted, and no particular reason for remaining on the edge of the rock, he made a leisurely and dignified exit through the screen of brush, also through the door which it masked, and sat down in the wings, as it were, to wait further orders. Plainly this little stroll on the rock was all that was required of him, and Pete wished they would hurry up and get it over with so that he might return to his cage and resume his nap.

There was no sixteenth rehearsal, so Pete put his nose between his paws and went to sleep. . . . Did he dream it, or was there a sound of running water?

Down in the big arena the director and the camera man held a last conference while the six-inch pipes were filling the pool. Jerry Fairfax, the leading man, buzzed about in the background, catching snatches of the conversation. He was an extremely handsome youth, but beyond this, and the fact that he knew seventeen chords on a ukulele, no fault could be found with him. His devotion to Jean Campbell was as open as the day—so open that David was sometimes tempted to dispense with a love interest and thus cut out the final embrace and the lingering kiss.

"She's a brick, ain't she, Davy?" asked the camera man, who was "setting up" twenty-five feet from the edge of the pool.

"She's wonderful!" exclaimed MacWade. "Takes it as coolly as if she had worked with animals all her life. Pete rehearsed well too."

"Bully for him! When does he get the work?"

"Just as soon as he reaches the edge. The assistant animal man has been tipped off, but the Baron doesn't know yet how we're going to get Pete to do the jump."

"It'll make him mad—it would make any animal mad."

"The water will take all the fight out of him."

"I hope so," said Gabby, "but I've got an ace in the hole right where I can grab it—a nice little old meat-hook. If Pete goes after anybody, it's a cinch it'll be me. Where are you going to be planted when the scene comes off?"

"On the opposite side of the pool from the Baron—also with a meat-hook. I want to be where I can hustle Jean through a safety-door, and after that Pete can go as far as he likes."

"I think I'd better be in on this." It was Jerry Fairfax speaking.

"You?" said MacWade. "What for?"

"Oh, just to make it more binding on the lion. You never can tell, and anyway I've got this Pete bluffed. He's afraid of me."

"Now look here," said the director, "I don't want too many people in this arena. With the Baron on one side of the pool and me on the other, I think we can handle a wet lion all right. I may be overestimating our ability, but I think we can get away with it. We'll do our level damndest; but if Pete is too much for us ——"

"Cut out the sarcasm, Mac," said Jerry. "I'll be in the second line of trenches—in reserve. I don't like this stunt a little bit, and I hate to see Jean taking a chance ——"

"Aw, get away from here!" growled Gabby. "There's nothing to be afraid of—nothing at all. It looks bad, but it's as safe as playing a moonlight love scene on a front porch—no, safer. The lion comes straight off the rock into the water, we show Jean running—and that's all of it. Once she's out of the arena, we should care what Pete does! We're organized for him."

The Baron joined the group. There was a troubled expression in his staring light-blue eyes.

"Say, Mr. Mac," he remarked, "you got an awful lot of water there. I like to see a miracle, all right, but I like to know beforehand how he is done ——"

"The pool is full, sir," reported one of the stagehands.

"Call Jean!" ordered MacWade. "Baron, you take the left side of the pool—give him the line, Gabby. Snappy now, before Pete forgets how he was rehearsed."

If we take the testimony of the films we must believe that nearly all the ladies who lose themselves in a jungle do so in white clinging gowns. Jean Campbell was so attired when she entered the animal arena, glanced round the big cage, and waved a cheerful greeting to the group behind the camera.

"All ready?" she asked.

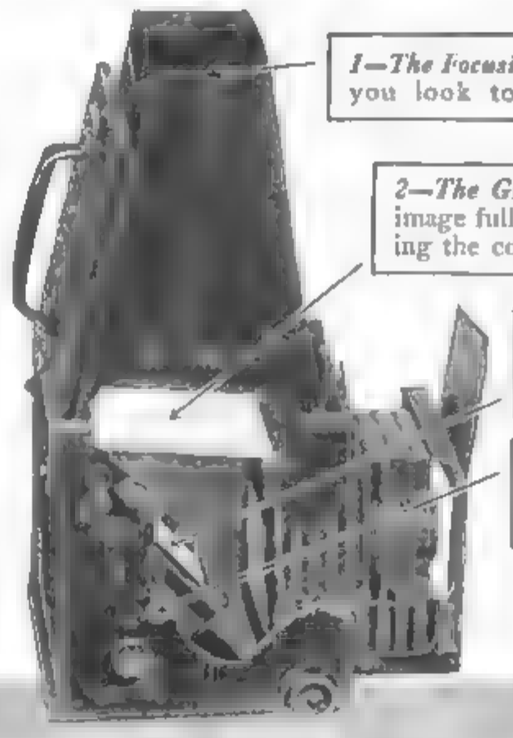
"Just about," answered MacWade. "You might run through the action once. You're discovered by the pool—a little farther down, to the right there! That's it! . . . You're worn out. . . . You register complete exhaustion. . . . You hear a sound and look up. . . . It's the lion on top of the rock. You can't see him from where you are, but the audience can. You run to the rock and flatten yourself against it. . . . That's it—arms out like a cross! . . . You look up and you're frightened—oh, terribly frightened! . . . Then, as soon as the lion hits the water, come off here to the right and through this safety-door. I'll give you a hand. Mind now, Jean—at the splash, you run! . . . All right! Clear the arena for the scene! Stand by that safety-door! . . . To the edge of the pool, Jean! Let's go—let's GO!"

It was a well-directed jab with an animal-fork which brought Pete back to the world of film and unreality. Was it another promenade on the rock then? He stood up, groaning dismally, and took his place at the door. Somewhere a voice was speaking. Pete knew the owner of that voice. He feared the worst.

"All right, Jean. . . . We're shooting it. . . . Droop your shoulders a little more; you're very tired, remember. . . . Still very tired. . . . Be looking at the water. . . . Come on with that lion!"

Again the animal-fork nudged Pete in the ribs, and the king of beasts eased himself through the door, thrust his nose into the open and took two slow lazy strides toward the edge of the rock. The voice was speaking again, low and tense:

"You hear him now, Jean. . . . Look up and show fear! . . . That's it—wring



1—The Focusing Hood into which you look to see the picture.

2—The Ground Glass Screen where you watch the image full negative-size—focusing it exactly, adjusting the composition up to the instant of exposure.

3—The Swinging Mirror which reflects image in full negative-size onto the ground glass screen.

4—The Focal Plane Shutter gives not only a wide range of speeds but also FULL-timed, uniform exposure of the entire plate.

GRAFLEX Camera

AT fires, troop reviews; at the race-track or the tennis match—wherever there is quick, successive action, or whenever light conditions are uncertain for the usual camera—only with a GRAFLEX can you feel certain to follow and to hold every detail of the rapid change of scenes.

HOW your lens is enabled to work at its highest speed and efficiency—how your film receives the greatest volume of light during the *entire* exposure—and how the GRAFLEX makes you sure of GOOD pictures even on clouded days, is explained on pages 3, 5 and 6 of the 64-page GRAFLEX Catalog. Ask us, or your dealer for a Free copy.

FOLMER & SCHWING DEPARTMENT

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Highly standardized—perfectly equipped - Built to withstand maximum wear and tear - Bethlehem means "Dependable Delivery" in Motor Trucks.

$1125 1½ Ton Chassis

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Bethlehem Motors Corporation
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Solomon didn't Use Beech-Nut Wintergreens but he has been dead a long time

Tasteful confections that melt on your tongue—

Also Beech-Nut Mints,
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Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

your hands! . . . He's only a big yellow dog, but you're supposed to be afraid of him. . . . Oh, bully! To the rock, quick! And remember, nothing can happen to you—nothing!"

Pete advanced cautiously, wrinkling his nose, for he smelled water—much water. There was a slight rustling sound in the brush behind him, no more than a whispering of the leaves such as might be caused by the careful thrusting forward of an animal-fork. One more step, and the lion looked down. Where had been a deep pit was water—water! Pete threw up his head and registered disgust. What was the meaning of this sudden flood?

"Now!" snapped the voice. "Slip it to him good!"

A sudden agonizing pain took Pete in the hindquarters—such a pain as may be produced by two tines of a freshly sharpened animal-fork, craftily aimed and powerfully propelled. Pete's first impulse was to leap out and away from that cowardly ambush, but, alas! he had seen the water and he hesitated. Again the pain took him, and it seemed good to Pete to sit down suddenly and register bodily anguish, which he did until the leaves of the property forest quivered. In sitting down he endeavored to tuck the afflicted portion of his anatomy as far underneath him as possible, and thus protect it from further attack, but in his agitation he miscalculated his nearness to the edge of the rock.

Gabby, grinding away at an honest two turns per second, was first to sense the danger, but his yell of warning was swallowed up in an ear-splitting roar of pure terror as Pete felt himself sliding over the brink, tail-first and defenseless. The instinct of the cat, which is to alight on all fours whenever possible, caused him to whirl in the air, and fear of the water caused him to strike out with his claws in an attempt to fasten onto something and save himself from a wetting. Jean, looking up and obediently registering fright, caught one glimpse of a great tawny bulk sliding down upon her—and the next instant she was hurled from the ledge into the pool, with a snarling, spitting cat for company.

It will never be known who was third into the water, for the only dependable witness was left standing on its three legs, staring with its one eye wide open, but unable to record the scene. Of all high crimes and misdemeanors the greatest is for a camera man to cease cranking when anything of an unusual nature is going on, but for the first time in his professional life LeRoy Trozier was guilty of desertion. He cranked until the splash, and then made it a dead heat with the Baron for third place. Davy MacWade and Jerry Fairfax arrived inches apart, and thus made it unanimous. The pool which should have contained one lion was lashed to a foam by the violent exertions of the rescuing party.

There was never any question as to who was first ashore. It was Pete, whimpering, bedraggled and frightened out of his small wits. Next came Gabby, with Jean in his arms, and he did not stop running until he was out of the big cage and safe in the open air. "It's all right, Jean!" he babbled wildly. "It's all right! He never got you with his claws—not a scratch! It was his shoulder that hit you—Jean! Oh, my God! Davy, she's hurt!"

"I am not!" replied an unsteady voice. "So—so many people saved me that I was nearly drowned, but did—did anybody save the poor lion?"

Having entered her denial and asked her question, the young woman immediately succumbed to a violent fit of hysterics—and who could blame her? Certainly not David MacWade and Jerry Fairfax, busily engaged in rescuing each other from a watery grave; not the Baron, for the old gentleman was in a far corner of the arena, apologizing to the wretched Pete and explaining that almost any fool ought to know that under certain conditions a lion would be sure to sit down; not Gabby, who could not wipe the tears of relief from his eyes because both arms were round Jean Campbell.

"Have your cry out—God love you!" said the camera man. "It just goes to show what a regular girl you are!"

ONCE again Greasepaint Row resounded to the merry trill of the mocking bird, but there were no complaints. The hour was late and most of the actors had washed up and gone. The door of Sam's dressing room opened slowly and David MacWade's round face appeared.

"Oh, by golly!" exclaimed Sam. "I forgot all about that whistling stuff—I did, honest."

"Go as far as you like!" grinned MacWade. "I think it brought me good luck."

"What do you mean -good luck?"

"Well," said the director, "I've just come from the projecting room, and we've got the greatest effect ever pulled in an animal picture—a lion plunging down from a high rock, knocking a girl into a pool of water, and then going in after her. The G. M. says it's a world beater!"

"A lion?" asked Sam. "Going into water? How did you fake him, Davy?"

"That's a secret," replied MacWade. "The tough part will be to get him to go into the pool again, so we can show him slinking out and following the girl. . . . But I'll manage it somehow—if I have to take him by the ear and the tail and heave him in bodily!"

"I always said you was a wonder!" remarked Sam meaningly.

"I haven't got a thing left," laughed Davy, "but if you ask Jerry, I think he'll give you a nice green suit that he won't be wearing again. There's a hole in the coat where he took a leap into an animal-fork, but that can be mended, and probably you won't mind water marks and shrinkage ——"

"Me?" said Sam. "Everything goes with me! Them rich millionaire shoes of yours got over great, Davy. They was the hit of the piece. A green suit, you say? Not the one with the belt in the back?"

"The very same," said MacWade.

"Lordy!" exclaimed Sam. "First thing you know I'll be playin' juvenile leads round here—teasin' a ukulele and holdin' hands with all the chickens. Love scenes! That's where I'd shine! What are you laughin' at? I got as much chance to get away with a love scene as you have!"

"Yes," said David soberly, "I guess that's right."

"You bet it's right!" ejaculated the swarthy one, reaching for the jar of cold cream.

As David went slowly away down Greasepaint Row the cheerful notes of the mocking bird followed him. The ban had been lifted, and Sam was making the most of it.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Mr. Van Loan. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

THE HIGH HEART

(Continued from Page 5)

"Oh, well, you don't spoil the child, like that Miss Phips. I suppose it's your sensible English bringing up."

"Not English," I interrupted.

"Canadian then. It's almost the same thing." She went on without transition of tone: "Mr. Millinger was there again last night. He was on my left. I do wish they wouldn't keep putting him next to me. It makes everything look so pointed—especially with Harry Scott glowering at me from the other end of the table. He hardly spoke to Daisy Burke whom he'd taken in. I must say she was a fright. And Mr. Millinger so imprudent! I'm really terrified that Jim will hear gossip when he comes down from New York—or notice something." There was the slightest dropping of the soft fluting voice as she continued: "I've never pretended to love Jim Rossiter more than any man I've ever seen. That was one of papa's matches. He's a born matchmaker, you know, just as he's a born everything else. I suppose you didn't think of that. But since I am Jim's wife ——"

As I was the confidante of what she called her affairs—a rôle for which I was qualified by residence in British garrison towns—I interposed diplomatically: "But so long as Mr. Millinger hasn't said anything, not any more than Mr. Scott ——"

"Oh, if I were to allow men to say things, where should I be? You can go far with a man without letting him come to that. It's something I should think you'd have known—with your sensible bringing up—and the heaps of men you had there in Halifax—and I suppose at Southsea and

(Continued on Page 101)

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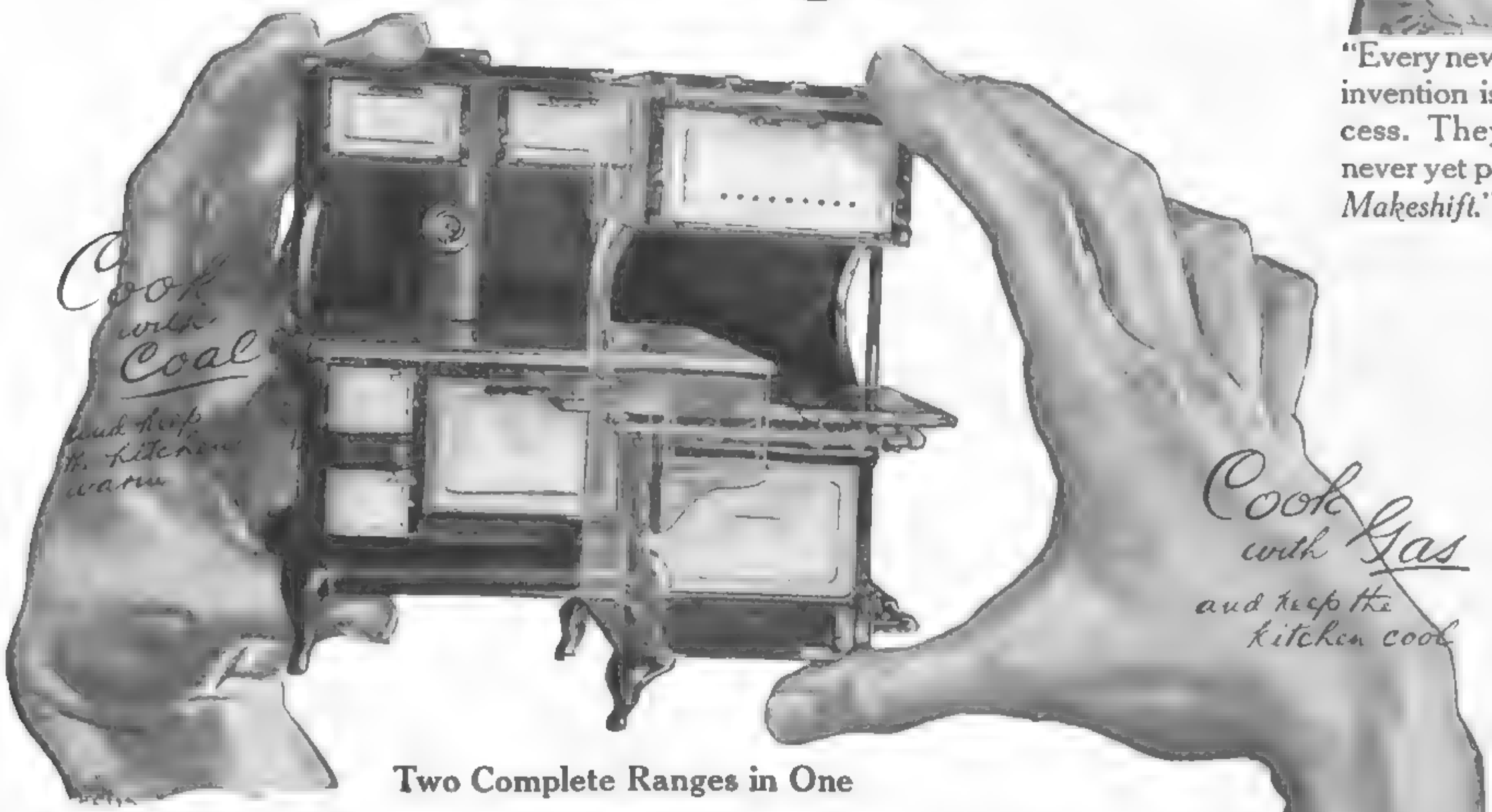

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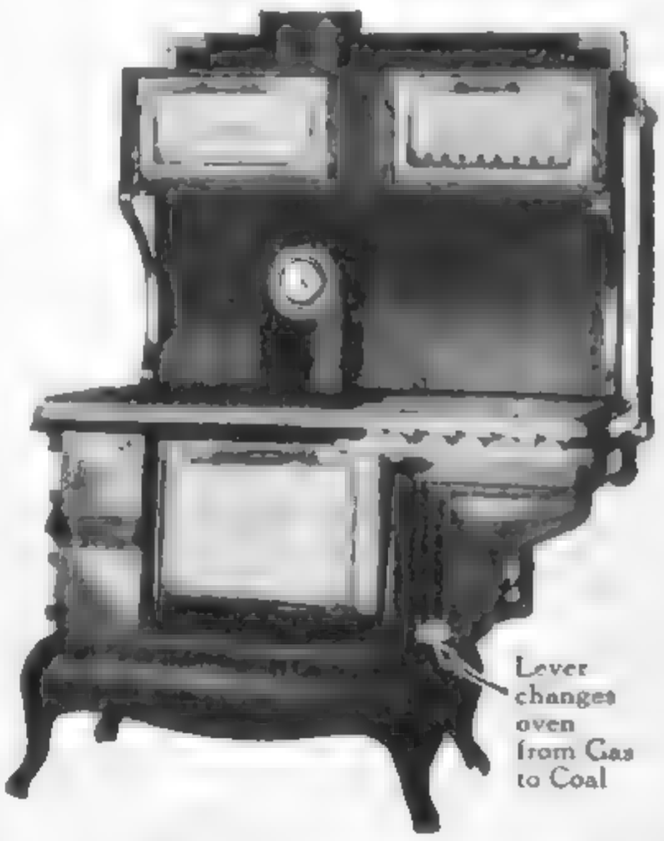

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(Continued from Page 98)

Gibraltar too." It was with a hint of helpless complaint that she added: "You remember that I asked you to leave him alone, now don't you?"

"Oh, I remember—quite. And suppose I did—and he didn't leave me alone?"

"Of course there's that, though it won't have any effect on papa. You are unusual, you know. Only one man in five hundred would notice it; but there always is that man. It's what I was afraid of about Hugh from the first. You're different—and it's the sort of thing he'd see."

"Different from what?" I asked with natural curiosity.

Her reply was indirect.

"Oh, well, we Americans have specialized too much on the girl. You're not half as good-looking as plenty of other girls in Newport, and when it comes to dress ——"

"Oh, I'm not in their class, I know."

"No; it's what you seem not to know. You aren't in their class—but it doesn't seem to matter. If it does matter, it's rather to your advantage."

"I'm afraid I don't see that."

"No, you wouldn't. You're not sufficiently subtle. You're really not subtle at all, in the way an American girl would be." She picked up the thread she had dropped. "The fact is we've specialized so much on the girl that our girls are too aware of themselves to be wholly human. They're like things wound up to talk well and dress well and exhibit themselves to advantage and calculate their effects—and lack character. We've developed the very highest thing in exquisite girl-mechanics—a work of art that has everything but a soul." She turned half round to where I stood respectfully, my hands resting on the back of an easy-chair. She was lovely and pathetic and judicial all at once. "The difference about you is that you seem to spring right up out of the soil where you're standing—just like an English country house. You belong to your background. Our girls don't. They're too beautiful for their background, too expensive, too produced. Take any group of girls here in Newport—they're no more in place in this down-at-the-heel old town than a flock of parrakeets in a New England wood. It's really inartistic, though we don't know it. You're more of a woman and less of a lovely figurine. But that won't appeal to papa. He likes figurines. Most American men do. Hugh is an exception, and I was afraid he'd see in you just what I've seen myself. But it won't go down with papa."

"If it goes down with Hugh ——" I began meekly.

"Papa is a born matchmaker, which I don't suppose you know. He made my match and he made Jack's. Oh, we're—we're satisfied now—in a way; and I suppose Hugh will be, too, in the long run." I wanted to speak, but she tinkled gently on: "Papa has his designs for him, which I may as well tell you at once. He means him to marry Lady Cissie Boscobel. She's Lord Goldborough's daughter, and papa and he are very intimate. Papa knew him when we lived in England before grandpapa died. Papa has done things for him in the American money market, and when we're in England he does things for us. Two or three of our men have married earls' daughters during the last few years, and it hasn't turned out so badly. Papa doesn't want not to be in the swim."

"Does"—I couldn't pronounce Hugh's name again—"does your brother know of Mr. Brokenshire's intentions?"

"Yes. I told him so. I told him when I began to see that he was noticing you."

"And may I ask what he said?"

"It would be no use telling you that, because whatever he said he'd have to do as papa told him in the end."

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"You can't suppose he doesn't. He will. That's all that can be said about it." She turned fully round on me, gazing at me with the largest and sweetest and tenderest eyes. "As for you, dear Miss Adare," she murmured sympathetically, "when papa comes to see you this afternoon, as apparently he means to do, he'll grind you to powder. If there's anything smaller than powder he'll grind you to that. After he's gone we shan't be able to find you. You'll be dust."

II

AT FIVE minutes to three precisely I took my seat in the breakfast loggia.

The front of the house with the garden looked toward Ochre Point Avenue. The so-called breakfast loggia was thrown out from the dining room in the direction of the sea. Here the family and their guests could gather on warm evenings, and in fine weather eat in the open air. Paved with brick it was furnished with a long oak table, ornately carved, and some heavy old oak chairs that might have come from a monastery. Steamer chairs and wicker easy-chairs were scattered on the grass outside. On the left the loggia was screened from the neighboring property by a hedge of rambler roses that now ran the gamut of shades from crimson to sea-shell pink, while on the right it commanded a view of the two terraces supporting the house, with their long straight lines of flowers. The house itself had been built piecemeal, and was now a low, rambling succession of pavilions or *corps de logis*, to which a series of rose-colored awnings gave the only unifying principle.

Just now it was a house deserted by everyone but the servants and myself. Mrs. Rossiter, having gone out to luncheon, had been careful not to return, and even the children had been sent over to Mrs. Jack Brokenshire, on the pretext of playing with her baby, but really to be out of the way. From Hugh I had had no sign of life since the previous afternoon. As to whether his father was coming as his enemy, his master, or his interpreter I could do nothing but conjecture.

But as far as I could I kept myself from conjecturing, holding my faculties in suspense. I had enough to do in assuring myself that I was not afraid—fundamentally. Superficially I was terrified. I should have been terrified had the great man but passed me in the hall and cast a look at me. He had passed me in the hall on occasions, but as he had never cast the look I had escaped. He had struck me then as a master of that art of seeing without seeing which I had hitherto thought of as feminine. Even when he stopped and spoke to Gladys he seemed not to know that I occupied the ground I stood on. I cannot say I enjoyed this treatment. I was accustomed to being seen. Moreover, I had lived with people who were courteous to inferiors, however cavalier with equals. The great J. Howard was neither courteous nor cavalier toward me, for the reason that where I was he apparently saw nothing but a vacuum.

Out to the loggia I took my workbasket and some sewing. Having no idea from which of the several approaches my visitor would come on me, I drew up one of the heavy armchairs and sat facing toward the sea. With the basket on the table beside me and my sewing in my hands I felt indefinably more mistress of myself.

It was a still afternoon and hot, with scarcely a sound but the pounding of the surf on the ledges at the foot of the lawn. Though the sky was blue overhead a dark low bank rose out of the horizon, foretelling a change of wind with fog. In the air the languorous scent of roses and honeysuckle mingled with the acrid tang of the ocean.

I felt extraordinarily desolate. Not since hearing what the lawyer had told me on the afternoon of my father's funeral had I seemed so entirely alone. The fact that for nearly twenty-four hours Hugh had got no word to me threw me back upon myself. "You'll be made to feel alone," Mr. Strangways had said in the morning; and I was. I didn't blame Hugh. I had purposely left the matter in such a way that there was nothing he could say or do till after his father had spoken. He was probably waiting impatiently; I had, indeed, no doubt about that; but the fact remained that I, a girl, a stranger, in a certain sense a foreigner, was to make the best of my situation without help. J. Howard Brokenshire could grind me to powder—when he had gone away I should be dust.

"If I do right, nothing but right can come of it."

The maxim was my only comfort. By sheer force of repeating it I got strength to thread my needle and go on with my seam, till on the stroke of three the dread personage appeared.

I saw him from the minute he mounted the steps that led up from the Cliff Walk to Mr. Rossiter's lawn. He was accompanied by Mrs. Brokenshire, while a pair of greyhounds followed them. Having reached the lawn, they crossed it diagonally toward the loggia. Because of the heat and the uphill nature of the way, they advanced slowly, which gave me leisure to observe.

Mrs. Brokenshire's presence had almost caused my heart to stop beating. I could imagine no motive for her coming but one I refused to accept. If the mission was to

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be unfriendly, she surely would have stayed away; but that it could be other than unfriendly was beyond my strength to hope.

I had never seen her before except in glimpses or at a distance. I noticed now that she was a little thing, looking the smaller for the stalwart six-foot-two beside which she walked. She was in white and carried a white parasol. I saw that her face was one of the most beautiful in features and finish I had ever looked into. Each trait was quite amazingly perfect. The oval was perfect; the coloring was perfect; mouth and nose and forehead might have been made to a measured scale. The finger of personified Art could have drawn nothing more exquisite than the arch of the eyebrows or more delicately fringed than the lids. It might have been a doll's face, or the face for the cover of an American magazine, had it not been saved by something I hadn't the time to analyze, though I was later to know what it was.

As for him, he was as perfect in his way as she in hers. When I say that he wore white shoes, white duck trousers, a navy-blue jacket and a yachting cap I give no idea of the something noble in his personality. He might have been one of the more ornamental Italian princes of immemorial lineage. A Jove with a Vandyke beard one could have called him, and if you add to that the conception of Jove the Thunderer, Jove with the look that could strike a man dead, perhaps the description would be as good as any. He was straight and held his head high. He walked with a firm setting of his feet that impressed you with the fact that someone of importance was coming.

It is not my purpose to speak of this man from the point of view of the ordinary member of the public. Of that I know next to nothing. I was dimly aware that his wealth and his business interests made him something of a public character; but apart from having heard him mentioned as a financier I could hardly have told what his profession was. So, too, with questions of morals. I have been present when, by hints rather than actual words, he was traduced as a profligate and a hypocrite; and I have also known people of good judgment who upheld him both as man and as citizen. On this subject no opinion of mine would be worth giving. I have always relegated the matter into that limbo of disputed facts with which I have nothing to do. I write of him only as I saw him in daily life, or at least in direct intercourse, and with that my testimony must end. Other people have been curious with regard to those aspects of his character on which I can throw no light. To me he became interesting chiefly because he was one of those men who from a kind of naïve audacity, perhaps an unthinking audacity, don't hesitate to play the part of the Almighty.

When they drew near enough to the loggia I stood up, my sewing in my hand. The two greyhounds, who had outdistanced them, came sniffing to the threshold and stared at me. I felt myself an object to be stared at, though I had taken pains with my appearance and knew that I was neat. Neatness, I may say in passing, is my strong point. Where many other girls can stand expensive dressing I am at my best when meticulously tidy. The shape of my head makes the simplest styles of doing the hair the most distinguished. My figure lends itself to country clothes and the tailor-made. In evening dress I can wear the cheapest and flimsiest thing, so long as it is dependent only on its lines. I was satisfied, therefore, with the way I looked, and when I say I felt myself an object to be stared at I speak only of my consciousness of isolation.

I cannot affirm, however, that J. Howard Brokenshire stared at me. He stared; but only at the general effects in which I was a mere detail. The loggia being open on all sides, he paused for half a second to take it and its contents in. I went with the contents. I looked at him; but nothing in the glance he cast over me recognized me as a human being. I might have been the table; I might have been the floor; for him I was hardly in existence.

I wonder if you have ever stood under the gaze of one who considered you too inferior for notice. The sensation is quite curious. It produces not humiliation or resentment so much as an odd apathy. You sink in your own sight; you go down; you understand that abjection of slaves which kept them from rising against their masters. Negatively at least you concede the right that so treats you. You are meek and humble at once; and yet you can be strong. I think I never felt so strong as when I saw that cold deep eye, which was steely and fierce and most inconsistently sympathetic all in one quick flash, sweep over me and pay me no attention. *Ecce Femina* I might have been saying to myself, as a pendant in expression to the *Ecce Homo* of the Prætorium.

He moved aside punctiliously at the lower of the two steps that led up to the loggia to let his wife precede him. As she came in I think she gave me a salutation that was little more than a quiver of the lids. Having closed her parasol, she slipped into one of the armchairs not far from the table.

Now that he was at close quarters, with his work before him, he proceeded to the task at once. In the act of laying his hat and stick on a chair he began with the question:

"Your name is ——?"

The voice had a crisp gentleness that seemed to come from the effort to dispatch business with the utmost celerity and spend no unnecessary strength on words. The fact that he must have heard my name from Hugh was plainly to play no part in our discussion. I was so unutterably frightened that when I tried to whisper the word "Adare" hardly a sound came forth.

As he raised himself from the placing of his cap and stick he was obliged to utter a sharp "What?"

"Adare."

"Oh, Adare!"

It is not a bad name as names go; we like to fancy ourselves connected with the famous Fighting Adares of the County Limerick; but on J. Howard Brokenshire's lips it had the undiscriminating commonness of Smith or Jones. I had never been ashamed of it before.

"And you're one of my daughter's ——"

"I'm her nursery governess."

"Sit down."

As he took the chair at the end of the table I dropped again into that at the side from which I had risen. It was then that something happened which left me for a second in doubt as to whether to take it as comic or catastrophic. His left eye closed; his left nostril quivered; he winked. To avoid having to face this singular phenomenon a second time I lowered my eyes and began mechanically to sew.

"Put that down!"

I placed the work on the table and once more looked at him. The striking eyes were again as striking as ever. In their sympathetic hardness there was nothing either ribald or jocose.

I suppose my scrutiny annoyed him, though I was unconscious of more than a mute asking for orders. He pointed to a distant chair, a chair in a corner, just within the loggia as you come from the direction of the dining room.

"Sit there."

I know now that his wink distressed him. It was something which at that time had come upon him recently, and that he could neither control nor understand. A less imposing man, a man to whom personal impressiveness was less of an asset in daily life and work, would probably have been less disturbed by it; but to J. Howard Brokenshire it was a trial in more ways than one. Curiously, too, when the left eye winked the right grew glassy and quite terrible.

Not knowing that he was sensitive in this respect I took my retreat to the corner as a kind of symbolic banishment.

"Hadn't I better stand up?" I asked proudly, when I had reached my chair.

"Be good enough to sit down."

I seemed to fall backward. The tone had the effect of a shot. If I had ever felt small and foolish in my life it was then. I flushed to my darkest crimson. Angry and humiliated, I was obliged to rush to my maxim in order not to flash back in some indignant retort.

And then another thing happened of which I was unable at the minute to get the significance. Mrs. Brokenshire sprang up with the words:

"You're quite right, Howard. It's ever so much cooler over here by the edge. I never felt anything so stuffy as the middle of this place. It doesn't seem possible for air to get into it."

While speaking she moved with incomparable daintiness to a chair corresponding to mine and diagonally opposite. With the length and width of the loggia between us we exchanged glances. In hers she seemed

(Continued on Page 105)

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And he will show you the automatic lowering flour bin, as we have illustrated it below, easily pulling it down, filling it and as easily putting it back into position—the big, roomy, all snowy-white, guaranteed, porceliron, extension work table, easily kept clean, and a sanitary work table upon which you can knead bread, wash the dishes—in fact, do any kitchen work; the ant-proof casters, that make it impossible for ants or insects to enter the cabinet; the base shelf extender, which attaches the base shelf to the door converting two operations into one; the sanitary cake and bread box; the sanitary sweep underneath, and so many other features that make "Sellers" *Kitcheneed* "Special" the ideal kitchen work cabinet. And when seeing and being shown you will realize just what "Sellers" will mean to you in saving steps, time and lots of hard labor in your everyday kitchen work.

In the meantime write for our booklet "The Auto Bin Girl"—it tells and illustrates the complete *Kitcheneed* story. Let us tell you the name of the dealer nearby who will demonstrate "Sellers" to you.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY, 1004 THIRTEENTH ST., ELWOOD, INDIANA

Ask Your Dealer to Show You the Following Improved Special Features:

"Sellers" Automatic Lowering Flour Bin
"Sellers" Ant-Proof Casters
"Sellers" Automatic Base Shelf Extender
"Sellers" Sanitary, Snowy-white, Guaranteed, Porceliron, Extension Work Table

"Sellers" Sanitary Base Construction
"Sellers" Glass Drawer Pulls
"Sellers" Sliding Wooden Base Tray
"Sellers" Full Roll Open Front
"Sellers" New All-Metal Bread and Cake Box
"Sellers" Automatic Base Curtain Lifter
"Sellers" Commodious Kitchen Linen Drawer
"Sellers" New Sanitary Glass Sugar Bin
"Sellers" Tongue and Groove Joint
"Sellers" Oil Hand-Rubbed Finish
"Sellers" Excellent White Enamel Interiors

Illustrating
"Sellers" *Kitcheneed* "Special"
With Automatic Lowering Flour Bin

When there is Kitchen Work to be done put it up to your *Kitcheneed* and all that burden is lifted from your shoulders

The Thrift of the Franklin Car

AS a people, Americans have so long been charged with wastefulness and extravagance that we have come to admit it as our National sin.

Perhaps the meanest thing that has been said of us is that our only idea of economy is to do without.

That, being a people of extremes, we can save only in the most drastic and obvious way.

That our idea of reducing household expenses is to discharge the help, wear our old clothes and cut the table where it will be felt the most.

That we must either waste coal or shut down the furnace and freeze.

There is just enough truth in this indictment to hurt.

Wasteful Economy vs. Constructive Saving and Use

The call to National economy ought rather to be a call to National *Thrift.*

Here in the richest country in the world—with nation-wide employment and prosperity, with wages higher than they have ever been in the history of the world, with 935,000,000 acres of tillable land and unprecedented returns for the farmer—we can support another hundred-million people, whether in this country or Europe, on what America wastes, if we only apply *brains* to our problems, National and individual.

Motor Traffic a Vital Factor in National Life

It takes no brains to practice the economy of doing without.

A good example of this idea of economy is the man who buys a heavy, extravagant car and then limits its use.

Whatever the times or conditions, the Franklin owner knows that he stands firmly on a *thrift basis.*

That if all cars were as efficient as the Franklin, America would save Four Hundred Million Gallons of gasoline and $192,000,000 worth of tires every year—without cutting one mile off the stupendous motor-car mileage of the United States!

There is Needless Waste of Gasoline and Tires

Thrift always implies a sense of *values.*

What is the *mileage value* of a gallon of gasoline—or a set of tires?

Do you realize that all the twenty-odd years of motor-car designing has never produced anything like a *standard* of mileage for either gasoline or tires?

That gasoline, worth *twenty miles* and upward in the *scientific-light-weight* Franklin, drops as low as nine miles and even six miles in many another make of fine car?

That while the Franklin owner is getting his *ten thousand miles* from a set of *tires,* the typical fine car owner is getting only five thousand or less?

Franklin Owners Have the Facts on Comparative Costs

Where the heavy car wastes gasoline in the drag of its dead weight—the Franklin devotes its power to *mileage.*

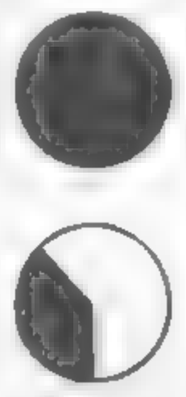
Where the heavy car hammers its tires out before their time—Franklin light unsprung weight with flexible construction *doubles the tire mileage* of the Franklin car.

Study the Used Car prices! They tell the same facts in terms of depreciation, emphasizing the security of the Franklin owner in the *investment value* of his car.

Under all circumstances of road, climate, and the cost of gasoline and tires, the man with a Franklin owns and runs his car on the most favorable terms.

These factors make the Franklin peculiarly the car of free use, of staunch service, of small upkeep, of low depreciation.

Twenty thousand Franklin owners saw these things before there was any call to National Thrift.


Of all the fine cars, the Franklin devotes its gasoline to maximum mileage
While the dead weight of a less efficient car cuts the mileage to
Of all the fine cars, the Franklin gets every mile out of a tire there is in it
While the extravagant, heavy car hammers the life out of its tires and cuts their mileage to
Of all the fine cars, the Franklin maintains its investment value on a business basis
While the used car value of the average fine car drops to

Touring Car	*2280 lbs.*	*$1950.00*
Runabout	*2160 lbs.*	*1900.00*
Four-pass. Roadster	*2280 lbs.*	*1950.00*
Cabriolet	*2485 lbs.*	*2750.00*
Sedan	*2610 lbs.*	*2850.00*
Brougham	*2575 lbs.*	*2800.00*
Town Car	*2610 lbs.*	*3100.00*
Limousine	*2620 lbs.*	*3100.00*

All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 102)

to say "If you are banished I shall be banished too"; in mine I tried to express gratitude. And yet I was aware that I might have misunderstood both movement and look entirely.

My next surprise was in the words Mr. Brokenshire addressed to me. He spoke in the soft, slightly nasal staccato which I am told had on his business subordinates the effect of a whiplash.

"We've come over to tell you, Miss—Miss Adare, how much we appreciate your attitude toward our boy, Hugh. I understand from him that he's offered to marry you, and that very properly in your situation you've declined. The boy is foolish, as you evidently see. He meant nothing; he could do nothing. You're probably not without experience of a similar kind among the sons of your other employers. At the same time, as you doubtless expect, we shan't let you suffer by your prudence——"

It was a bad beginning. Had he made any sort of appeal to me, however unkindly worded, I should probably have yielded. But the tradition of the Fighting Adares was not in me for nothing, and after a smothering sensation which rendered me speechless I managed to stammer out:

"Won't you allow me to say that——"

The way in which his large white handsome hand went up was meant to impose silence upon me while he himself went on:

"In order that you may not be annoyed by my son's folly in the future you will leave my daughter's employ, you'll leave Newport—you'll be well advised indeed in going back to your own country which I understand to be the British provinces. You will lose nothing, however, by this conduct, as I've given you to understand. Three — four — five thousand dollars — I think five ought to be sufficient—generous, in fact——"

"But I've not refused him," I was able at last to interpose. "I—I mean to accept him."

There was an instant of stillness during which one could hear the pounding of the sea.

"Does that mean that you want me to raise your price?"

"No, Mr. Brokenshire. I have no price. If it means anything at all that has to do with you, it's to tell you that I'm mistress of my acts and that I consider your son—he's twenty-six—to be master of his."

There was a continuation of the stillness. His voice when he spoke was the gentlest sound I had ever heard in the way of human utterance. If it were not for the situation it could have been considered kind:

"Anything at all that has to do with me? You seem to attach no importance to the fact that Hugh is my son."

I do not know how words came to me. They seemed to flow from my lips independently of thought.

"I attach importance only to the fact that he's a man. Men who are never anything but their father's sons aren't men."

"And yet a father has some rights."

"Yes, sir; some. He has the right to follow where his grown-up children lead. He hasn't the right to lead and require his grown-up children to follow."

He shifted his ground.

"I'm obliged to you for your opinion, but at present it's not to the point——"

I broke in breathlessly:

"Pardon me, sir; it's exactly to the point. I'm a woman; Hugh's a man. We're—we're in love with each other; it's all we have to be concerned with."

"Not quite; you've got to be concerned—with me."

"Which is what I deny."

"Oh, denial won't do you any good. I didn't come to hear your denials or your affirmations either. I've come to tell you what to do."

"But if I know that already?"

"That's quite possible—if you mean to play your game as doubtless you've played it before. I only want to warn you——"

I looked toward Mrs. Brokenshire for help, but her eyes were fixed on the floor on which she was drawing what seemed like a design with the tip of her parasol. The greyhounds were stretched at her feet. I could do nothing but speak for myself, which I did with a calmness that surprised me.

"Mr. Brokenshire," I interrupted, "you are a man and I'm a woman. What's more, you're a strong man, while I'm a woman with no protection at all. I ask you—do you think you're playing a man's part in insulting me?"

His tone grew kind almost to affection.

"My dear young lady, you misunderstand me. Insult couldn't be further from my thoughts. I'm speaking entirely for your own sake. You're young; you're very pretty; I won't say you've no knowledge of the world because I see you have——"

"I've a good deal of knowledge of the world."

"Only not such knowledge as would warrant you in pitting yourself against me."

"But I don't. If you'd leave me alone——"

"Let us keep to what we're talking of. I'm sorry for you; I really am. You're at the beginning of what might euphemistically—do you know the meaning of the word?—be called a career. I should like to save you from it; that's all. It's why I'm speaking to you very plainly, and using language that can't be misunderstood. There's nothing original in your proceeding, believe me. Nearly every family of the standing of mine has had to reckon with something of the sort. Where there are young men, and young women of—what do you want me to say?—young women who mean to do the best they can for themselves—let us put it in that way——"

"I'm a gentleman's daughter," I broke in weakly.

He smiled.

"Oh, yes; you're all gentlemen's daughters. Neither is there anything original in that."

"Mrs. Rossiter will tell you that my father was a judge in Canada——"

"The detail doesn't interest me."

"No; but it interests me. It gives me a sense of being equal to——"

"If you please! We'll not go into that."

"But I must speak. If I'm to marry Hugh you must let me tell you who I am."

"It's not necessary. You're not to marry Hugh. Let that be absolutely understood. Once you've accepted the fact——"

"I could only accept it from Hugh himself."

"That's foolish. Hugh will do as I tell him."

"But why should he in this case?"

"That again is something we needn't discuss. All that matters, my dear young lady, is your own interest. I'm working for that, don't you see, against yourself——"

I burst out:

"But why shouldn't I marry him?"

He leaned on the table, tapping gently with his hand.

"Because we don't want you to. Isn't that enough?"

I ignored this.

"If it's because you don't know anything about me I could tell you."

"Oh, but we do know something about you. We know, for example, since you compel me to say it, that you're a little person of no importance whatever."

"My family is one of the best in Canada."

"And admitting that that's so, who would care what constituted a good family in Canada? To us here it means nothing; in England it would mean still less. I've had opportunities of judging how Canadians are regarded in England, and I assure you it's nothing to make you proud."

Of the several things he had said to sting me I was most sensitive to this. I, too, had had opportunities of judging, and knew that if anything could make one ashamed of being a British colonial of any kind it would be British opinion of colonials.

"My father used to say——"

He put up his large white hand.

"Another time. Let us keep to the subject before us."

I omitted the mention of my father to insist on a theory as to which I had often heard him express himself: "If it's part of the subject before us that I'm a Canadian, and that Canadians are ground between the upper and lower millstones of both English and American contempt——"

"Isn't that another digression?"

"Not really," I hurried on, determined to speak, "because if I'm a sufferer by it you are, too, in your degree. It's part of the Anglo-Saxon tradition for those who stay behind to despise those who go out as pioneers. The race has always done it. It isn't only the British who've despised their colonists. The people of the Eastern States despised those who went out and peopled the Middle West; those in the Middle West despised those who went farther West." I was still quoting my father. "It's something that defies reason and eludes argument. It's a base strain in the blood. It's like that hierarchy among servants by which the lady's maid disdains the cook, and the

THE pleasure of motoring is measured largely by the degree of confidence in tire service.

The extreme toughness of the rubber stock used in Federal white Rugged and black Traffik tread tires offers the greatest resistance to wear. The scientific tread designs give maximum traction and safety from skidding.

Into the base of each Federal Tire are built four staunch, twisted steel cables of exceptional tensile strength, which anchor the tire firmly to the rim against the severest service strains. It is a strength and safety feature found only in Federal Tires. It overcomes the causes of most tire troubles.

FEDERAL Tires throughout are built for Extra Service. They are recommended and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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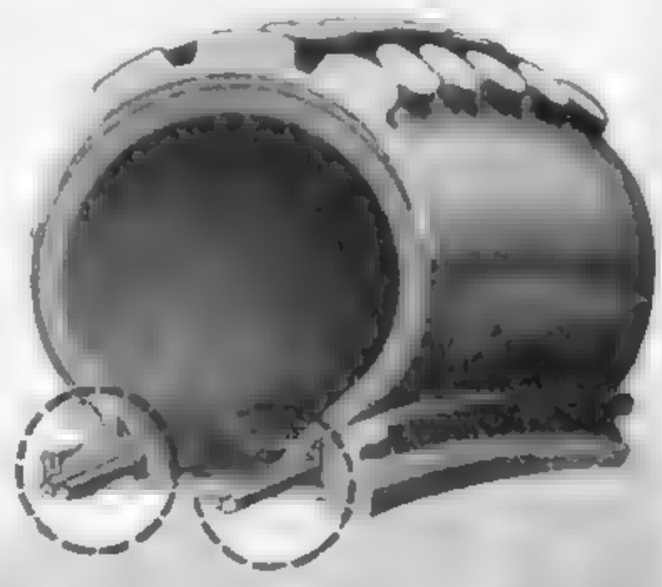
Mfrs. of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Fibre Soles, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods.



FORD Owners

Investigate

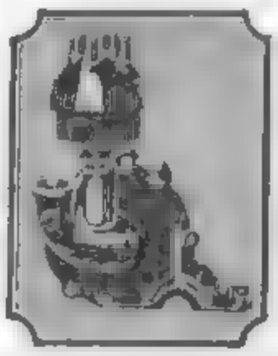
ATWATER KENT

SCIENTIFIC IGNITION

It greatly increases the efficiency of your already efficient Ford car

IMAGINE being able to throttle down and pull slowly, yet powerfully, on high, at three or four miles per hour, accelerating swiftly with velvety smoothness.

Eliminates all vibrating coils from dash
Same hot spark at cranking as at full speed
Absolutely synchronized spark in all cylinders
Saves gasoline—reduces car vibration
Forget the spark lever
Speed and power controlled by throttle alone



Type K-2, Ford Outfit

Ford Owners Write:

"Since installing your outfit I have gained approximately 10% in speed and hill-climbing ability, together with a sweetness of running which is a revelation to me in this particular car."

"I don't see why a motorist would want any other system of ignition than yours. The Atwater Kent System is perfect."

Type H, Ford Outfit

Tell your dealer to demonstrate an ATWATER KENT EQUIPPED car and be convinced or write us for full data.

ATWATER KENT MFG. WORKS

Philadelphia

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Basline Autowline is a towline *plus*. When caught without chains on slippery street or muddy road, just wrap your Basline Autowline around a rear wheel. You won't skid then.

Basline Autowline

is made of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope. It's light but strong—*guarantees* a tow home when you're in trouble. At inches with patented Snuffle Hooks which stay on—always. You can't afford not to own a Basline Autowline. Price, east of Rockies, $4.55.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK is "twan six" theft prevention for your car or spare tires. Like Basline Autowline it can be used as a skid chain in emergencies. Price, east of Rockies $4.75.

Buy from your Accessory Dealer. Literature on request.

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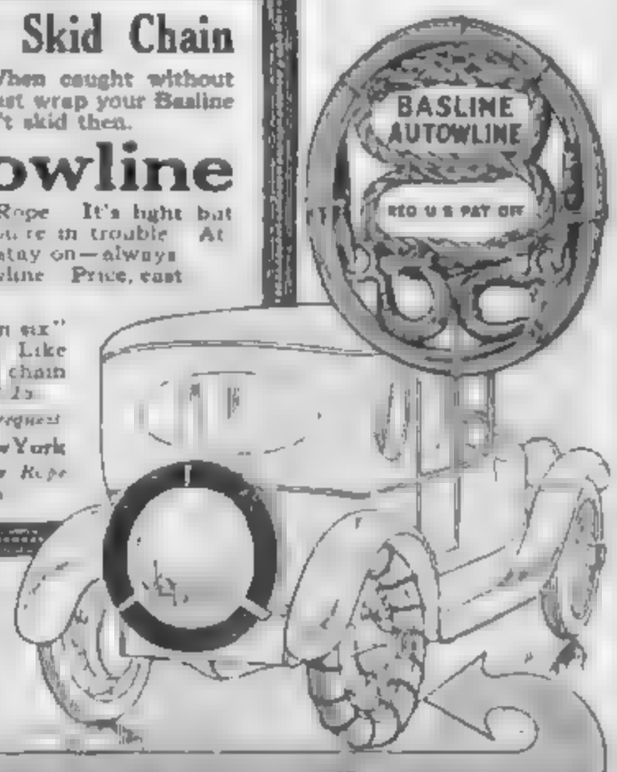


The *Original* Wire Rope Towline

cook disdains the kitchen-maid, and the proudest are those who've nothing to be proud of. For you to look down on me because I'm a Canadian, when the commonest of Englishmen, with precisely the same justification, looks down on you ——"

"Dear young lady," he broke in soothingly, "you're talking wildly. You're speaking of things you know nothing about. Let us get back to what we began with. My son has offered to marry you ——"

"He didn't offer to marry me. He asked me—he begged me—to marry him."

"The way of putting it is of no importance."

"Ah, but it is."

"I mean that, however he expressed it—however you express it—the result must be the same."

I nerved myself to look at him steadily.

"I mean to accept him. When he asked me yesterday I said I wouldn't give him either a Yes or a No till I knew what you and his family thought of it. But now that I do know ——"

"You're determined to try the impossible."

"It won't be the impossible till he tells me so."

He seemed for a second or two to study me.

"Suppose I accepted you as what you say you are—as a young woman of good antecedents and honorable character. Would you still persist in the effort to force yourself on a family that didn't want you?"

I confess that in the language Mr. Strangways and I had used in the morning, he had me here "on the hip." To force myself on a family that didn't want me would normally have been the last of my desires. But I was fighting now for something that went beyond my desires—something larger—something national, as I conceived of nationality—something human—though I couldn't have said exactly what it was. I answered only after long deliberation.

"I couldn't stop to consider a family. My object would be to marry the man who loved me—and whom I loved."

"So that you'd face the humiliation ——"

"It wouldn't be humiliation, because it would have nothing to do with me. It would pass into another sphere."

"It wouldn't be another sphere to him."

"I should have to let him take care of that. It's all I can manage to look out for myself ——"

There seemed to be some admiration in his tone.

"Which you seem marvelously well fitted to do."

"Thank you."

"In fact, it's one of the ways in which you betray yourself. An innocent girl ——"

I strained forward in my chair.

"Wouldn't it be fair for you to tell me what you mean by the word innocent?"

"I mean a girl who has no special ax to grind ——"

I could hear my foot tapping on the floor, but I was too indignant to restrain myself. "Even that figure of speech leaves too much to the imagination."

He studied me again.

"You're very sharp."

"Don't I need to be," I demanded, "with an enemy of your acumen?"

"But I'm not your enemy. It's what you don't seem to see. I'm your friend. I'm trying to keep you out of a situation that would kill you if you got into it."

I think I laughed

"Isn't death preferable to dishonor?" I saw my mistake in the quickness with which Mrs. Brokenshire looked up. "There are more kinds of dishonor than one," I explained loftily, "and to me the blackest would be in allowing you to dictate to me."

"My dear young woman, I dictate to men ——"

"Oh, to men!"

"I see! You presume on your womanhood. It's a common American expedient, and a cheap one. But I don't stop for that."

"You may not stop for womanhood, Mr. Brokenshire; but neither does womanhood stop for you."

He rose with an air of weary patience.

"I'm afraid we shan't gain anything by talking further ——"

"I'm afraid not." I too rose, advancing to the table. We confronted each other across it, while one of the dogs came nosing to his master's hand. I had barely the strength to gasp on. "We've had our talk and you see where I am. I ask nothing but the exercise of human liberty—and the measure of respect I conceive to be due to everyone. Surely you, an American, a representative of what America is supposed to stand for, can't think of it as too much."

"If America is supposed to stand for your marrying my son ——"

"America stands, so I've been told by Americans, for the reasonable freedom of the individual. If Hugh wants to marry me ——"

"Hugh will marry the woman I approve of."

"Then that apparently is what we must put to the test."

I was now so near to tears that I suppose he saw an opening to his own advantage. Coming round the table he stood looking down at me with that expression which I can only describe as sympathetic. With all the dominating aggressiveness which either forced you to give in to him or urged you to fight him till you dropped, there was that about him which left you with a lingering suspicion that he might be right. It was the man who might be right who was presently sitting easily on the edge of the table, so that his face was on a level with my own, and saying in a kindly voice:

"Now look here! Let's be reasonable. I don't want to be unfair to you, or to say anything a man isn't justified in saying to a woman. I'm willing to throw the whole blame on Hugh ——"

"I'm not," I declared hotly.

"That's generous; but I'm speaking of myself. I'm willing to throw the whole blame on Hugh, because he's my son. I'll absolve you, if you like, because you're a stranger and a girl, and consider you a victim ——"

"I'm not a victim," I insisted. "I'm only a human being, asking for a human being's rights."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, rights! Who knows what rights are?"

"I do. That is," I corrected, "I know my own."

"Oh, of course! One always knows one's own. One's own rights are everything one can get. Now you can't get Hugh; but you can get five thousand dollars. That's a lot of money. There are men all over the United States who'd cut off a hand for it. You won't have to cut off a hand. You only need to be a good, sensible little girl and—get out." Perhaps he thought I was yielding, for he tapped his side pocket as he went on speaking. "It won't take a minute. I've got a check book here—a stroke of the pen ——"

My work was lying on the table a few inches away. Leaning forward deliberately I put it into the basket which I tucked under my arm. I looked at Mrs. Brokenshire, who was leaning forward and looking at me. I inclined my head with a slight salutation, to which she did not respond, and turned away. Of him I took no notice.

"So it's war."

I was halfway to the dining room when I heard him say that. As I paused to look back he was still sitting sidewise on the edge of the table, swinging a leg and staring after me.

"No, sir," I said quietly. "It takes two to fight, and I should never think of being one."

"You know, of course, that I shall have no mercy on you."

"No, sir; I don't."

"Then you can know it now. I'm sorry for you; but I can't afford to spare you. Bigger things than you have come in my way—and have been blasted."

Mrs. Brokenshire made a quick little movement behind his back. It told me nothing I understood then, though I was able to interpret it later. I could only say, in a voice that shook with the shaking of my whole body: "You couldn't blast me, sir, because—because ——"

"Yes? Because—what? I should like to know."

There was a robin hopping on the lawn outside and I pointed to it.

"You couldn't blast a little bird like that with a bombshell."

"Oh, birds have been shot."

"Yes, sir; with a fowling-piece; but not with a howitzer. The one is too big; the other is too small."

I was about to drop him a little curtsy when I saw him wink. It was a grotesque, amusing wink that quivered and twisted till it finally closed the left eye. If he had been a less handsome man the effect would have been less absurd.

I made my curtsy the deeper, bending my head and lowering my eyes so as to spare him the knowledge that I saw.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The thin, slim Camera that fits the Pocket,

2C Kodak, Jr.

The Pleasing Proportions.

The pictures are of the deservedly popular, somewhat elongated post-card shape—but are just a trifle smaller than the post-card. Almost invariably this means more picture for the area than was given by the old fashioned square or the four by five. For horizontal landscapes it cuts out unnecessary sky and foreground; for portraits it gives the pleasing panel effect.

Made with a 2C Kodak Jr.—Actual Size.

And this narrow picture makes possible the thin, slim camera that slips so easily into the pocket. This 2C Junior, is fitted with either a meniscus achromatic, a Rapid Rectilinear or a Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 lens, has the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter working at speeds of $\frac{1}{25}$, $\frac{1}{50}$ and $\frac{1}{100}$ of a second, also for "bulb" and time exposures.

It has the automatic focusing lock, a finder of the new collapsible, reversible type and two tripod sockets. The back and bed are of aluminum, covered with fine seal grain leather, black leather bellows, metal parts in nickel and black enamel. In workmanship, materials and finish it is a camera of high class.

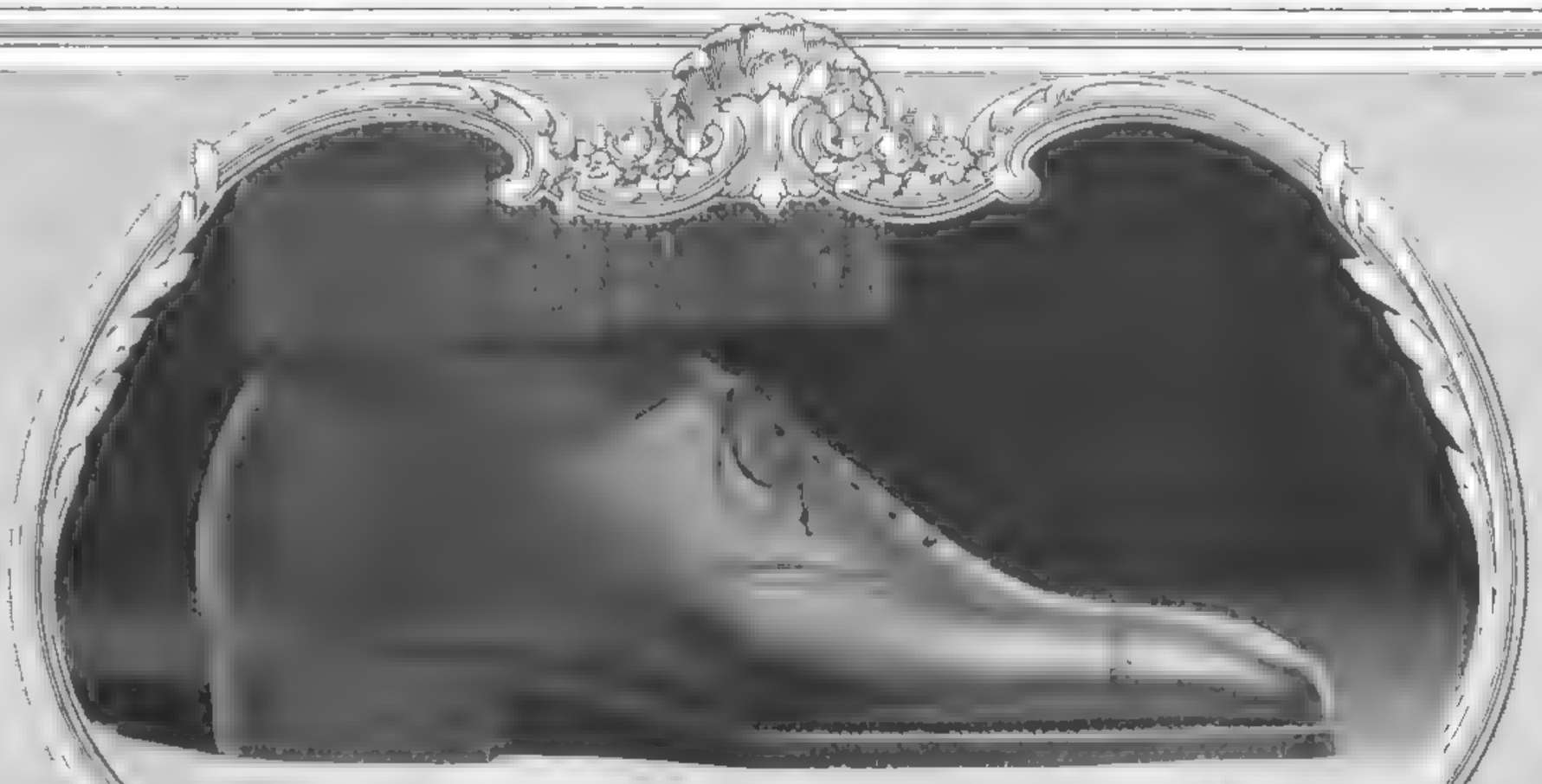
Proof Positive on the Negative.

Like all the folding Kodaks, the 2C Junior is autographic, provides for recording permanently and almost instantly on the film the always interesting and important *who*, *when*, *where*, or a brief memo of the conditions of exposure—the light, the stop, the shutter speed. The autographic film costs the same as "regular" film, makes no complications, and is always ready to put the proof positive on the negative when you want it.

PRICE

No. 2C Autographic Kodak Junior, with meniscus achromatic lens and Kodak Ball Bearing shutter,	$12.00
Ditto, with Rapid Rectilinear lens,	14.00
Ditto, with Kodak Anastigmat, *f*.7.7 lens,	19.00
Autographic Film Cartridge, 10 exposures (No. A 130),	.60
Ditto, 6 exposures,	.35
Ditto, 2 exposures,	.15

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*



Who Can Best Afford to Give Value in Shoes

IT is interesting to see how the busy, level-headed man of affairs goes straight to the point on the shoe question.

You can meet him any day in the Regal stores. It may be only within the last year or so that he became a Regal customer. He never thought much about shoes until conditions forced them on his attention.

He knows that these are critical times in the shoe business. Trade is changing and shifting. Men everywhere, and women, are looking about for something they can depend on.

The question is not alone one of price, but of what one gets for the price. Some try shopping around from store to store and are as much at sea as ever.

Extravagant people who have always thought of smart shoes as coming from a smart shop, find that shoes really come from a *Maker*.

Atmosphere and store fixtures can not create shoe value.

So our citizen says: "Let me see; who can best afford to give value in shoes? It would be a Maker with buying power in the leather market, with organization, quick turn-over, and a policy of one small profit on each pair of shoes.

"A Maker who stamps his name and reputation in every shoe and who sees in the present situation a chance to extend his trade and make more friends and customers."

When a man begins to reason like that he is headed straight for a Regal store.

The Regal business is an institution of 24 years' standing. It has four great factories. It has stores and dealers from Boston to San Francisco. It is growing faster today than ever it did. It is making better shoes, selling more of them, and delivering better value.

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REGAL SHOE COMPANY
268 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON

If you can't get Regal Shoes in your town write for our Style Book and measurement blank. We can serve you direct.

REGAL SHOES

TUBAL CAIN

(Continued from Page 25)

In his wagon, driving rapidly toward Tubal Cain, a sudden sense of horror, weakness, overtook him; the roadside rocked beneath his vision.

"Mordecai," he said to his coachman, "I—I shot a man; derringered him."

The negro was unmoved.

"Man 'at fool round you, he's bound to be killed!" he asserted. "Yes, sir; he just throwed himself right away!"

Alexander Hulings wondered how John Wooddrop's daughter would be affected. At least, he thought grimly, once more self-possessed, he had put a stop to her laughter at his expense.

VIII

IN THE weeks that followed he devoted himself energetically to the finishing of the mansion in course of erection above Tubal Cain. It was an uncompromising, square edifice of brick, with a railed belvedere on the roof, and a front lawn inclosed by a cast-iron fence. On each side of the path dividing the sod were wooden Chinese pagodas like those he had seen at the Mineral Springs; and masoned rings for flower beds, and ferneries, artificially heaped stones, with a fine spray from concealed pipes. Rearing its solid bulk against the living greenery of the forest, it was, he told himself pridefully, a considerable dwelling. Within were high walls and flowery ceilings, Italian marble mantels and tall mirrors, black carved and gilded furniture, and brilliant hassocks on thick-piled carpet.

The greater part of the labor was performed by the many skilled workmen now employed in his furnaces and forges. He was utterly regardless of cost, obligations, of money itself. Alexander had always been impatient at the mere material fact of wealth, of the possession and the accumulation of sheer gold. To him it was nothing more than a lever by which he moved men and things; it was a ladder that carried him above the unnoticed and unnotable. He could always get money, at need, from men or iron; to debts he never gave a thought—when they fell due they were discharged or carried on.

His reason for finishing his dwelling with such elaboration was obscure. Veneada had laughed at him, speaking of small Hulings; but he harbored no concrete purpose of marriage; there was even no dominant feminine figure in his thoughts. Perhaps faintly at times he caught the odor of a camellia japonica; but that was probably due to the fact that camellia japonicas were already blooming in the circular conservatory of highly colored glass attached to his veranda.

The greater part of the house was darkened, shrouded in linen. He would see, when walking through the hall, mysterious and shadowy vistas, lengthened endlessly in the long mirrors, of dusky carpet, and alabaster and ormolu, the faint glitter of the prisms hung on the mantel lamps. Clocks would strike sonorously in the depths of halls, with the ripple of cathedral chimes. He had a housekeeper, a stout person in oiled curls, and a number of excessively humble negro servants. Alexander Hulings got from all this an acute pleasure. It, too, was a mark of his success.

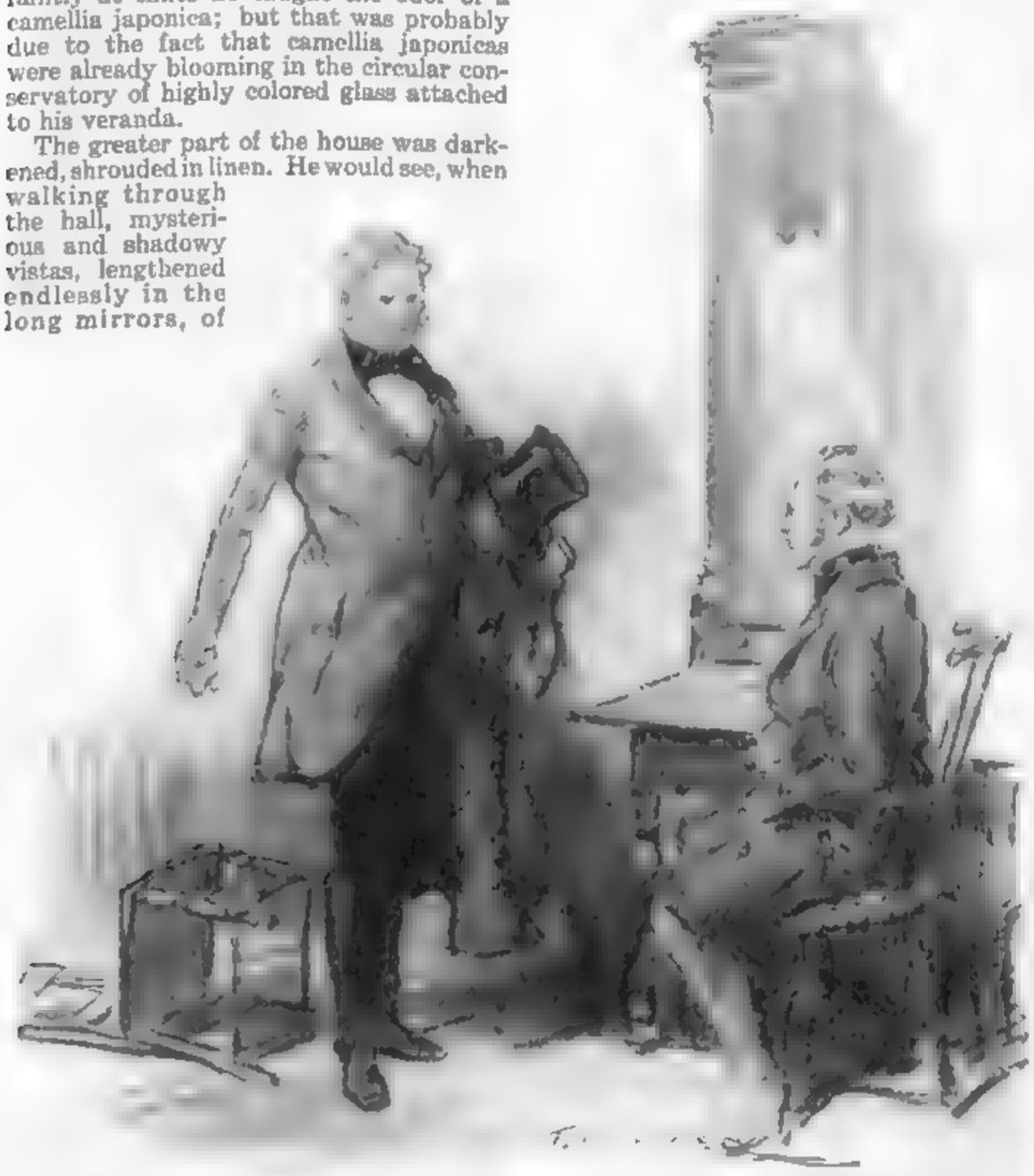
He had, below, on the public road, a small edifice of one room, which formed his office, and there he saw the vast number of men always consulting with him; he never took them above to his house. And when they dined with him it was at the hotel, newly built by the packet station on the canal—functions flooded with the prodigal amounts of champagne Hulings thought necessary to his importance.

Most of his days were spent in his road wagon, in which he traveled to Pittsburgh, West Virginia, Philadelphia, where he had properties or interests. In the cities of his associates he also avoided their homes, and met them in hotels; discussed the terms of business in bars or public parlors. With women of position he was at once indifferent and ill at ease, constantly certain that he was not appearing to good advantage; he suspected their asides and enigmatic smiles. He was laboriously, stiffly polite, speaking in complimentary flourishes that sometimes ended in abrupt constraint. At this, afterward, he would chafe, and damn the superior airs of women.

He had returned from such an expedition to Wheeling, and was sitting in his office, when a vehicle pulled up before his door. Deliberate footmen approached and John Wooddrop entered. The latter, Alexander realized enviously, was an excessively handsome old man; he had a commanding height and a square, highly colored countenance, with close white sideburns and vigorous silver hair. His manner, too, was assured and easy. He greeted Alexander Hulings with a keen, open smile.

"Everything is splendid down here!" he proclaimed. "I looked in that chafery down stream, and the metal was worked like satin. Fine weather for the furnaces—rain's ugly; a furnace is like a young girl."

Hulings wondered—contained and suspicious—what the other wanted. Wooddrop, though they passed each other frequently



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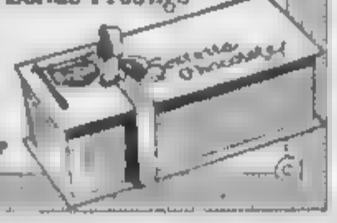

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on the road, had not saluted him since the completion of Glory Furnace. He thought for a moment that already the older man was feeling the pinch of fuel scarcity and that he had come to beg for timber. In such a case Alexander Hulings decided coldly that he would not sell Wooddrop an ell of forest. In addition to the fact that the complete success of one or the other depended ultimately on the rival's failure, he maintained a personal dislike of John Wooddrop; he had never forgot the humiliation forced on him long before, in the dining room of the packet, the Hit or Miss; he could not forgive Wooddrop's preëminence in the iron field. The latter was a legend of the manufacture of iron.

However, any idea of the other's begging privilege was immediately banished by John Wooddrop's equable bearing. He said:

"I want to speak to you, Hulings, about a rather delicate matter. In a way it is connected with my daughter, Gisela. You saw her, I believe, at the Springs."

Alexander Hulings somberly inclined his head.

"Of course," Wooddrop continued, "I heard about the difficulty you had with that Louisiana bravo. I understand you acted like a man of spirit and were completely exonerated; in fact, I had some small part in quashing legal complications. This was done not on your account, but because of Gisela, who confided to me that she held herself in blame. Mr. Hulings," he said gravely, "my feeling for my daughter is not the usual affection of parent for child. My wife is dead. Gisela —— But I won't open a personal subject with you. I spoke as I did merely, in a way, to prepare you for what follows. My daughter felt that she did you a painful wrong; and I have come, in consequence, to offer you my good will. I propose that we end our competition and proceed together, for the good of both. Consolidated, we should inevitably control the iron situation in our state; you are younger, more vigorous than myself, and I have a certain prestige. Sir, I offer you the hand of friendly coöperation."

Alexander Hulings' gaze narrowed as he studied the man before him. At first, he had searched for an ulterior motive, need, in Wooddrop's proposal; but he quickly saw that the proposal had been completely stated. Illogically he thought of black ringleted hair and glazed muslin; he heard the echo of water dripping from a stone urn. Lost in memories, he was silent, for so long that John Wooddrop palpably grew impatient. He cleared his throat sharply; but Hulings didn't shift a muscle. Alexander was thinking now of the order he had filled the first summer at Tubal Cain, of his brutal labor and bitter, deferred aspirations. His rise, alone, had been at the price of ceaseless struggle; it was not yet consummated; but it would be—it must, and still alone. Nothing should rob him of the credit of his achievement; no person coupled with him might reduce or share his triumph. What he said sounded inexcusably harsh after the other's open manner.

"Only," he said—"only if the amalgamated industries bear my name—the Alexander Hulings Ironworks."

John Wooddrop's face darkened as he comprehended the implied insult to his dignity and position. He rose, thrusting behind him, so that it fell backward on the floor, the chair in which he had been sitting.

"You brass trumpet!" he ejaculated. "You intolerable little bag of vanity! Will you never see yourself except in a glass of flattery or intolerable self-satisfaction? It would be impossible to say which you inspire most, contempt or pity."

Strangely enough, Hulings didn't resent the language applied to him. He gazed at Wooddrop without anger. The other's noise, he thought, was but a symptom of his coming downfall. He was slowly but surely drawing the rope about the throat of Wooddrop's industries.

"Absolutely the last time," the other stuttered. "Now you can go to hell on your own high horse! Blinded by your own fatuousness—don't see where the country is running. You may impose on others, but I know your business, sir; and it's as hollow as a tin plate stove. The times will soon kick it in."

John Wooddrop stamped away from Hulings in a rage.

IX

THAT evening Alexander Hulings wondered what Gisela had told her father; he wondered more vaguely what she had thought of him—what, if at all, she still thought. He had had a formal room illuminated for his cigar after dinner; and he sat, a small, precise figure, with dust-colored hair and a somber, intent countenance, clasping a heavy roll of expensive tobacco, in a crimson plush chair. The silence, the emptiness about him was filled with rich color, ponderous maroon draperies, marble slabs and fretted tulipwood.

It suddenly struck him that, by himself, he was slightly ridiculous in such opulence. His house needed a mistress, a creature of elegance to preside at his table, to exhibit in her silks and jewels another sign of his importance. Again, as if from the conservatory, he caught a faint poignant perfume.

Gisela Wooddrop was a person of distinction, self-possessed and charming. There was a subtle flavor in thus considering her father's daughter—old Wooddrop's girl—and himself. He rose and walked to a mirror, critically surveying his countenance—yes, it was well marked by age, yet it was sharp in outline; his step was springy; he felt none of the lassitude of increasing years.

He was in his prime. Many young women would prefer him, his house and name, to the windy pretensions of young scapegoats. A diamond necklace was a convincing form of courtship. There was no absolute plan in his thoughts that night; but, in the dry romantic absorption of the days that followed, a fantastic purpose formed and increased—he determined to marry Gisela Wooddrop.

He had for this, he assured himself, some slight encouragement; it was patent that her father had entirely misread the girl's intent in suggesting an end to the hostilities which had made impossible any social intercourse. She was interested in him; the duel with Sinnox had captured her imagination. Women responded surprisingly to such things. Then she had held that it had been partly her fault! Now it seemed to him that he understood why he had built so elaborately since he had returned from the Mineral Springs; unconsciously—all the while—it had been for his wife—for Gisela.

There were great practical difficulties in the realization of his desire; even in his opportunity to present his question; to see Gisela Wooddrop long enough and sufficiently privately to explain all he hoped. He was, too, far past the age of romantic assignations, episodes; he could no more decorate a moonlit scene beneath a window. Alexander could not count on adventitious assistance from emotional setting; his offer could only carry its grave material solidity. Often he laughed curtly at what momentarily seemed an absurd fantasy, a madness approaching senility; then his pride would flood back, reassert the strength of his determination, the desirability of Alexander Hulings.

X

THE occasion evaded him; the simplicity of his wish, of the bald relationship between the Wooddrops and Tubal Cain, preventing it more surely than a multiplication of barriers. He never considered the possibility of a compromise with John Wooddrop, a retreat from his position. Alexander thought of Gisela as a possible addition to his dignity and standing—of the few women he had seen she possessed the greatest attractions—and he gave no thought to a sacrifice to gain her. She was to be a piece with the rest of his success—a wife to honor his mansion, to greet a selected few of his friends, and wear the gold and jewels purchased by the Hulings iron.

He made no overt attempt to see her, but waited for opportunity. Meantime he had commenced to think of her in terms of passionless intimacy. Alexander Hulings was a solitary man—except for his industrial activity his mind was empty; and Gisela Wooddrop quickly usurped the hours after dinner, the long drives through massed and unscarred forests. He recalled her minutely—every expression that he had seen, every variation of dress. Wooddrop's daughter was handsomely provided for; but Alexander Hulings' wife would be a revelation in luxury. In New York he bought a pair of India cashmere shawls, paying a thousand dollars for them, and placed them on a chair, ready ——

The weeks multiplied; and he got such pleasure from the mere thought of Gisela sweeping through his rooms, accompanying him to Philadelphia, shining beside him at the opera, that he almost became reluctant to force the issue of her choice. He was more than customarily careful with his clothes;

(Continued on Page 113)

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IT'S the last half of the ninth—bases full—score tied—and you're at bat and it's up to you! *Then,* if you feel the *feel* of a Wilson hand-turned second-growth ash bat in your hands you *know* what you can do.

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Downstairs, Upstairs Sew Anywhere

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SMALL—It is no bigger than a typewriter—the whole outfit, sewing machine and motor—a complete unit.

PORTABLE—Wherever there is an electric light socket—in the living room or bedroom in winter, out on the porch in summer—you can now do your sewing at will. You can put it away on a closet shelf when it is not in use. You can pack it in your trunk and take it along with you this summer.

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INEXPENSIVE—Only $35.00 ($37.00 west of the Rockies) for this complete outfit. Think of it—less than you have had to pay for most any of the well-known machines of the foot-power type.

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EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

(Continued from Page 110)

his silk hats were immaculate; his trousers ranged in color from the most delicate sulphur to astounding London checks; he had his yellow boots polished with champagne, his handkerchiefs scented with essence of nolette and almond. For all this, his countenance was none the less severe, his aptitude for labor untouched; he followed every detail of iron manufacture, every improved process, every shift in the market.

The valley about Tubal Cain now resembled a small, widely scattered town; the dwellings of Hulings' workmen extended to the property line of the Blue Lump Furnace; roads were cut, bridges thrown across the stream. The flutter of wings, the pouring birdsong and vale of green, that Alexander had found had given place to a continuous, shattering uproar day and night—the charging of furnaces; the dull thunder of the heavy wagons of blooms; the jangle of shingling sledges and monotonous fall of trip hammers—mingled and rose in a stridulous volume to the sky, accompanied by chemical vapors, uprushing cinders and the sooty smoke of the forges. A company store had been built and stocked, and grimy troops of laborers were perpetually gathered, off shift, by its portico.

Harmony itself, the station on the canal, had expanded; the new hotel, an edifice of brick with a steep slate roof and iron grilling, faced a rival saloon and various emporia of merchandise. An additional basin had been cut in the bank for the loading of Alexander Hulings' iron onto the canal boats.

He had driven to the canal—it was early summer—to see about a congestion of movement; and, hot, he stopped in the hotel for a pint of wine in a high glass with cracked ice. The lower floor was cut in half by a hall and stairs; on the right the bar opened onto the narrow porch, while at the left a ladies' entrance gave way to the inevitable dark, already musty parlor. The bar was crowded; and, intolerant of the least curtailment of his dignity or comfort, he secured his glass and moved across the hall to the stillness of the parlor.

A woman was standing, blurred in outline, at one of the narrow windows. She turned as he entered; he bowed, prepared to withdraw, when he saw that it was Gisela Wooddrop. She wore white dimity, sprigged in orange and lavender, with green ribbons, and carried a green parasol. Alexander stood motionless in the doorway, his champagne in one hand and a glossy stovepipe hat in the other. He was aware of a slight inward confusion; but outwardly he was unmoved, exact. Gisela, too, maintained the turn of her flexible body, her hands on the top of the parasol. Under her bonnet her face was pale, her eyes noticeably bright. Alexander Hulings said:

"Good afternoon!"

He moved into the room. Gisela said nothing; she was like a graceful painted figure on a shadowy background. A complete ease possessed Alexander.

"Miss Wooddrop," he continued, in the vein of a simple statement. She nodded automatically. "This is a happy meeting—for me. I can now express my gratitude for your concern about a certain unfortunate occurrence at the Mineral Springs. At the same time, I regret that you were caused the slightest uneasiness."

She shuddered delicately.

"Nothing more need be said about that," she told him. "I explained, myself, to my father; but I was sorry afterward that I did it, and—and put him to fresh humiliation."

"There," he gravely replied, "little enough can be discussed. It has to do with things that you would have limited patience with, an affair strictly of business. I was referring to your susceptibility of heart, a charming female quality."

He bowed stiffly. Gisela came nearer to him, a sudden emotion trembling on her features.

"Why don't you end it?" she cried, low and distressed. "It has gone on a long while now—the bitterness between you; I am certain in his heart father is weary of it; and you are younger ——" She broke off before the tightening of his lips.

"Not a topic to be developed here," he insisted.

He had no intention, Alexander Hulings thought, of being bent about even so charming a finger. And it was well to establish at once the manner in which any future they might share should be conducted. He wanted a wife, not an intrigante or Amazon. Her feeling, color, rapidly evaporated, and left her pallid, confused, before his calm demeanor. She turned her head away, her face lost in the bonnet, but slowly her gaze returned to meet his keen inquiry. His impulse was to ask her, then, at once, to marry him; but he restrained that headlong course, feeling that it would startle her into flight. As it was, she moved slowly toward the door.

"I am to meet a friend on the Western packet," she explained; "I thought I heard the horn."

"It was only freight," he replied. "I should be sorry to lose this short opportunity to pay you my respects; to tell you that you have been a lot in my thoughts lately. I envy the men who see you casually, whenever they choose."

She gazed at him with palpable surprise gathering in her widely opened eyes.

"But," she said breathlessly, "everybody knows that you never address a polite syllable to a woman. It is more speculated on than any of your other traits."

He expanded at this indication of a widespread discussion of his qualities.

"I have had no time for merely polite speeches," he responded. "And I assure you that I am not alone complimentary now; I mean that I am not saluting you with vapid elegance. I am only awaiting a more fitting occasion to say further."

She circled him slowly, with a minute whispering of crinoline, her gaze never leaving his face. Her dimity, below her white, bare throat, circled by a black velvet band, was heaving. The parasol fell with a clatter. He stooped immediately; but she was before him and snatched it up, with crimson cheeks.

"They say that you are the most hateful man alive!" she half breathed.

"Who are 'they'?" he demanded contemptuously. "Men I have beaten and women I failed to see. That hatred grows with success, with power; it is never wasted on the weak. My competitors would like to see me fall into a furnace stack—the men I have climbed over, and my debtors. They are combining every month to push me to the wall, a dozen of them together, yelping like a pack of dogs. But they haven't succeeded; they never will!" His words were like the chips from an iron bloom. "They never will," he repeated harshly, "and I have only commenced. I want you to see my house sometime. I planned a great part of it with you in mind. No money was spared. . . . I should be happy to have you like it. I think of it as yours."

All the time he was speaking she was stealing by imperceptible degrees toward the door; but at his last, surprising sentence she stood transfixed with mingled wonder and fear. She felt behind her for the open doorway and rested one hand against the woodwork. A ribald clatter sounded from the bar, and without rose the faint, clear note of an approaching packet. Her lips formed for speech, but only a slight gasp was audible; then her spreading skirts billowed through the opening and she was gone.

Alexander Hulings found that he was still holding his silk hat; he placed it carefully on the table and took a deep drink from the iced glass. He was conscious of a greater feeling of triumph than he had ever known before. He realized that he had hardly needed to add the spoken word to the impression his being had made on Gisela Wooddrop. He had already invaded her imagination; the legend of his struggle and growth had taken possession of her. There remained now only a formal declaration, the outcome of which he felt almost certain would be in his favor.

Again in his house, he inspected the silk hangings of the particularly feminine chambers. He trod the thick carpets with a keen anticipation of her exclamations of pleasure, her surprise at convenient trifle after trifle. In the stable he surveyed a blooded mare she might take a fancy to; he must buy a light carriage, with a fringed canopy—yes, and put a driver into livery. Women liked such things.

At dinner he speculated on the feminine palate; he liked lean mountain venison, and a sherry that left almost a sensation of dust on the tongue; but women preferred sweet wines and pastry, fruit preserved in white brandy, and pagodas of barley sugar.

Through the open windows came the subdued clatter of his forges; the hooded candles on the table flickered slightly in a warm eddy, while corresponding shadows stirred on the heavy napery, the Sheffield, and delicate creamy Belleek of his dinner service—the emblem of his certitude and pride.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Flour Facts

Color in flour is an indication of its character.

Learn to tell from the color of your flour whether it has been bleached or otherwise chemically treated.

The best flour for bread, biscuits, or pastry is not chalky-white in color, but a delicate creamy-white.

Learn to know this wholesome flour color. You will recognize it in Pillsbury's Best. The beautiful, creamy-white color of Pillsbury's Best flour is natural to good, clean wheat, carefully and honestly milled.

Pillsbury's Best flour is not bleached. It never will be bleached.

The Flour Question Settled "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Send 10c for a copy of the famous Pillsbury Cook Book. Address Dept. 18
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Well Built Hosiery for Well Built Men

The active man who regards his physical well-being, is hard on hosiery. He demands hose that will wear, yet which will always fit properly and look dressy. And he finds what he wants in Black Cat.

For this famous brand, only pure, "unloaded" Japan silk is used. And it is reinforced at points of strain—toes braced with extra threads, soles high-sided, doubly woven, and heels fortified far up on the ankle. Then the transfer point which connects the ribbed top is made virtually tear-proof.

The result is the beauty of good form—utmost strength and no bulk or heaviness.

Everywhere, stores noted for better values can show you Black Cat—for men, women and children.

Black Cat Textiles Co., Kenosha, Wisconsin

Cooper's Bennington Spring Needle Underwear for Men
Is Made and Marketed by Black Cat Textiles Company

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NO MATTER where you live it will be to your advantage to send for a copy of our free booklet "M" explaining why depositors find our plan of Banking by Mail at 4% compound interest, simple in operation and safe and satisfactory in every way.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS

"Wanted!"

THE want-ad columns of newspapers everywhere show the many opportunities open to you with a

Dayton Bicycle

"Boys" of all ages—14 or 40—will find convenience, good times and good health astride a Dayton. Boys: write for booklet No. 21, entitled "50 Ways to Make Money With a Bicycle". Men: write for booklet No. 22: "More Time to do as You Please". No charge. Write today.

More Time to do as You Please

Cycle Dept.
Davis Sewing Machine Co.
Dayton, Ohio

BOYS
With bicycles, 16 years
who can earn $35 to
month; splendid chance
vancement. Apply

'TWIXT THE BLUFF AND THE SOUND

(Continued from Page 9)

down on Centre Street. Time and time again, when jurors were being chosen for a case in which the public interest was high and to which the newspapers were giving plenty of space, I have seen worthy taxpayers—shopkeepers, real-estate agents, petty brokers—betraying an almost febrile desire to be accepted for jury-box service. As a rule men of large affairs who had been drawn in a panel showed a disinclination to do duty. They were fertile in excuses: had scruples against capital punishment, they said; confessed to set prejudices; pleaded ill health or imperative professional engagements—anything which would disqualify them in the eyes of the justice and the counsel. But with these lesser individuals the case was different. We knew, and they knew, in advance, that serving as jurors in a long trial would mean they must neglect their families and their business affairs, and very possibly suffer losses and inconveniences which they could not well afford to suffer; but just the same they very patently yearned to be accepted by both sides and sworn in, and put in the custody of the deputies until the verdict had been rendered.

Sitting at the press table we used to wonder at this curious manifestation upon the part of so many householders. Finally we read the riddle. I thought then and still think our conclusions were correct: Each of these men hungered for his little hour of notoriety. And this was his most favorable opportunity, perhaps his only opportunity, to win it. If he were chosen as juror, his picture, more or less hurriedly and badly executed by a sketch artist, would appear in the paper, along with his name, his address, his age and his vocation. For a day at least he would be uplifted out of the run of human shad; would be exalted in the eyes of his own particular little circle of acquaintanceship. Wherefore, even at the risk of being separated from his family, and despite the prospect of being locked up night after night with eleven strangers—and out of every eleven there are always so many who snore!—and guarded by day for a period of weeks or possibly months and herded about almost like a malefactor—nevertheless, he jumped at the chance. He jumped at it with both feet, because it was almost his sole hope ever of getting on the front page, unless he were lucky enough sometime to be run over by an automobile belonging to a person of great wealth.

In this connection I might add that merely being run over by a common taxicab or a prosaic auto truck will not suffice to win large headlines for a mashed-up member of the pedestrian classes of our fair city. Of two things anyhow in New York he is reasonably sure—death and taxis—the terms being frequently synonymous; but if his soul yearns for more than a scant paragraph upon the occasion of his annihilation he must take due care to be slain by a person of real consequence. This contingency being remote, he naturally selects a more lingering but undoubtedly less painful method of attaining momentary notoriety. He endeavors to worm his way into the jury box for the trial of one of our prominent and fashionable murderers.

There is one fairly sure means of insuring permanency of newspaper prominence in New York, and for the benefit of those who strive so desperately to attain the same delectable end on a temporary basis I throw out the hint free gratis. My advice to the aspirant is this: Be a type, or else become one. Develop some idiosyncrasy of person or of temperament, and exhibit it persistently in public places until the newspapers take cognizance of it; if so be it strikes the reportorial fancy, the members of the craft thereafter will make of your personality a peg upon which to hang comparisons, anecdotes, wheezes, any old thing. Angling about in their minds for a simile suitable to point the moral and adorn the tale, they will think of you first-off.

However, like most of the desirable attainments of life, this has its drawbacks—nearly all golden apples have brassy cores, you know. The penalty you must pay is that to the end of your days you must go on being a type, and patiently you must suffer the alert young penmen of the metropolitan press to serve you up as they please. Sometimes the honor comes without being sought or indeed desired. For example:

Once upon a time, the late Timothy Woodruff, lieutenant governor of New York State, wore a waistcoat of sufficiently brilliant design to catch and hold the casual glance. He may have been paying an election bet; he may have been led astray by the sight of the garment in a show window. Probably his taste in waistcoats was not more pronouncedly extreme and spectacular than the tastes of ten thousand other men; but forthwith some lynx-eyed reporter christened him Waistcoat Tim. Other newspaper men, liking the sound of the nickname, promptly followed suit, and never for one moment thereafter was the public—or incidentally Mr. Woodruff—permitted to forget his one sartorial indiscretion. It gave him a sort of fame which doubtlessly he coveted not, he being a gentleman of good sense and good breeding, and politically I am sure it hurt him, for it was not to be expected that the sturdy yeomanry upstate would very seriously consider the aspirations of a public man whose reputation, so far as they might gather, appeared to be mostly founded

(Continued on Page 117)

New York Might be Said to be Made Up of Extremes—Extremes of Wealth and Extremes of Poverty

It Wouldn't have Happened Had He Worn

Lee
UNION MADE
Union-Alls
TRADE MARK REG.

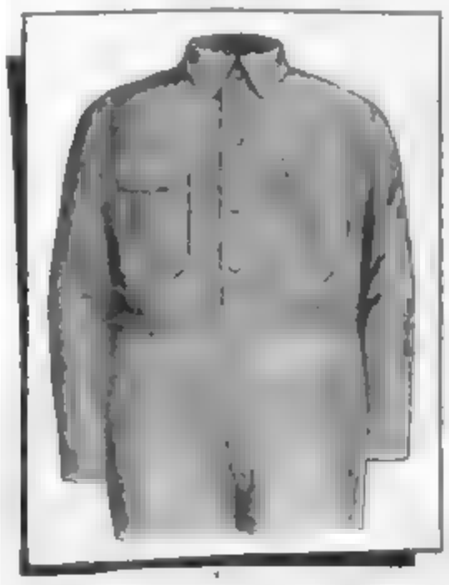
OLD-FASHIONED two-piece work clothing caused it. A loose, flapping, jacket tail caught in a fly wheel. Before help could reach him he was maimed for life.

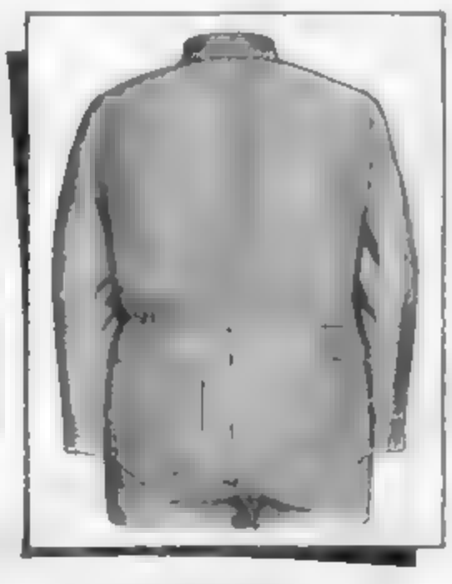
Similar accidents are frequent. Broken suspenders, lost buttons, torn button holes, loose jacket tails and jacket ends—these not only are a menace to factory workers but a handicap to efficiency. That is why managers of some of the largest industrial plants insist their workers wear

Lee Union-Alls

All In One Piece

Healthful and comfortable because the suit hangs freely from the shoulders, binds the body nowhere, gives maximum ease and freedom to the muscles and permits a circulation of air from neck to feet. **Safe** and **sane** because loose ends are impossible and all superfluous, unsanitary, separate garments are done away with.





REMEMBER there is but one **Union-All**— that's the LEE! Look for the name on the button, and the special **quality** features. Accept no substitute. There is none **"just as good."**

Men's	34 to 50 Chest,	$3.00
Youths'	12 to 17 Years,	$2.25
Boys'	7 to 11 Years,	$1.75
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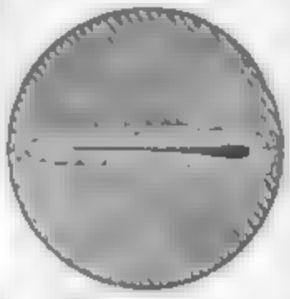
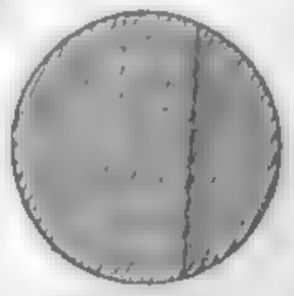
Riveted Steel Buttons



Whip-Stitched Button Holes



Triple-Stitched Seams

LEE UNION-ALLS are made of khaki, heavy blue denim, express stripe, pin check or white twill. Children's sizes are made "just like Dad's." If your dealer doesn't supply you, order direct, enclosing money-order and stating size and material desired.

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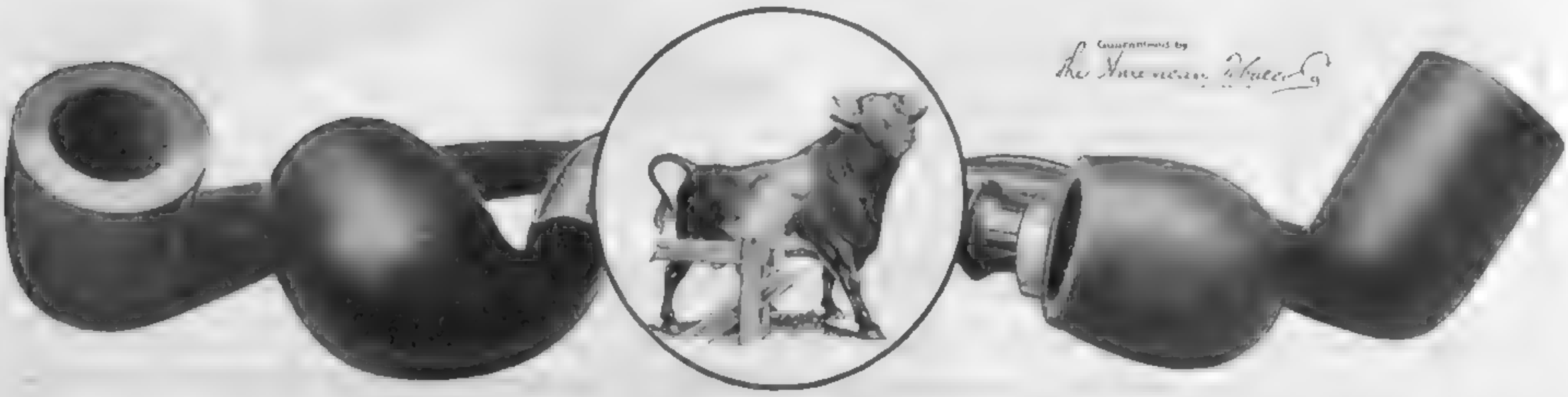
A Suggestion to Pipe Smokers :—

Just try mixing a little genuine "BULL" DURHAM Tobacco with your favorite pipe tobacco — ~ ~ ~

it's like sugar in your coffee



(Continued from Page 114)

upon a double row of pearl buttons, worn thwartwise of the abdomen, and a dazzling stomacher pattern in Scotch plaids; but all the same, for so long as he lived, never was he pictured or described but that his waistcoat was pictured and described likewise. It was made as much a part of him as Uncle Joe Cannon's cigar and Jim Ham Lewis' whiskers are, in the popular fancy, parts of these two distinguished personages.

Tom Sharkey, the ex-pugilist, is perhaps of no more frugal a tendency than any one of half a million or so of his esteemed fellow-burghers. I believe it is true that in the height of his career as a heavyweight he did give evidences of a saving disposition, uncommon enough among persons of his then calling in life. Wine nor women got the Sharkian dollars, and Tom was ever but an indifferent hand at singing. He took care of his pennies, with the result that when he retired he retired to affluence, thus presenting a striking contrast to several of his contemporaries, who after their ring days were ended lived from hand to benefit and from benefit to mouth. Whereupon the sporting writers picked him out as a typical figure of tightwaddedness, and ever since, even to this good day, in print he has been compelled to play the rôle ordained for him.

Those who really knew the late Richard Harding Davis knew him for one of the kindliest and most companionable of beings, a man in whose composition, I am sure, there was not a bit of jealousy or arrogance. False pride was as foreign to his make-up as was envy or selfishness. To my own knowledge he went out of his way not once but often to help younger writers by encouragement and advice. He knew he was a good craftsman—could not help knowing—and that very knowledge probably helped him to be yet a better craftsman. And toward some persons, and particularly toward strangers, he had a manner of reserve behind which I think must have been an inner background of diffidence.

Somehow, sometime, when he was still a very young man, albeit a very successful one, he must have given offense—unintentionally, I am sure—to some lesser writer who in all probability was a newspaper man; and that person, whoever it was, lampooned him in type as a figure of conceit and vanity. Thereafter until he died Davis had to wear that libelous and undeserved label. Any fledgling reporter, casting about in his mind for some well-known literary man to typify vanity, almost invariably would choose Davis.

The Hall of Fame

A good many of us are inclined to believe that had Job Hedges been content to hide his real self under the livery of a ponderous and dignified ass he might before now have been the governor of his native state of New York, or one of its representatives in the Senate of the United States. Unfortunately for him, Hedges, along with a scholarly and a brilliant mind, had also a quick sense of humor—a sense of humor so keen and so quick that, try as he might, he could not altogether conceal it; and that, so far as his political destinies were concerned, was an even more unfortunate thing for Hedges. Early in his career the paragraphers branded him as a funny man, and willy-nilly a funny man he has remained. As Mr. Hedges doubtlessly realizes as fully as any man alive, a reputation for being a humorist is a liability to a man rather than an asset. When he says anything that is serious his friends insist on taking it humorously, and when he says anything that is humorous his enemies insist on taking it seriously. Anyway, though, Hedges doesn't wear a frock coat and a white tie effectively; and I guess that would be enough to ruin him as an office seeker without the other handicaps.

Inversely, the faculty of making oneself into a type for New York consumption has been capitalized by certain smart individuals. To sundry millions of newspaper readers the late Mr. James Buchanan Brady, of this city, was known as Diamond Jim. Mr. Brady was fond of precious stones and he was able to afford ownership of a large collection of them, and it was his delight to wear the same prominently displayed upon his person. His half dozen oyster-sized opals, served raw on the half shell as shirt studs, his memorial-window finger rings, his ruby-and emerald horseshoe scarfpin which so strikingly suggested the entrance to the fairy grotto in the transformation scene of an old-time burlesque show, have, by the cartoonist and the journalist, been made familiar to all or to nearly all. What the world at large does not know is that Mr. Brady was by way of being, in his own line, one of the most successful and efficient business men in this country, that, by giving his days to hard work and his evenings to making himself all glittering and gorgeous with blazing gems, he had from the one field of endeavor amassed a fortune and attained a commanding position, and from the other had milked a reputation as an animated gem exhibit which is nation-wide and insures him a permanent alcove in Father Knick's hall of fame.

True Limelight Lovers

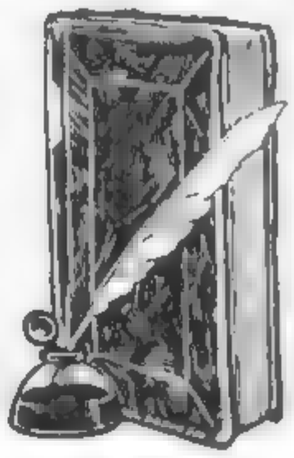
It is practically impossible to go anywhere in New York without finding a delegation of true limelight lovers hovering in the offing; but the surest opportunity for studying the habits of perhaps the most numerous and certainly the most typical subdivision of the clan is to attend a Broadway first night in the capacity of an onlooker.

Roughly, the regular attendants upon a first-night performance resolve themselves into three groups. First of all there are the carping critics—representatives of the metropolitan school of carp. These gentlemen occupy choice seats down front, usually leaving about ten-thirty or thereabouts to go to their respective offices and spawn. While present they deport themselves solemnly and portentously, as Atlases upon whose shoulders rest the destinies and the weight of the world of drama. It is unethical and contrary to the traditions and the precepts of his craft that a seasoned critic should laugh aloud at the humor of the piece or sniffle openly at the pathos of it, if any such there be. If he has emotions he must control them from the vulgar gaze, else he is no true critic. Between the acts he consorts mainly with his fellow critics, all of them continuing to bear themselves gravely, all refraining from voicing any opinion as to the merits or demerits of the play. It is as though they were jurors holding the dread power of life and death in their hands, who had been warned by His Honor on the bench to refrain from discussing the evidence either among themselves or with outsiders in advance of the returning of their verdict.

This attitude, I should state, is truer of the veterans of the profession than of some of its newer recruits. There used to be critics who, so far as the rest of creation might judge by their deportment and their signed utterances, valued themselves as possessors of an unfailing dramatic judgment, and to this opinion they stoutly held, in spite of the fact that very often a play which practically all the critics scored has succeeded because the public perversely liked it, and again a play that practically all of them favored has died very dead because the public did not like it and refused to take it. There used to be critics who would rather make a pun upon the name of the show than to have money at the bank; and likewise there were critics so concerned with the job of turning out smart phrases and exploiting their own apt wit that sometimes they very largely neglected the subject which they were presumed to be discussing—that is, the play itself. There used to be critics—only one or two of these happily—who felt their evening had been a success if only they discovered a physical imperfection of some prominent member of the cast—a squint, say, in the leading lady's eye, a predisposition to nasal catarrh on the part of the ingénue, or a pair of bowlegs appertaining to a member of the chorus. Having discerned this shortcoming they would hurry away with gladness in their hearts, to do satiric pieces concerning it. The sweetest possible tribute to their literary brilliancy would be the tearwetted pillow of some hard-working woman of the stage reading next morning what these gentlemen had written about her.

I am not claiming that these breeds are entirely extinct. For proof to the contrary see files of daily papers. But there are a number of present-day critics, younger men mainly along with some older ones who have been mellowed by long service instead of being embittered by many dramatic disappointments, and these men, without setting themselves up as infallible arbiters of things theatrical, are content to voice their own individual opinions in a good-humored, frequently a kindly and often a

A long clean unbroken record



For 107 years the records of the stockholders' meetings of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., have been kept in the same little book that is now carefully preserved in the safety vaults of the company. This little volume tells the story of the Hartford from 1810 to the present time. It records the growth of a great insurance corporation that at the close of business on December 31, 1916, had paid out in losses $198,044,354.97, and is financially impregnable. Such is the long, clean, unbroken record back of the

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The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life insurance. For over a century Hartford losses have been fairly met and promptly paid. The Hartford was founded by empire builders—men of the same character and affiliations as the founders of the United States. The Hartford has grown great, as the country has grown great, by steadfast adherence to the traditional integrity of its founders. Are you fully insured? Look over the list below and check the forms of insurance which interest you. Ask your agent or broker to get you a Hartford policy, or write to us and we will tell you the name and address of an agent who can give you rates and particulars.

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Gentlemen: Please send information on the kind of insurance checked and name of Hartford agent to the name and address written on margin of this coupon.

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15¢
Full weight
2-oz. tin

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IF you're buying a pipe-smoke made of only *one* kind of tobacco—you're getting just about half the pleasure that a blend of *several* good tobaccos would give you.

Any one tobacco smoked by itself is "helpless." It can be either mild or rich—*never both.* But you want richness. And you want mildness, too. You get both in the Harmony blend.

Harmony contains certain rich tobaccos and mild tobaccos so well suited to one another that Harmony gives full richness *without loss of mildness.*

You will never willingly return to "one tobacco" smokes, once you try Harmony—a blend of *several* good tobaccos.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

HARMONY

A Pipe Blend of five distinct kinds of Imported and Domestic tobacco

If your dealer cannot supply you, enclose 15 cents in stamps, for the full-weight two-ounce tin, postage prepaid. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, 212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Tiolene The MOTOR OIL that's Clean
Look for the Bull's Eye Sign
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IDEAL DRUGLESS LAXATIVE
At your Grocer's. If he does not have it, send us his name and address with 35c (West of Denver 40c) in stamps for trial package.
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ALADDIN READI-CUT **Houses**
Eliminate Waste
Save Money
Get Catalog 300 The Aladdin Co. Bay City, Mich.

IF YOU WANT MORE MONEY to meet the rising cost of living

let us show you the way to get it. We need men and women in every community to look after our local interests. We will pay you liberally in salary and in commission. The work is pleasant, healthful and very profitable. Many of our representatives

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Nearly everybody knows and likes *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* It will be easy for you to build up with them a spare-time business worth more than enough to cover your increased living expenses. For full details of the plan, and help in getting started, address a line to *Agency Division*

The Curtis Publishing Company, 788 Independence Square, Philadelphia

humorous fashion. They do not undertake to speak for the whole public but only for themselves. They prefer to write reviews rather than obituary notices.

Next in order among the first-nighters comes a contingent of what Broadway calls the death watch. These gentry are the crape-hangers of the theater, who spend the evening sitting up with a corpse, and are deeply disappointed if the deceased should manifest signs of life, however feeble. Their faces in repose somehow suggest blank footstones or pillows of immortelles; their souls are cased in dull dun casket-cloth—with a fleck of heliotrope here and there. When they yawn—at the most impressive climax -you think of a Gates-Ajar design. Where the critics are grave and appraisive these persons are condemning. The critics, while fearing the worst, are hopeful for the best. The undertakers, on the other hand, hope, with thumbs all down, for the worst. They are human ill winds that blow good to no one. To go to all the new shows and to approve of none of them is a part of their pose. Attendance at a first night is worth while, if only for a chance to observe the behavior of this curious group of beings who are such characteristic offshoots of a certain well-defined Broadway tribe. At heart they are credulous creatures, easily imposed upon and easily deceived, as all Broadway is, by any hoax or device so long as it be tricked out in smart housing and gaudy gears; but on the surface, and most especially when seated in E-1 on the aisle, they appear, oh, so worldly wise, so blasé, so fed-up on life! and altogether are the most specimistic examples of their breed. I'm not sure whether there is such a word in the dictionary as specimistic, but if there is not there should be to fit these persons. It is a compound word, derived from the two words *specimen* and *pessimistic.*

Largely it is because of them and their inevitable presence that so many leading ladies go into hysterics in their dressing rooms between the acts of a first night, and that so many leading men have nervous rigors before the curtain goes up, especially if they have been through the ordeal before and know beforehand that once the play starts that psychic outrush of dank, stark, frozen disapproval is going to come rolling across the footlights, like waves, to envelop them. Producing managers, cognizant of the effect of this cruel and disconcerting influence upon the actor folk, have tried before now to keep the professional first-nighters out of their theaters on opening nights, but the funeral directors manage to seep in somehow, and there they stay, from eight-thirty to five minutes before eleven, mentally screwing the coffin-lid down every minute of the time.

First-Night Danglers

The third and by odds the largest group is made up of what might be called first-nighters by sufferance, these being danglers upon the fringes of prominence—both he-danglers and she-danglers—who labor under the incurable delusion that all persons of consequence in the ultra-artistic and the ultra-fashionable world go to first nights and, therefore, if they likewise go they are bound to share in some degree the glory of the occasion and be, as it were, right in the picture. The play itself is to them nothing. But to be lingering within sight and hearing when the notables and the near or Hudson-seal notables convene in the lobby before the play begins—that is everything.

In the latter part of last fall there was a première of especial importance, as gauged by Broadway standards. Publication of the names of the managers and the list of the principals insured this production would be the sort of amusement which New York loves the best of all—vaudeville, magnified and glorified, and set off with gorgeous costumings and smart scenic effects and whopping big choruses, and such. For the opening performance tickets sold at perfectly fabulous and perfectly scandalous prices. The independent speculators, whose operations nearly all the managers are supposed to oppose and whose operations are only made possible through direct collusion with those same managers, have never reaped so fat a harvest as they reaped then. Fifty dollars for one brace of seats was no uncommon price to be paid. Stories were told of this distinguished individual, or that one, paying a hundred dollars for a single pair of those blue pasteboard slips. Even so, these were the Jubal T. Early-birds who got into line betimes. Persons who delayed too long in filing their applications begged and lied and pleaded for the precious blessing of being robbed beyond all reason. When the last seat had been sold and the last available inch of standing room had been disposed of, a great horde were left with their necks stretched plaintively over the pasture bars, nickering their profound disappointment. If the theater, which was large, had been four times as large as it was, hardly would it have held those whose hearts now were wrung with envious grief that they had not been able to pay ten or fifteen or twenty times the regular tariff for admissions. But the party who had succeeded in winning his way into the company of the supposedly elect was going about smiling his satisfaction until the smile threatened to behead him.

National Newspapers

It was certain that the initial performance would be overly long, and because of the nervousness of the actors more or less rough-edged and ragged. On any subsequent evening during the season's run patrons might be sure of seeing a much smoother show at much less cost. But this, you see, was to be the first night, of which there was but one; and those on hand, in their own estimation, at least, would be grouped among the authentic first-nighters of the town. That was what made the joy of some so great and the dolor of all the rest so poignant.

Be sure of one thing though: Those who were denied the inestimable privilege of attending this opening failed them not to buy seats promptly the next time there was a first night. So long as life and the pocket-book last, they will overlook no more big bets, for maybe some day—some sweet, distant day—they yet will attain that for which they crave so zealously, a line in the paper listing Mr. and Mrs. Limelight Lover as being among those celebrities present.

Indeed they are justified in hoping for this great boon, since the New York papers are rather freely addicted to smearing names over their news columns. It is not libelous to charge the New York papers as a rule with being the most insular, the most provincial and the most local papers that are printed in America. If you want to read the news of Greater New York and its suburbs—and by its suburbs I would include Palm Beach in the winter and the New England coast resorts in the summer—read a New York paper; you will find it all there. If, however, you desire a comprehensive summary of the news of the country at large, you would do well to subscribe for the Philadelphia Public Ledger or the Chicago Tribune or the St. Louis Globe-Democrat or the Kansas City Star or the Washington Post, or any one of half a dozen others which might be enumerated. These papers print in reasonably complete form the news which their New York contemporaries either shear down to paragraphs or leave out altogether.

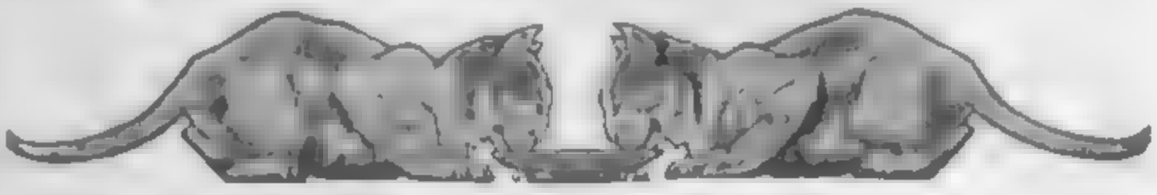
However, this primarily is not the fault of the New York papers, but of their readers. Some of the most enterprising and wide-awake newspaper publishers and editors on earth, and certainly the most highly paid staffs, get out the New York papers. For the reason that these men are keen, live journalists they appreciate that if a newspaper means to succeed and build up and hold its circulation and its advertising patronage it must offer in its news columns the wares which appeal most to its chief clientele.

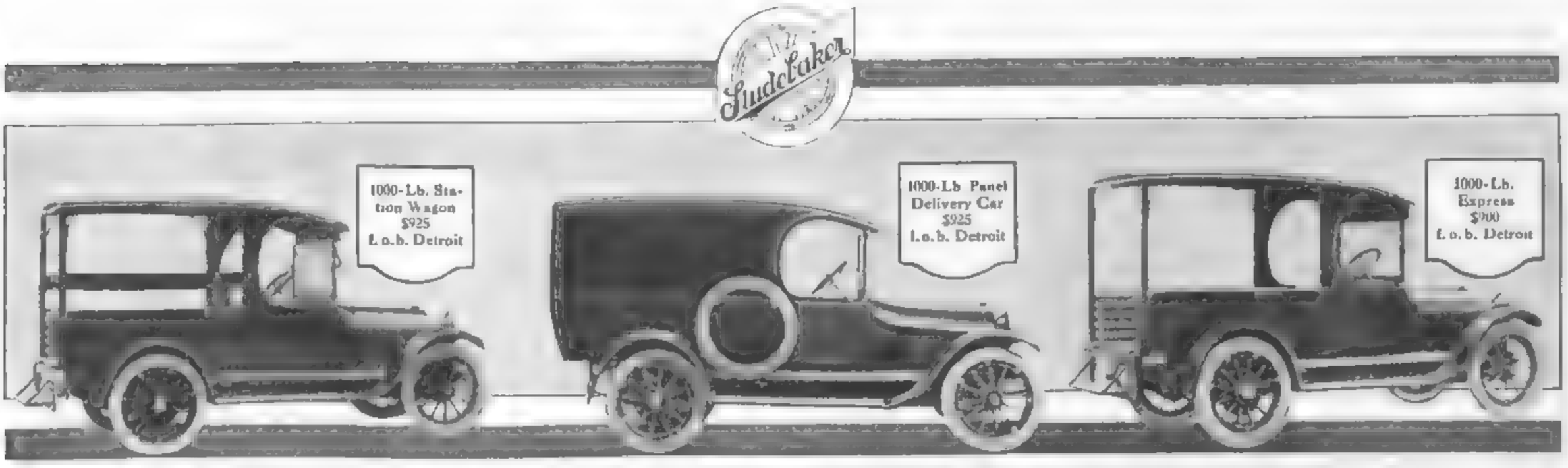
By long experience and much study of conditions the men who make the Manhattan dailies have learned that there are two classes among the population who are tremendously interested in what happens in New York City and to New York people—to wit, viz., as follows:

Those who live in New York.

Those who do not live in New York.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Cobb. The third will appear in an early issue.




Studebaker
1000-Lb. Station Wagon $925 f. o. b. Detroit
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Studebaker has had sixty-five years' experience in manufacturing vehicles.

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Studebaker builds practically every part of Studebaker Commercial Cars in its own factories, even including the bodies. Studebaker thus insures uniform excellence in every part.

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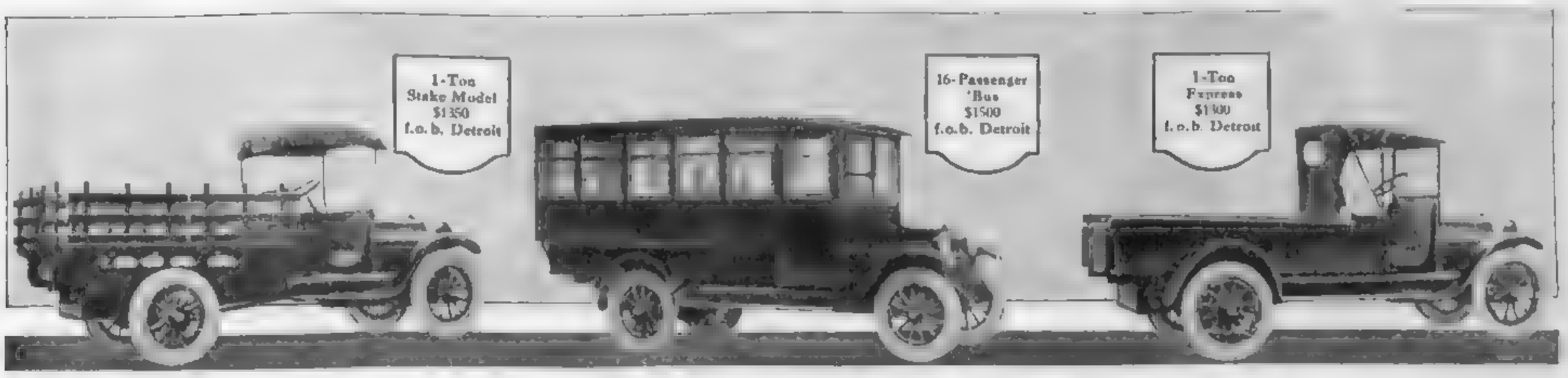

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the national joy smoke

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Tobacco Co.

Prince Albert is to be had everywhere tobacco is sold in toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—in that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

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Fertilizers and Industrial Wastes

By FREDERICK W. BROWN

Assistant in Charge, Investigation of Fertilizer Resources, Bureau of Soils

THE present season of high prices has served to call attention to some of the wasteful practices Americans, in normal times, indulge in so nonchalantly. We now find school children collecting old newspapers and discovering that, in bulk, they have a value not to be ignored. The Post Office Department compels its employees to preserve the bits of twine with which packets of letters are tied, and the resulting saving runs into very large figures.

These are instances of a numerous class of cases where the saving from the standpoint of the single unit is so small as to be ridiculous, but where the value of the aggregate of all the units is very important indeed. It is the application of the old adage: "Take care of the pence, for the pounds will take care of themselves."

We are told we are the most wasteful people on earth. This is probably true of us, not only in our individual and household economy but also in our industrial practices. Our tremendous virgin resources and rapid growth in population have allowed our manufacturers to carry on their business with little or no regard for the highest efficiency. Profits were to be made, and often very large profits, by rule-of-thumb methods, without exact knowledge of underlying principles or any consideration of the ultimate possibilities in the materials handled.

It is only within recent years that even our largest corporations have been brought to see that research laboratories in connection with their plants were a paying addition. As a consequence, there are many lines of industry where wastes occur that, in the aggregate, are little short of scandalous. This may be shown clearly by a consideration of certain industries from which we secure, or might secure, materials of high value for use in mixed fertilizers.

Complete fertilizers contain three elements, which are recognized as of value in inducing increased crop yields—potassium, nitrogen and phosphorus; the last is usually expressed in terms of phosphoric acid. During the past two years and a half the American farmer has had little or no potash, because of the stoppage of German shipments; his nitrogenous materials have advanced in price, because of the diversion of Chilean nitrate to munition manufacture; and his phosphoric acid has also advanced, because sulphuric acid, which is necessary in the ordinary method of preparing phosphate fertilizers, is also necessary in the manufacture of munitions.

The Potash Famine

In normal times our farmers buy something like one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of commercial fertilizers in a year. This figure is likely to increase rather than diminish. At present our corn, wheat, oats and hay are produced without mixed fertilizers, for the most part; but this condition cannot persist very long. The time is not far distant when the corn and wheat growers of the Middle West and Northwest will feel as dependent on fertilizers as the cotton growers of the Gulf States.

This does not mean that their land will not grow corn and wheat for many years to come without the application of chemicals. But it does mean that, once the grower of corn or wheat has discovered how much he can increase his yields by the judicious use of fertilizers, he will be unwilling ever to do without them again.

Potash, which before the war sold for about forty dollars a ton, is quoted at present at more than ten times that figure. Yet we annually throw away—literally cast to the winds—soluble potash aggregating hundreds of thousands of tons, with a value, at normal prices, running into millions of dollars.

The layman, reading of the recent potash famine and the prohibitive prices quoted, might be led to think that potash was one of the rarest of elements. As a matter of fact, it is one of the commonest. Most soils contain it; and the common rocks—granite, gneiss, shales—all carry percentages of it. Our position with regard to potash is analogous to that of a shipwrecked and thirsty sailor bobbing in a boat on an ocean of water unfit to drink. Potash is literally all about us; but unfortunately it is so combined with other elements as practically to be insoluble in water; and insoluble potash is of no use to plants. The question is how to break up these combinations and recover the potash in soluble form.

It is no new problem. Scores of patents have been granted for extracting potash from silicate rocks. We know how it may be done; but unfortunately the silicates, like feldspar, which contain the largest quantities of potash will not average more than ten per cent of that element; and processes so far devised, which aim to recover this ten per cent and throw away the remaining ninety, are expensive. And the farmer's potash must be cheap or he cannot expect returns from its use that will pay him for its application to his land.

Electric Waste-Saving

The problem seems to resolve itself, therefore, into a question of recovering this potash as a by-product from established industries. Some years ago the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture pointed out that if feldspar were mixed with lime, and subjected to the proper degree of heat, much of the potash was rendered soluble, while the clinker remaining had all the properties of first-class Portland cement.

At about the same time a cement mill in Southern California found itself forced to abate the nuisance caused by the dust escaping from its stacks, at the instance of neighboring orange growers, who claimed that the dust was ruining their orchards. They called in Dr. F. G. Cottrell, then of the University of California, who had been studying electrical precipitation of fumes and dust; and, as a result of extensive experiments, an electric treater was perfected and installed in the plant. It did the work. The dust was caught and the nuisance abated. But, better still, the dust was found to have a market value as a fertilizer, because of its potash content.

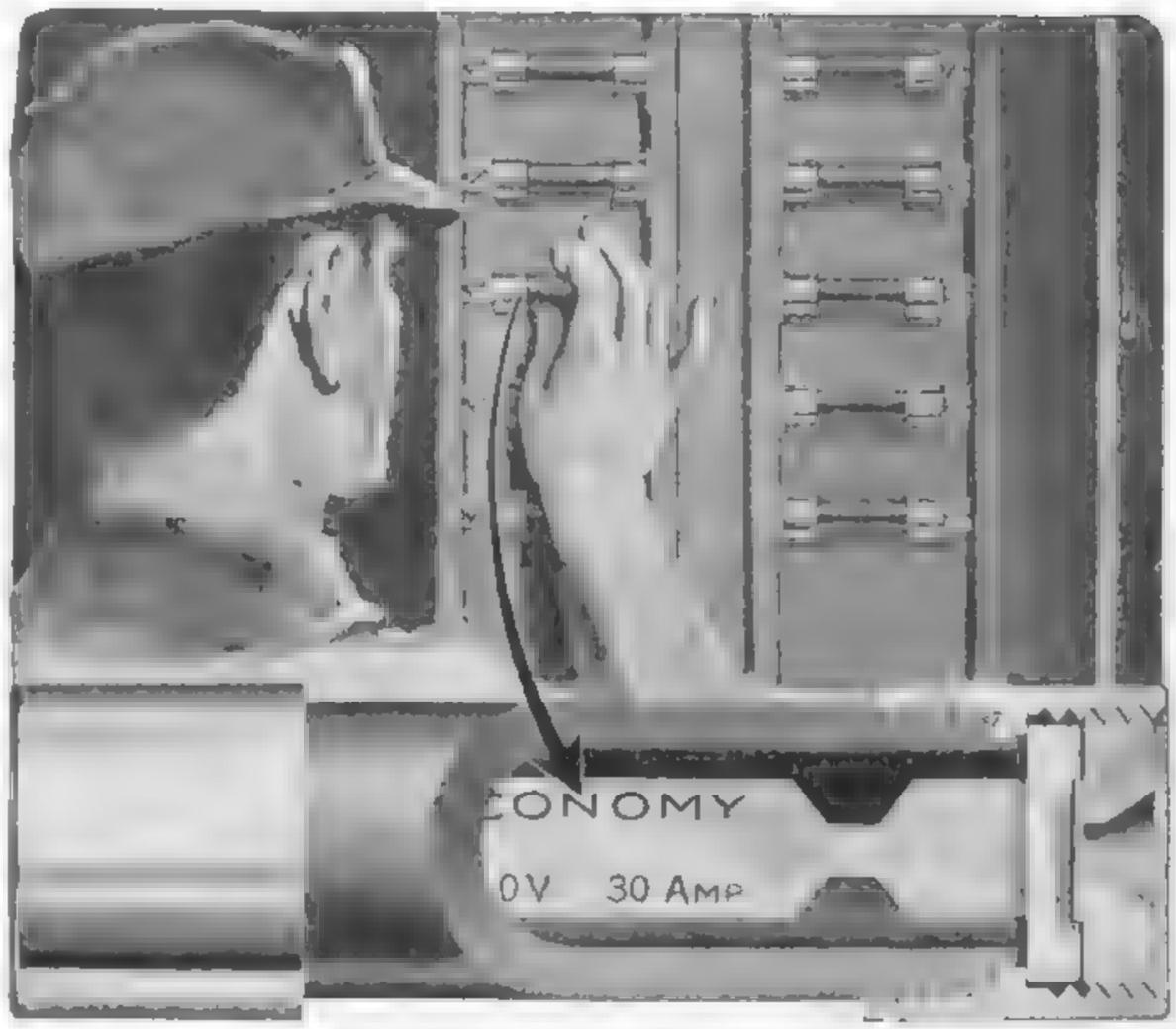
Since then this cement company has recovered and sold many thousand tons of flue dust containing soluble potash in sufficient quantity to make it a valuable fertilizer ingredient, and the receipts have paid an excellent return on the investment. Because of the existing high prices for potash, other cement companies have become interested, and the installation of electric precipitation apparatus seems likely to spread through the industry.

In addition to abating the dust nuisance and recovering a valuable by-product, the installation of electric precipitators has resulted, in some plants at least, in increased efficiency in the cement kilns themselves. Several large mills in the country have installed the apparatus and others are considering doing so.

The country produced eighty-six million barrels of cement in 1915, and the recovery of potash will average at least two pounds to a barrel of cement. It is apparent that here is a potential source of potash derived from the silicate rocks amounting to eighty-six thousand tons a year, with a normal value of over six million dollars.

It has been known for many years, and apparently forgotten, that the gases from iron blast furnaces contain appreciable percentages of both potash and soda. This potash is derived from the iron ore, from the coke and from the limestone, constituting the furnace charge. On account of the recent high price of potash, attention has been directed to this waste of potash in blast-furnace operation, and some very interesting investigations of the subject have been made.

In ordinary blast-furnace operation the gas, as it comes from the furnace, foul with dust and fumes, is conducted to what are called dust catchers—large cylinders, where the heavy particles are removed—and thence to primary washers, where the gas, passing up against a rain of water coming down, is further cleaned. As it comes from



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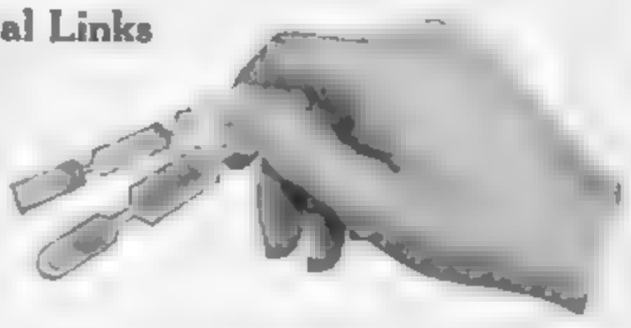

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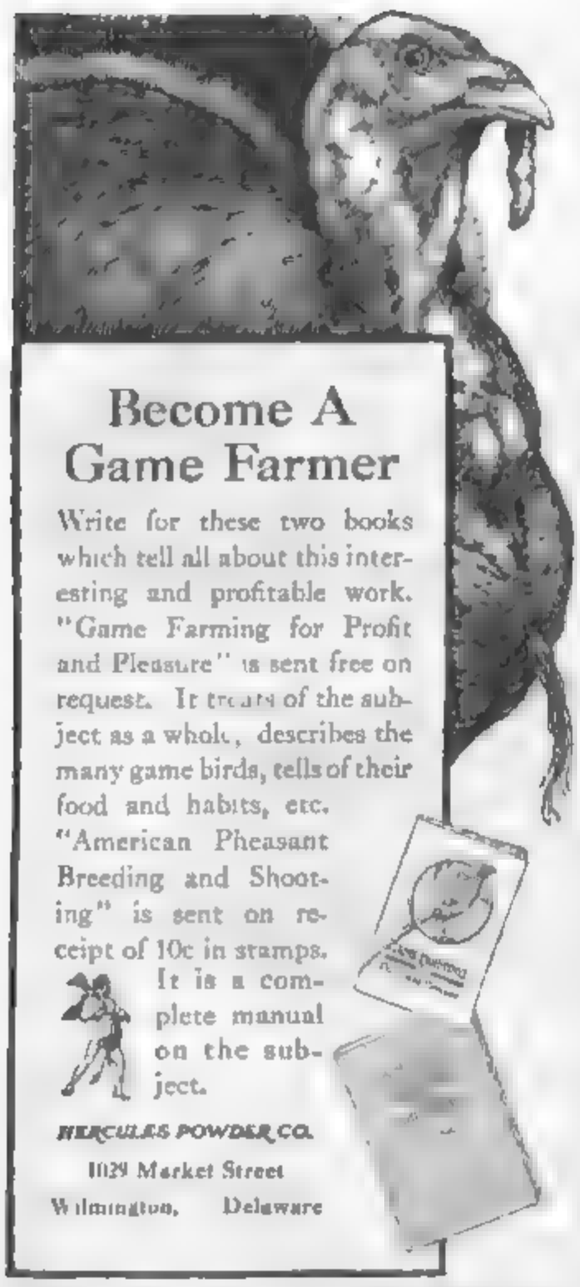

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the primary washers it is considered sufficiently clean to be burned in the stoves for heating the air blast, and in boilers for power purposes.

As a matter of fact, it still retains varying percentages of potash and soda, and at times these alkalies are present in such quantity as to impair seriously the burning quality of the gas and give rise to conditions known to blast-furnace operators as "smoky gas." In recent years further use has been found for the gas in operating gas engines. For this purpose it must be further cleaned by passing it through another or secondary set of washers.

What becomes of its original potash content? A small portion is collected in the dust catchers and in the stoves and boilers; but by far the greater portion is lost in the wash waters or escapes from the stacks. Here, again, electrical precipitation seems to be the logical solution.

Experiments conducted by Mr. R. J. Wysor, superintendent of blast furnaces at the South Bethlehem plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company, demonstrate that practically complete precipitation can be accomplished and clean gas delivered at one end of the apparatus, and potash-bearing dust at the other. The gas must be cleaned. Present methods only partially accomplish this and waste everything but the gas. The proposed method will deliver clean, hot, dry gas in place of the wet, cold, partially cleaned gas now used, and at the same time save all other constituents of the raw gas—namely, potash, soda and, with some ores, zinc and other metals.

Wasted Phosphates

Wysor's investigations show that approximately twenty-two pounds of potash are volatilized in his furnaces for every ton of pig iron produced. Of this probably seventeen pounds are recoverable, the rest escaping from the top of the furnace and at other points. The South Bethlehem plant produces about one million tons of pig iron a year, which means that about eighty-five hundred tons of potassium oxide is wasted there every year. At normal prices this would be worth about six hundred thousand dollars.

This plant produces only a small fraction of the pig iron of the country. It is quite possible that, with different conditions, less potash could be recovered from other plants, though analyses of ores from widely separated points, including ores from Cuba, Chile, Sweden, Michigan and New York, show surprisingly uniform contents of potash.

Suppose, however, that, on the average, instead of seventeen pounds to a ton of pig iron, only ten pounds can be recovered. Then, with our production in 1915 of thirty million tons of pig iron, we might be recovering some one hundred and fifty thousand tons of potash, which, combined with eighty-six thousand tons from cement plants, gives more than we used in this country in 1913, the last year of normal conditions. This one hundred and fifty thousand tons of potash would be worth, at normal prices, about ten million five hundred thousand dollars. A tidy sum for even a wealthy country to be throwing to the winds every year!

One of the most important nitrogenous fertilizer compounds is ammonium sulphate. This is produced as a by-product of the coking industry, provided the coking is done in modern retorts instead of in the old-fashioned beehive oven. With the by-product retort a better grade of coke is secured; and, in addition, ammonia, tar, benzol and large quantities of combustible gas are recovered, all of which are simply burned up in the beehive oven.

The by-products so recoverable are worth approximately one dollar and a half a ton of coal coked. In 1916 eighty million tons of coal were coked in the United States, producing fifty-five million tons of coke. But only eighteen million tons of this was produced in by-product ovens; so that there was a loss of something like fifty-five million dollars, which might have been saved had the by-products been recovered. In 1913, the last year during which unrestricted importation was possible, we actually bought from Great Britain sixty thousand tons of ammonium sulphate to meet the demands of our farmers, while in that year our own coking industry turned into the air from beehive ovens ammonia equivalent to about four hundred and eighty thousand tons of ammonium sulphate.

It is a pleasure to record that the building of retort ovens is proceeding rapidly. It is estimated that by the end of this year the production of ammonium sulphate will have advanced from one hundred and fifty-three thousand tons in 1913 to nearly four hundred thousand tons.

The third fertilizer ingredient, phosphoric acid, is obtained mainly from deposits of phosphate rock, and the United States is fortunate in possessing some of the largest deposits on earth. In Florida and South Carolina the phosphate is found imbedded in a matrix of sand and clay, which, in present methods of mining and treatment, are removed by washing and screening the material. In the process all the finer particles of phosphate rock are lost; and for every ton of phosphoric acid marketed two tons are thrown away.

In 1913, the last year of normal production, about three million three hundred thousand tons of phosphate rock were produced in the South Carolina and Florida fields, averaging about thirty per cent phosphoric acid, or nine hundred and ninety thousand tons of acid. At the same time, approximately one million nine hundred and eighty thousand tons of phosphoric acid were lost on the dumps, which, if recovered in marketable form, would have been worth over twenty million dollars at the prices paid for the rock actually sold during that year. Though no economic method has yet been proposed for the recovery of phosphoric acid in the detritus, the problem should and must be solved.

Here, then, in connection with fertilizer ingredients, materials the American farmer has been clamoring for, some of which he has been unable to get at all and others which were to be had only at greatly advanced prices during the past two years, we find economic wastes aggregating more than ninety million dollars.

Though these figures of money lost may be misleading to this extent, that, had these recoverable commodities been placed on the market instead of thrown away, prices would probably not have remained at the level upon which the calculations have been made, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that here were commodities which the country needed, which were available if proper means of recovery had been sought and applied, and which represent, therefore, as definite a loss to the United States as though we had thrown so much valuable material into the sea.

GEORGE WESTON—HIMSELF

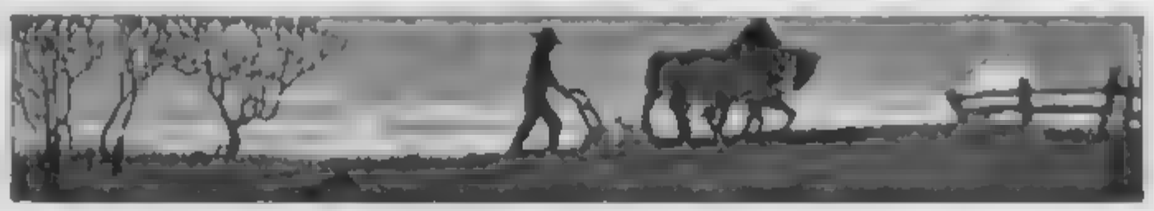
(Concluded from Page 27)

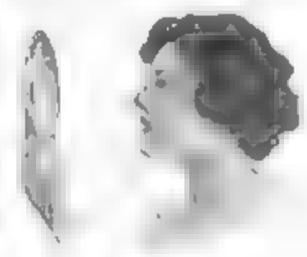
Some day perhaps he will write the story of his joyous exploits in the business world. Although he didn't quite keep up with his hero to the end of the last chapter, it wasn't long before he was able to realize some of his boyhood dreams.

He bought a three-hundred-acre farm in Connecticut and settled down, as he wrote a friend at the time, "at the ripe old age of thirty, among my herds and my birds, to reflect upon life as far as I have seen it, and to try to find out the reason why little pigs curl their tails."

His researches on the latter problem have not yet been published, but his reflections upon life, appearing in fiction form, have placed him in the front ranks of American story writers.

Mr. Weston is an enthusiastic sportsman, farmer and motorist. He is thirty-six years old, the author of "Oh, Mary, be Careful!" single, white, an ardent Republican, a staunch admirer of Mr. Charles Chaplin, an accomplished listener to the violin, a Latin scholar, a connoisseur of roses, a fancier of fox terriers, a lover of shad roe and bacon, and a never-swerving champion of the suffragettes.





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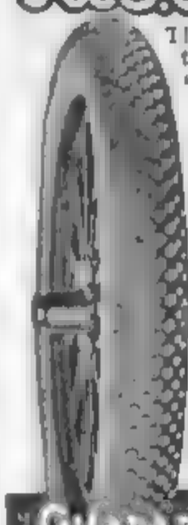

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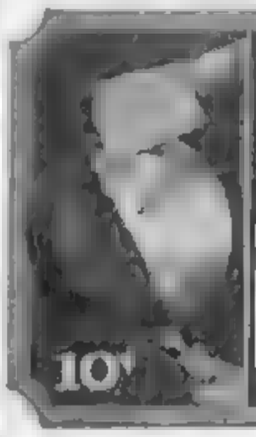

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Permanent life to the record.
See Guarantee

This outfit will open to you the great Pathé Library of Records. Selections by favorite artists of the American operatic and concert stage; celebrated foreign stars you have never heard before; famous foreign orchestras and bands; delightful musical novelties. And every Pathé record—including grand opera—is *double.*

Furthermore, *all* makes of disc records may be played on the Pathephone.

Hear this Model 75 Pathephone at the Pathé dealer's near you today, or send coupon for information.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
12 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., 6 Clifford Street, Toronto

If Your Dealer Cannot Supply You Send This Coupon

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH CO., 12 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My dealer _____
cannot supply me with the $79.50 Pathephone Outfit. Please send me full particulars regarding offer.

Name _____

Address _____

THE PATHE GUARANTEE

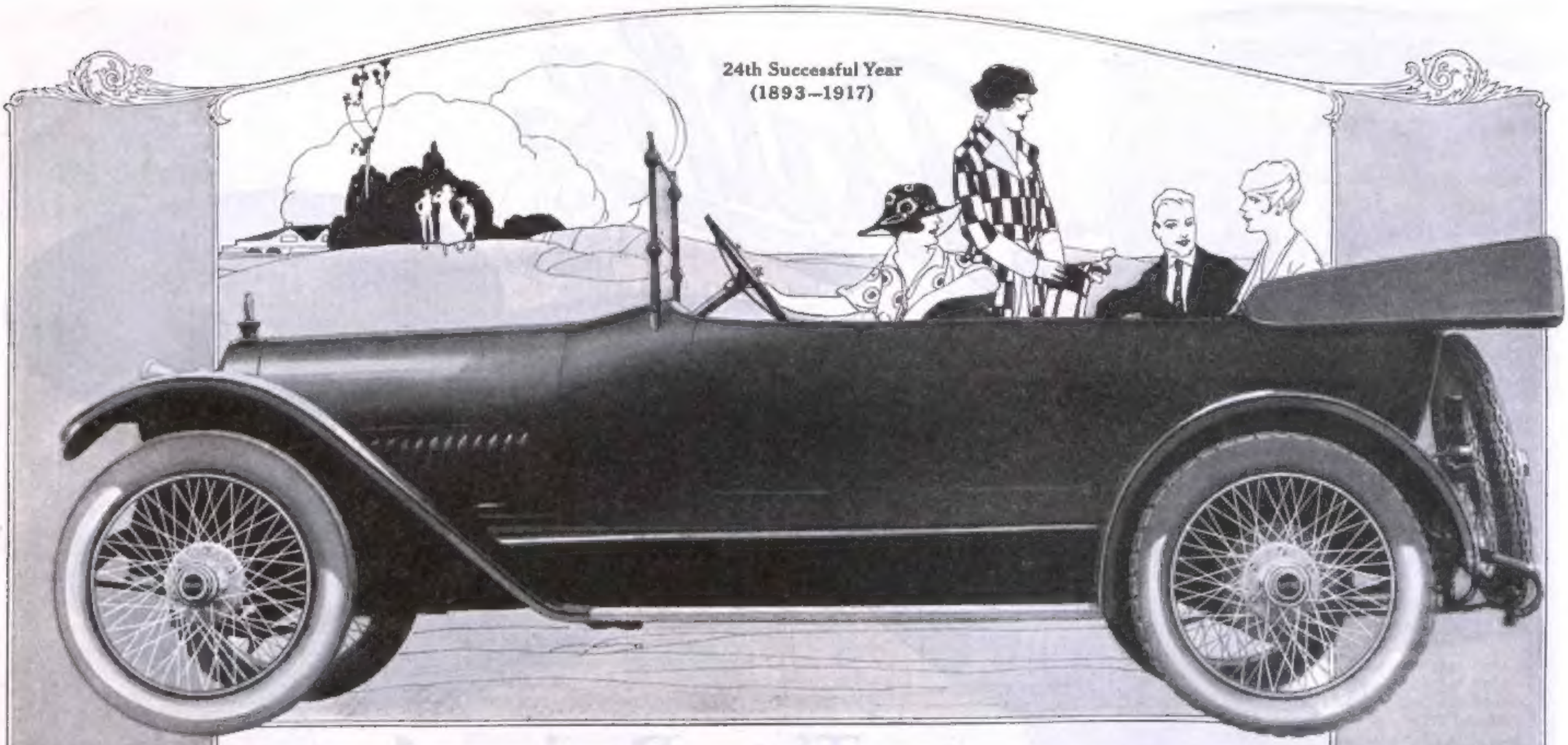
WE guarantee every Pathé Record to play at least *one thousand times* with the Pathé Sapphire Ball without impairment to the unexcelled beauty of tone and without showing any perceptible wear on the record.

PATHÉ FRÈRES PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

An Enlargement of the

Pathé Sapphire Ball

and Pathé Record Grooves



HAYNES

"America's First Car"

Economy, Comfort and Durability Have Proven This "America's Greatest Light Six"

This Advertisement was written by Haynes owners. We recently wrote to thousands of Haynes "Light Six" owners and asked: *"What Haynes feature most appeals to you?"* Each separate sentence which follows is a different Haynes owner's verbatim reply to this question.

"All of the car is good." "Staying qualities, good workmanship and materials, make the repair expenses very slight."

"Holds to the road at high speed." "Clings to the road on sharp curves." "Always brings me in."

"Power at slow speeds." "Heavy pulling capacity." "Runs fast with little effort." "Vibrationless motor." "Quiet running." "A cool engine."

"On long hills gains in speed." "No hill too high to climb." "I have climbed a lot of hard hills on high at ten miles an hour speed."

"One to 60 miles per hour on high." "Flexibility regardless of grade and load." "Flexible in heavy traffic."

"A pick-up so you can go around 'em." "Smooth, rapid acceleration." "It is gone before the other fellow gets started."

"Easy to steer." "Easy and simple control." "Best in the world for a lady driver."

"Every part easy to get at for greasing and repairs." "Simple and built strong." "Easy to care for."

"Easy on tires." "Economy of gas and oil." "Small upkeep and high power." "Low expense of operating and repair bills."

"Handsome body lines." "Beauty and sturdiness." "No better car made—I have visited the factory and know it is built right." "If I had to buy again, a Haynes for mine." (This last owner has driven 21,650 miles since August, 1915.)

Should water or oil be forgotten, a vivid red signal, directly ahead, instantly warns of the omission.

The wheel turns without effort. Bumps cannot deflect front wheels. Shocks are intercepted. Rear wheel skids are avoided. One simple adjustment takes up wear.

Selective light switches, automatic circuit breaker, ignition switch, 8-day clock, ammeter, speedometer, starting motor ring and carburetor, adjusting button, are all within easy reach.

The sunken knob on the interior door handle operates speedily and with ease, yet never entangles milady's dainty apparel.

The foot-pads upon both clutch and brake may easily be drawn nearer or pushed farther away, as wished for. They lock securely in any of four positions.

A gauge upon the gasoline tank at the rear reveals, at all times, the quantity of fuel on hand. No "short measures" or dipping into tank with rules and sticks.

Haynes "Light Six"—Open Cars

Five-Passenger Touring Car	$1595
Four-Passenger Roadster	1725
Seven-Passenger Touring Car	1725

Closed Cars

Five-Passenger Sedan	$2260
Seven-Passenger Sedan	2390

Wire Wheels Extra *F. O. B. Kokomo*

Catalog of Haynes "Light Six" and "Light Twelve" models —with name of nearest representative—on request.

Haynes "Light Twelve"—Open Cars

Five-Passenger Touring Car	$2095
Four-Passenger Roadster	2225
Seven-Passenger Touring Car	2225

Closed Cars

Five-Passenger Sedan	$2760
Seven-Passenger Sedan	2890

Wire Wheels Included *F. O. B. Kokomo*

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, 40 So. Main Street, Kokomo, Ind.

PERFECT FITTING

MUNSING WEAR

UNION SUITS

FAR IN THE LEAD

Munsing Union Suits In Summer Styles That Weigh Only A Few Ounces.

Fine in Quality, Non-Irritating, Long Wearing, Always Perfect Fitting. The fit won't wash out. The most in demand because the most satisfactory. Offered in either knitted or woven fabrics. Remember

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR—ALWAYS SAY MUNSINGWEAR.

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

Cream Powder Liquid

THINK back 77 years. How many products made in 1840 still survive? Only articles of superior merit could have endured so long. 77 years have merely served to emphasize the enduring goodness of Williams' Shaving Soap. Its rich, thick, cream-like lather has never met a beard it could not conquer, never failed to speed the razor on its way, and never changed its gentle, soothing nature. In all these years there has been nothing to add but convenience—the Holder-Top Shaving Stick, for instance, with its handy metal finger grip. Ask for it by its full name—"Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick" —with the emphasis on "*Williams.*"

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12c in stamps for a trial size of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer or send 4c in stamps for any one.

The J. B. Williams Company
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder